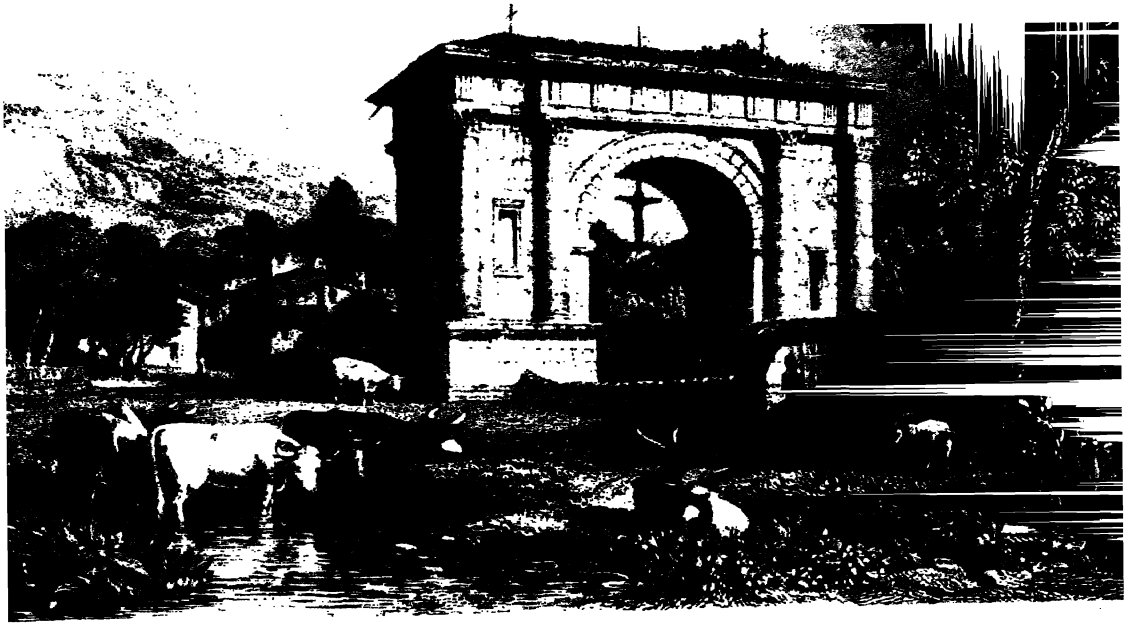
THE

# LANDSCAPE ANNUAL

FOR

# 1833.



THE

# TOURIST IN ITALY,

THOMAS ROSCOE

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

J. D. HARDING.

Dite senza, timor, gli orrendi stridi
Della terra che invan geme abbattuta,
Spolpata affatto da' TIRANNI infidi.
Dite la vita infame e dissoluta!
Dite l' usure e tirannie voraci
Che fa sopra di noi la turba immensa
De' vivi Faraoni e degli Arsaci.
Dite, che sol da' Principi si pensa
A bandir pesche e caccie; onde gli avari
Sulla fame comune alzan la mensa.

SALVATOR ROSA.

LONDON:
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1833.

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## LIST OF PLATES.

ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JENNINGS.

FRONTISPIECE—ENTRANCE TO AOSTA.

VIGNETTE—VERREX.

1. VIETRI.
2. LA CAVA, CONVENT OF LA SANTA TRINITA.
3. VICO: COAST OF NAPLES.
4. MOLA DA GAETA.
5. THE GARIGLIANO.
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# VIETRI.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar. BYRON.

Il nome del bel fi . , ch' io sempre invoco
E mane e sera, e tutto mi ristrinse,
L'animo ad avisar lo maggior foco. DANTE.

THE vivid, deep-glowing pictures of the sunny south are once more before us; the fresh, warm, airs of Italy seem for the last time to breathe around us; and the tourist, in our fourth volume, will gaze upon her landscapes, of which—from us at least—he will see no more. Still, her deep rich skies, reflecting their varied and most brilliant hues on hills, and lakes, and shores, immortal amidst the ruins of empires, over which nature is fast drawing a thicker and darker veil,—her strange destiny,—fallen monuments like the fortunes of her children,—and her old ancestral fame, would bid us linger in the birth-place of all that is most lovely, most grand, most absorbing to the eye and to the mind. For where is the country of which the history presents so terrible a lesson to humanity, so marked a beacon to future times,—so well worthy the deep meditation of the statesman, the philosopher, the student of every age and every class? What wonderful revolutions have levelled her successive dynasties with the dust; leaving not a trace of the stern heroic republic—the mightier empire of the Roman—the competition of bold, free,

and polished states that rose from the night of barbarism which had so long shrouded the vanquished mistress of the world! Could the old republican have revisited, "by glimpses of the moon," the scene of Rome's early triumphs, vainly would he have tried to recognise his descendant in the corrupt, voluptuous imperialists who fell before the Goth; as vainly would *they* have traced their countrymen in the free spirit of Italy's young republics; and least of all would the latter be enabled to trace one feature of their heroic age in the broken, enfeebled character of the modern Italian, withering under the malignant influence of an outworn system of government and religion, supported by the power of foreign bayonets.

It is a system, however, which happily cannot last; events beyond the control of princes show that it is tottering to its fall; while other and nobler prospects open before the country of a Brutus, a Cicero, a Dante, a Cosmo, and a Lorenzo de' Medici—of thousands of martyred patriots; prospects such as must eventually rescue her from the grasp of foreign aggression, and tyranny and superstition at home. Yet, with her broken chains, how much of her romantic charms, and of her monumental beauty and grandeur in the lost fortunes both of her ancient and modern state, would vanish from the surface of her soil, when the genius of freedom and commerce shall once more repeople her solitudes, rebuild her manufactories, replenish her banks, and send forth her well-freighted vessels to every quarter of the globe! The shadows of the past, the magnificence of ruin, the desert air of her plains,

her groves, her hills, and every wreck-strewed shore, will then gradually disappear. Italy will cease to be a land of wonder and enchantment in her mere external aspect; but beauty and glory of a different kind may then fall to her dower. No more on her rich southern plains and shores will only the lowly peasant's roof receive the traveller, the solitary wild flowers burst on his quiet path, the silence of La Cava's valleys be broken only by the vesper-song and the lone convent's bell. The vintage songs will come more frequently on the ear; wild picturesque retreats, studded with their white hamlets, glow richer with the dark budding vine; and the deep blue waters of the lakes, fed by the foaming torrents of the far hills, no longer resting in their unsought solitudes, be enlivened with the white sails and the voices of rural industry or of mirth. Then her fruitful and delicious *campagnas* will no more present the sight of paupers, and wretched children, prostrated along the road, and kissing the dust for the smallest mark of charity; a generous people will no longer groan under their "little tyrants of the field;" the lovers of freedom will cease to bleed upon the scaffold; and moral power, independence, and prosperity, at length raise Italy into something nobler than a relic of antiquity, the romantic ruin of departed greatness, and the tomb of her once boasted liberties. Such at least, with all our veneration for classic antiquities, will be our earnest prayer. But we have done! The genius of landscape, love and fiction, shrink from the voice of war and tumult, and summon us to more attractive and congenial themes.

The bright-gemmed region of Naples,—her wild, picturesque shores, bays, lakes, and caverned isles, "teeming alike with fable and with truth," the retreat of the syrens, and the adoration of the sons of painting and of song, glowing in all the brilliancy of Italian sunset, burst with confused magnificence upon the view. Here the Phlegræan fields, Virgil and his Sibyls, Cumæ, the delicious Baiæ, the gloomy Cimimeriæ, Portici, Vesuvius, famed Pompeii, the walls of Pæstum, the plains of Sorrento, old Salerno, its castle and picturesque hermitages; and, lastly, the wild, broken shore, and summits of Vietri, crowned with its little white hamlet that seems hung in air; its abrupt declivities, varied with dark foliage, through which you discern houses and villas, the darker convents frowning in the distance, and the blue shining waters of the bay that break and murmur at the foot of yon bold promontory. Seen from the cliffs, the prospect is most imposing and magnificent; and the tourist feels, as on first beholding the scenery at Pæstum, the power of deepest solitude, and a strange religious thrill, inspired, as it were, by the awful and the vast.

> "Yet here methinks
> Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
> Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
> By turns inclining to wild ecstacy,
> And soberest meditation." ITALY.

But a truce to description; the neighbourhood of Vietri is associated with more affecting details. In one of those secluded and romantic spots, embosomed amid the grand amphitheatre of hill, and dale, and

rocky coast, which once made the southern shores of Italy, with the abrupt picturesque head-lands, and the splendid sea-views they command, so beloved by her young poets and painters, is situated a half-ruined monastery, the more venerable from its contrast with the aspect of surrounding little hamlets and modern villas. To the impressive character of its natural scenery a more stirring interest is given by some events of no distant date, produced by the most fearful and absorbing of passions,—not the less strong and vivid for their too frequent display—those of thwarted love and revenge. In that monastery sought a last refuge, as she herself has left it on record, the suffering object of a tale of deep treachery and wrong; one which conveys more painful and thrilling sympathy from the circumstance of its being founded wholly in truth.

Near this religious edifice was the residence of an officer of distinction, who had retired from the French army soon after its occupation of Naples, under the unfortunate Joachim Murat, and apparently with the design of making Italy his future country. At that period he was not more than forty-five years of age; but he had more powerful reasons, it would appear, than mere taste for thus early courting retirement. An occasional gloom—a presentiment, as if of some evil, seemed to hang over him; the clear unquailing eye, the voice, the frank and radiant spirit of the true soldier, were not the companions of Colville's retreat. Yet he enjoyed all the advantages which high reputation, fortune, or beauty, could confer; his wife, a very

fascinating and accomplished woman, to whom he was devotedly attached, beloved by all those around her for her gentle unobtrusive virtues, was more than fifteen years younger than her consort.

Of a high and wealthy family, connected with the ancient noblesse of France, whose domains lay round the delightful village of Fontenay, so famed for its fine roses, in the romantic environs of Seaux, it was there that, ere her sixteenth year, the young affections of the lovely Emilie de Roches were sought and won by one fully deserving of them; but that one was not the haughty Colville, her present lord. Eugene de Roches, the head of a distant but not prosperous branch of the same family, was the companion of Emilie's earliest years; and this long growing youthful intimacy assumed only a more deep and tender interest on Eugene's return, after completing his military studies in the Polytechnic school.

The brief period that intervened before he was summoned to join the regiment in which he was entered was like a dream of Paradise, too blissful to continue, yet long enough to show the approaching storm, destined to burst on their heads, and turn that paradise of love into a wilderness of human woe.

Eugene's chief fortune was his sword, and, confident of the undivided heart of Emilie, it would swiftly have opened itself an honourable path towards his attaining her hand. But her father's wishes were opposed to theirs, and, while refusing to sanction their mutual attachment till Eugene should have risen into distinction, a formidable and artful rival appeared on the

scene. High connexions, wealth, glory, and the favour of the imperial captain of his age, were the claims advanced by Colonel Colville; and these were irresistible in the eyes of Emilie's father. A coolness of demeanour towards Eugene, and vainly repeated solicitations, at length assuming an air of authority and command, to change the current of his daughter's affections, seemed already to declare the colour of their future lot.

Eugene, however, had a tower of strength in the heart of his Emilie, which neither the attacks and stratagems of his rival, nor the cruelty of paternal power, could have taught to surrender, without some strange accident to promote their schemes. This, alas! was not wanting. The regiment into which Eugene had just before entered was the one commanded by Colonel Colville; and the feelings he now experienced are not to be described. As a successful lover, he too well knew that he was hated by his rival; he stood directly in the proud Count's path; he returned hate for hate, and scorn for scorn; they saw each other's position, and each resolved to give no undue advantage to him whom circumstances only had made his enemy. The generous soul of Eugene would have met his rival manfully and honourably; but, finding the advantage taken of his inferior station, he saw the designs he had in view with burning indignation.

With strong natural penetration he determined to foil his adversary instead of falling into his snares; and while he returned the stern indignant glance, and bitter sneer, with two-fold force before the world, as

a soldier he fulfilled every duty, and suffered not the smallest occasion for censure, from the lips of his superior officer, to escape him. Admirably as he sought, and long succeeded in maintaining, his clear-sighted and magnanimous purpose, disregarding a thousand petty insults, yet the wisdom of the children of this world, too often "greater than that of the children of light," was at length an overmatch for him, and he fell into the ambush laid by his wilier enemy. The time, the means, and the result, were all premeditated, and selected as if to carry a double sting to the soul of the unfortunate and almost predestined Eugene. Even the object of all the young soldier's dearest hopes on earth was employed by his deep plotting foe to become the cause of his utter discomfiture and dishonour.

It was on the evening previous to the marching of the regiment to join the army in Italy; Colville had already taken his leave of the Marquess and his daughter to attend the review of some new troops; when, despatching Eugene to bring up a party of conscripts from the village of Seaux, he put into his hands a letter, addressed to Emilie, with an order for him to deliver it at the castle on his return, and to bear him the answer. The cheek of the young soldier flushed with passionate indignation on receiving such a mandate, unconnected, as it was, with his military duties; but, suddenly, the idea of thus once more beholding that loved object of all his thoughts from the time he could remember any thing, surmounted every other feeling; and, despising the bitter smile with which it was given,

he hastened to fulfil a mission at once so revolting, yet so eagerly desired. It was, perhaps, the last time he might ever behold the face of her with whose happiness he felt that his own fate and fortunes were inseparably intertwined.

The radiant joy that beamed in the dark eyes of Emilie, the rich suffusion of her neck and brow, the quick yet faltering voice, convinced Eugene that he was still unforgotten, and he met her with a smile of triumph and delight. Yet, scrupulous in honour, he instantly gave her his rival's letter, when in a moment these brilliant proofs of love's power faded from her lovely face and form—a cloud came over her brow—pale and trembling she shrunk from its touch. The exultation of Eugene, even in that bitter hour of parting, was some alleviation of the fearful fate he had soon to encounter and endure. Pledging again and again their unalterable truth, and reminding each other of a thousand young affecting instances of unbroken attachment, and gentleness, and love—incidents that knit their souls in a firmer and holier union than after-time could ever be thought to sunder in twain—with looks and words of farewell, too sadly lingering and repeated, the young, the beautiful, and the too-confiding tore themselves from a last embrace; to meet—but how to meet again!

On Eugene's departure, his ungenerous rival hastened his preparations for the review and marching of his troops. The bitter and insulting tone in which he addressed Eugene, on rejoining the regiment, drew the attention of the whole troop. Stung also with

jealousy at receiving no answer to his letter, nor suffering him to explain, he declared, in a still louder voice, that the soldier who dared so long to linger on his mission, in order to take a sentimental farewell of some love-sick girl, was ill prepared to reap laurels in the field of death. Fired beyond the power of endurance at the contemptuous laugh re-echoed by a thousand voices about him, Eugene felt his sword spring from its scabbard, and, rushing on his heartless insulting enemy, he struck him, and, would have laid him prostrate at his feet, but for the sudden interference of a throng of officers, behind whom their commander found a dastardly retreat.

In another moment Eugene was surrounded and disarmed; the same night a court-martial was appointed; the morrow saw him tried, convicted, and condemned for ten years to the galleys at Marseilles. How those years were passed—what were his sufferings to whom honour was dearer than life—what the yet keener sufferings of her to whom his fate was unknown, to whom his love had ever been "like the common air," a part of her existence, the sunny clime of heart, and soul, and hope, in which she lived and breathed,—must be left to the imagination of all but the unhappy few who have made a like shipwreck of life's dearest blessings, when in view of the happy shore. Had the excess of moral torture but half the same power over the heart and soul as that employed on the human frame, what thousands of victims would not death earlier number in his ranks! What deep and still deeper abysses of misery would be avoided, were

the arrows of grief and misfortune only barbed with the sting of fate! The expiration of ten years presented Eugene with the felon's passport, a yellow paper containing the name and description of the freed galley-slave, to enable him to go forth, a proscribed wanderer, upon the face of the dark-changed earth.

Years flew on—wars and revolutions had levelled old dynasties and institutions in the dust—he seemed to gaze on the shadows of by-gone times—he no longer heeded whither he bent his steps. Napoleon, the imperial despot of Europe and of its subject-kings, had appointed them, as did ancient Rome, to be the governors of his provinces, and to the gallant Murat fell the choicest share of the Gallic eagle's prey. It was in the zenith of his power and fame that French commanders became the masters of Italian palaces and villas,—the delicious bays and coasts—the syren retreats of emperors and generals of old.

In the autumn preceding the grand Russian campaign, a party of French soldiers were loitering about the little fort commanding the bridge in front of the vast bay of mountains, rocky heights, and coasts that tower above the town of Vico and the adjacent scenery. The evening was such as is to be felt only beneath a Neapolitan sky; enchanting and magnificent prospects every where arrested the eye; and the white sails of innumerable pleasure-boats were reflected in the clear blue waters which shone bright and beautiful as the mirror of their classic ages. Approaching the little promontory which forms a sort of natural bridge below the old forts and town of Vico, a little sail was

observed swiftly gliding close upon the shores of the bay. When just opposite, one of the party, a lady, was seen to catch at some object falling into the water, and in the very act of bending down she was thrown over by the sudden impulse of its onward career, and left struggling in the waves. It passed so instantaneously that the spectators on the bank saw the accident even before the party in the boat, and the same instant a soldier threw himself boldly into the bay, and reached the scene of danger at the precise time, perhaps, when the lady had reappeared for the last time. He supported her till the rest of the party returned to her assistance; and, refusing himself to be taken into the vessel, swam back and regained the shore.

There, while receiving the praise due to his prompt and spirited conduct from many lips, he was approached by one of the party, then passing on their return home, and presented with the direction to the lady's villa, and an earnest request to attend and receive the expression of her gratitude. Signifying his assent, the soldier, having obtained the permission of his superior officer, proceeded late on the same evening towards the lady's mansion—an elegant palace not far distant from the military station. On being shown into her presence she instantly rose, and was approaching him, when, struck by his sudden and excessive agitation, she paused, and half withdrew the rich purse of gold she held in her hand. Fixing her eyes on his countenance, and marking its noble yet grief-worn expression, she at once threw the money aside, exclaiming, "No! that can never shew my preserver, and to one whose

looks". . . . But she was interrupted by the sudden start and exclamation of surprise which the sound of her voice seemed to have produced. Pale and trembling, his eyes rivetted on hers, as if some spectral thing had crossed his vision, he murmured the name of "Emilie!" and while their looks, with a strange power of fascination, hung on each other, as if striving to penetrate the veil of the doubtful past, the lady, uttering one shriek of recognition, fell powerless into the soldier's arms. "Eugene!" "Emilie!" were the only words breathed forth, as they still gazed doubtingly in each other's faces.

"Dost thou live? Is it—can it be my Eugene? Or hast thou risen to upbraid—to claim—to take me to thy place of rest?"

"Oh, lost, lost—yet found at last. It is indeed thy Eugene, my own Emilie!"

"Thy own!" exclaimed the unhappy lady. "They told me thou wert long dead—it was sworn—proved—believed—or I had never been the lost, the hated thing I am."

"Lost—hated! thou art for ever mine, my Emilie!"

"Ah, knowest thou not—knowest thou not all? Then I am the wife of Colville; thou wert dead—my father ruined—proscribed—reduced to extremest want—a wanderer with Vendean outlaws; restored to all by Colville. I was the price—I wed him, for thou wert dead."

"Would that I had been; nor ever heard the word thou now hast said! Thou mightest have bade me, in blissful ignorance, go wander on my wretched

way. The wife of Colville! traitor—oppressor—murderer of my love, my soul, my fame! Let him come—let him take the dregs of life he has left! Grant me patience, sweet heavens!"

"Yes, Colville—traitor—murderer of all our love and peace!" repeated Emilie," but never will I see him,—never see my father more: cruel, cruel as they have all been. But thou, my Eugene!"

"THY Eugene! Ah, speak that again! Wilt thou fly with me—wilt thou renounce and shun my hated foes?"

"Thine, thine only, in the sight of Heaven! Did I not pledge my lasting truth—my first vows to thee while living? But wert thou not dead? There is yet time; he returns not this night!"

"Then haste! we must away!" cried Eugene; and he led her unresistingly towards the door. At this moment several domestics rushed into the room, with alarm depicted in their countenances, and handed to Emilie a yellow paper. Glancing a look full of fear at Eugene, she cast her eye over it, and the horrid truth broke upon her in a moment; he was no longer her Eugene—a soldier—but a convicted felon who stood before her in all his terrors,—for what crime she knew not, cared not. She shuddered and recoiled from him, as the fatal passport fell from her hand.

Eugene stood rivetted with like horror to the spot; he spoke not, sought not to explain, or to detain her as he gazed on her receding form, borne by her terrified domestics for ever from his sight.

The sequel is soon told: the unhappy Eugene,

seized with the frenzy of grief, and no longer master of his actions, rushed from the spot into the deepest solitude of the woods and hills: there he some time lay concealed; but, with an instinctive and maniacal love of revenge, he ever continued to haunt the path of Colville, till at length he succeeded in his purpose. The mangled body of his former enemy and oppressor was found, one morning, even in the very chamber of his palace in which he had the night before retired to rest in imagined security and ease. Near it also lay the lifeless form of the early victim of his base ungenerous power; the expression of triumphant revenge, hate, and dark delight, with which he had planted the dagger in the heart of his rival, had not yet left his countenance, though his hand had directed the same fatal weapon to his own. His fingers were found still twisted in the hair of his foe; he yet hung in a wildly threatening attitude over his couch, as if glorying in the deed.

On the evening of Emilie's fearful interview with her lost Eugene, she had taken sanctuary in the neighbouring monastery; and there she closed the strange and unhappy story of their young love's wrongs.

## LA CAVA, CONVENT OF LA SANTA TRINITÀ.

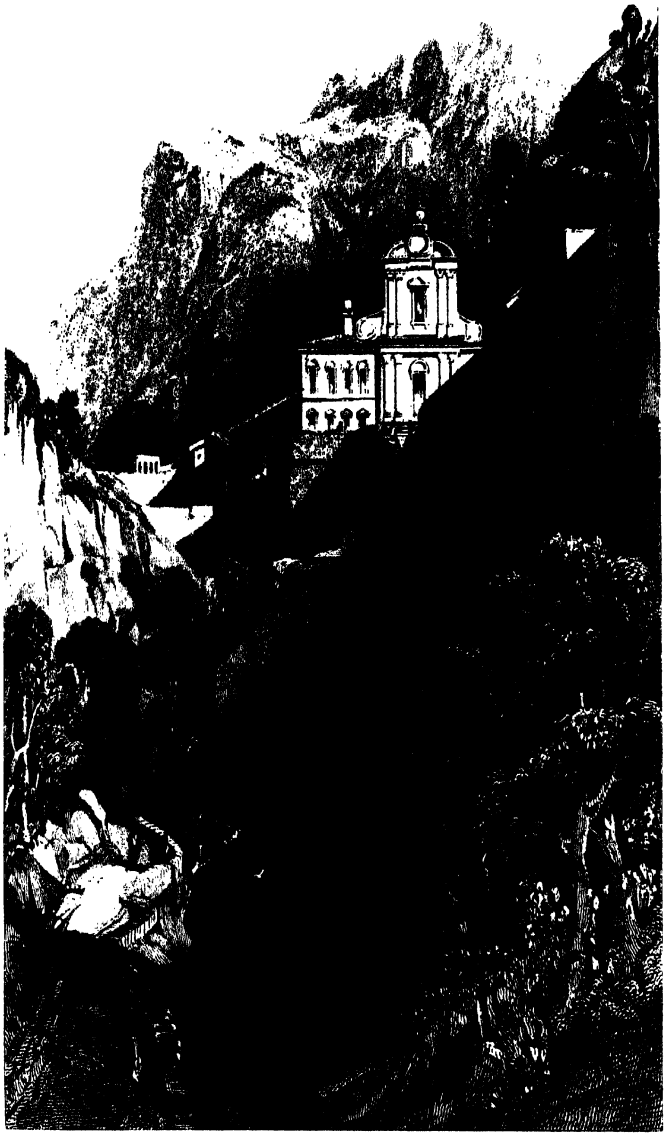
Io parlo meco, e riconosco in vero
Che mancherò sotto si grave pondo;
Ma 'l mio fermo desio tant 'e giocondo,
Ch' io bramo e seguo la cagion ch' io pero.

GUITTONE D' AREZZO.

Oh, heart effusions, that arose
From nightly wanderings cherished here!
To him who flies from many woes,
E'en homeless deserts can be dear!
The last and solitary cheer
Of those that own no earthly home,
Say, is it not, ye banished race,
In such a loved and lonely place,
Companionless to roam?

CAMPBELL.

THE romantic and magnificent scenery round the Neapolitan coasts—which affords the more daring foot-traveller ample reward for his adventure, ushering in the wilder region of the Calabrese—is rendered doubly impressive by presenting the time-worn and majestic monuments in the vicinity of Pæstum, Eboli, Salerno, Nocera, Vietri, and La Cava. Shunning, therefore, the great roads, he will make his own route: he will visit Eboli, Salerno, and thence take his way across the secluded paths till he comes within sight of the ruined walls of Pæstum—a spot so powerfully



delineated in the lines of the distinguished tourist and poet of "Italy:"

> "They stand between the mountains and the sea;
> Awful memorials, but of whom we know not!
> The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck;
> The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
> Points to the work of magic and moves on."

Entering first the valley near the Sarno gate, the tourist proceeds through some plantations watered by that river; he will then reach the ancient *Nuceria*, taken by the Carthaginian during his fierce expeditions against the Romans; which became a Roman colony under Augustus, and which also received the rebellious Saracens of Sicily. Towards the left, a little beyond the modern town of Nocera, may be seen the church of St. Maria Maggiore, supposed to have been erected in the time of Constantine, remarkable for its antique font, resembling that in the Baptistery at Pisa, and surrounded with a balustrade surmounted by columns, with others of superior beauty which support the roof.

Approaching, at length, La Cava, from the side of Nocera, you pass through a rich and diversified country, opening new prospects as you proceed. The town itself consists chiefly of one long street, like those at Bologna, and has porticoes on each side; it is spacious and rather populous for its size, and is occasionally sought for retirement by foreigners, during the summer months. A little beyond it are some remains, most probably of an ancient aqueduct, and a villa situated

very pleasantly amidst hanging gardens. It is in the vicinity of Vietri, however, and the whole district between that and Salerno, that the scenery assumes a more picturesque and impressive appearance. Situated, as is the former, on an abrupt declivity in the immense bay of Salerno, it commands a near view of Amalfi, the islands of the Sirens, and the promontory of Minerva; while on the other side is seen towering the memorable promontory of Leucosia, the *promontorium posidium* of the ancients. Here, too, is seen Salerno, hallowed by the footsteps of the poet, and so celebrated for its enchanting environs, no less by the muses of old Rome than of modern Italy Once distinguished as the capital of the Picentini, and still half embosomed in its noble bay, with its valley surrounded on the northern and eastern sides by its noble and picturesque mountains, it seems to have been selected as the most choice and luxurious site for the establishment of monastic institutions. In old times it was celebrated as a school of medicine, and, during the reign of its Lombard princes, numbers of learned Arabs and men of science were accustomed to resort thither. It is now more frequented for its spring and autumn fair, and in particular that held in September, attended with the popular games and customs peculiar to the country. "From Salerno," says Mrs. Starke, "to the commencement of the cross road, is an hour's drive, through a rich, beautiful, and picturesque country, continually presenting little groups of Calabrian peasants, dressed as Salvator Rosa

frequently paints them, and either employed in tillage, walking, riding, or regaling in temporary arbours close to the highway."

"From Pompeii," observes Mr. Forsyth, "we rode through a rich and delightful plain. We then passed through a long street of houses called La Cava, where every portico was a shop. The pedlars of this place have given name to the *farse Cavaiole*, a low species of drama, exhibiting the tricks of some little Antolychus. The place itself took its name from a cave which runs under the neighbouring abbey *della Trinità*, the last great foundation of the Lombards, and still the richest repository of their antiquities. We then entered a valley between two convergent Appennines, and passed through a curious succession of landscape, or rather elements of landscapes, full of that savage picturesque to study which Salvator Rosa purposely resided in this country. In proportion as the valley contracted, its sides became more precipitate, and their angles more frequent, more sharp, and more exact to each other."

At the close of his exquisitely beautiful and pathetic poem, stamped with all the vivid truth and nature which rivet the eye and the mind in the landscape of Salvator himself, the author of "Italy" makes a touching allusion to the vesper song of the convent, heard at a distance in the valley of La Cava, conveying a deep impression of the character of the scene :

"As night steals on,
With half-shut eyes, reclining, oft, methinks,
While the wind blusters and the pelting rain

Clatters without, shall I recall to mind
The scenes, occurrences, I met with here,
And wander in Elysium; many a note
Of wildest melody, magician-like,
Awakening, such as the CALABRIAN horn,
Along the mountain-side when all is still,
Pours forth at folding-time; and many a chant,
Solemn, sublime, such as at midnight flows
From the full choir, when richest harmonies
Break the deep silence of thy glens, LA CAVA,
To him who lingers there with listening ear,
Now lost and now descending as from HEAVEN."

ROGERS.

There appears little in the convent itself to call for particular description, and few travellers have given any extensive account of its localities. It is remarked, however, by the inquiring Mrs. Starke, that "persons who wish to visit, on their way from Salerno to Naples, the Benedictine convent of La Trinità, near La Cava, should stop at the entrance of that town, and send for a carriage and two strong horses, to take them up a light rocky mountain of the Appennines, on which the convent is situated, at the distance of two miles from the high-road, and in the mule-path to Amalfi. The ascent to La Trinità presents fine woods; and the convent, which is partly hewn out of a rock, and partly built upon it, is spacious even to magnificence, but contains nothing particularly worth examination, as the curious records once kept here were removed when the French suppressed this confraternity. After having seen the convent of La Trinità travellers usually proceed to Naples; stopping, however, at Pompeii, and walking through that city, while their carriage goes

round the outside of the walls, to meet them at the villa-suburbana." Strange and appalling in its monkish history—the sanctuary of titled desperadoes, and violators of public or private honour, and startling from its wild and solitary aspect, La Trinità is yet more remarkable as having been the witness of some fearful tragedies connected with the times of its founders, and political occurrences of an impressive and interesting character. Among the latter are some records of terrific feuds between the rival princes of Salerno, in the dark feudal periods when Italy bled under the scourge of Guelf and Ghibelline. Not the least of all, the people of Amalfi groaned under the bitterness of their exactions, till their insolent cruelty provoked a severe retribution on the head of one of these petty tyrants. They obeyed his summons; and he fell a victim to his own tyranny.

"They are now forgot,
And with them all they did, all they endured,
Struggling with fortune. When Sicardi stood
On his high deck, his falchion in his hand,
And, with a shout like thunder, cried, 'Come forth,
And serve me in Salerno!' forth they came,
Covering the sea, a mournful spectacle;
The women wailing, and the heavy oar
Falling unheard. Not thus did they return,
The tyrant slain; though then the grass of years
Grew in their streets." ROGERS.

Nor was the civil discord which raged between the aspirants to sole dominion in the same family of a less fearful and tragic complexion. Next to the fatal results produced by the domestic tyranny of Francesco Cenci, a Roman noble,—which swept off an entire

family, obliterating even the name,—may be classed the no less ferocious cruelty exercised by Guelfo, one of the early princes of Salerno. His father, Tancred, having lost his consort while in the prime of life, had again married; and Guelfo, on reaching manhood, with a chosen band of followers, joined the banners of the crusaders. To his dark and haughty spirit, the castle of his ancestors, where presided a step-mother and her rising sons, was far less attractive than the tented field; and his father, marking the gloom that hung upon his brow, opposed not his son's design. Years wore away; and, having gathered laurels on the plains of Palestine, the soldier was on his return when he heard of the decease of Tancred, and that he had divided his rich heritage, in place of leaving it to descend entire upon his eldest-born. The dominion of Salerno, its castles, and the coast was indeed reserved to the haughty Guelfo; but, stung with rage, he made a bitter vow to possess himself, as well, of that of Avellino and Benevento, fallen to the share of his brother Averardo. Hastening with his followers to Salerno, he entered its territories by surprise, bent on extinguishing his rival's claims in his blood; and the latter, wholly unprepared for so sudden an onset, with difficulty made his escape, and with his family took refuge in a foreign land. With the lapse of time, however, circumstances arose which seemed to favour his cause: the harsh rule of Guelfo had alienated the affections of his vassals, who could not but contrast his severity with the mild and just sway of Averardo, during his brother's absence in the wars. The sons of

Averardo, moreover, were verging upon manhood; it became his duty to renew his claims upon part of the heritage of his father; but, temperate and pacific as he was brave, he had recourse to every other means, before making an appeal to arms.

His proposals treated with scorn, his conciliatory offers interpreted into cowardice, he was at length induced to try the chances of open war. After a series of severe conflicts, in which not only their own vassals, but the partizans of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines took a warm share, they ended in the discomfiture of the usurper, who was finally reduced to seek shelter in the last and strongest of his castles. His sons had fallen in the contest—one daughter was now all that remained to him. Beautiful, affectionate, and faithful to him, through crime, and error, and trial of the bitterest kind, the gentle, noble-hearted Ricciarda* still refused to desert his side, soothing his fiery nature, and seeking, by every appeal of humanity and tenderness that can be suggested by the soul of woman, to induce him to listen to some reconciliation with his more successful relatives. This, too, was the object which Averardo had kept unceasingly in view, being more deeply interested from the circumstance of his son Guido having beheld the charming Ricciarda,—and, having beheld, he loved her. His passion devised means of meeting; it was mutual; and many were the short and fearful interviews, snatched during the pauses of the destructive storm of war and hate

* It is upon this admirable character that the great patriot and poet, Ugo Foscolo, founded his bold and striking Tragedy of the same name.

which raged around them. Often her lover conjured her to leave the castle; but she felt that she was the only object on earth her father had now left to love; she still bound him to humanity by the last and tenderest link; she still despaired not of winning him back to peace, hope, repentance,—of realizing the blissful dream of his uniting the hands of Guido and herself. Is it wonderful that such a daughter excited the affection and gratitude even of a parent so stern and unforgiving? At length, too,—oh, joy!—her persevering efforts of unwearied love and duty seemed on the eve of being crowned with success. Guelfo no longer refused to listen to his brother's terms: though smarting under recent defeat, and the loss of his children, he sent hostages to Averardo, inviting in return his two sons, Guido and his brother, to come and ratify the peace by partaking his daughter's society and the hospitality of his castle. They went, empowered by their father, and it is here the real tragedy opens; events darken as we proceed, and hurry the wretched victims of paternal discord with breathless speed to the fulfilment of their doom.

The feast was spread; the beautiful and the young were there, reflecting in each other's looks the bliss that absorbed their hearts on this happy and unhoped-for change. Guelfo smiled upon his guests; the halls of the castle rung with the many-voiced chords of music and the song of the gay trouveur; the old ancestral portraits looked down, in the thoughts of Ricciarda, with less of sorrow and anger, as if rejoicing in the reconciliation of their children; when

suddenly a cry was heard; the place shook as with an earthquake; something fell with a heavy unnatural sound; and, to the eye of Guelfo, the form of his father, Tancred, swept like a whirlwind through the room. Was it conscience? The massy picture of his sire had fallen to the ground; and at the same moment Guido, on the point of drinking to his uncle's pledge of peace, felt the beverage dashed from his hand; it was Ricciarda, who, pale and horror-struck, stood trembling at his side, and pointed to his brother, from whose lips that cry of distress had broken. Guido hastened to his assistance; but in time only to support him in his arms, and receive his parting sigh. Wild with terror for the safety of her beloved Guido, the fair girl threw herself before her father's emissaries who approached to seize him; and, at the same instant, throwing off their disguise, his friend Corrado and his followers, who had gained admittance as partizans of the Guelfs, drew their swords, and, opening for themselves a way, bore him uninjured to Averardo's camp.

What was his grief and indignation on learning so black a proof of a brother's perjury, and the loss of his loved boy; and what the still keener suffering of the unhappy lovers—thus fearfully torn from each other! The contest was renewed with fiercer hate on the part of one, and despair of terminating it on any other terms than the complete subjection of his rival on that of the other. With this view Averardo entreated of his son not to think more of the lovely Ricciarda, until they should have secured the person of her terrific father,

and rescued both her and themselves from the peril of his farther vengeance. Guido appeared to comply; but, alarmed for the life of the being he so much loved, he could not long resist the temptation of seeing her. By means of a secret and subterraneous passage he found his way into the vaults of the castle, whither the wretched lady, too, was wont to repair and indulge her griefs by weeping over her mother's tomb.

In such a solitude, dark as the course of their hapless love, they now first met to mingle their tears over the grave of their dearest, vanished hopes. Eagerly did that beautiful, and noble, but grief-stricken lady beseech of him to consult his own safety, and for ever abandon to her fate the daughter of the slayer of his brother; and as eagerly and vainly did the absorbed, devoted Guido conjure her not to confide in a parent capable of sacrificing his own relatives to his vengeance, but to fly with him from the perils impending over them both. He then declared he would stay with her and share her fate; but suddenly a footstep was heard to approach; the angry voice of the prince came near and more near; and, half dead with terror, the lady hurried her lover into a place of refuge, and calmly awaited the approach of her father.* "Still here," he exclaimed, "pale, exhausted, haunting the regions of the dead! Know ye not that the living called you? How obeyed you not your father's summons?"

"Forgive! Summoned I was, but left uncertain in what part of the castle you awaited me."

* For part of the ensuing dialogue we are indebted to the "Ricciarda" of Foscolo.

"I, too, uncertain whether you were still within these walls. I know your footsteps, Ricciarda; thou wert seen hastening hence."

"These calm abodes, my lord, are part too of your palace."

"And the best part! Therefore didst thou seek thy father among the ashes of his race? Wouldst have it so—so soon?"

"I sought my mother's tomb—to weep. To none, save one, alive, I breathe my griefs; nor yet to him would tell the cruel words a father utters to his child: how he suspects, how wrongfully, even while he loves her,—cruel to her and to himself. No, not for yours, —I pray for mine own death."

"Here, then, beside thy mother's urn, it may please thee best to hear me. That I suspect you not unjustly is well proved by the young traitor seen wandering here by night. Dost know it?"

"It was so said; methought I heard"—replied the fair girl, trembling for her lover's safety.

"I see it in thy face!—pity, shame, terror—all for him. And know you not that he escaped hence, unheard, unhurt? You are joyful now!"

"I, a stranger, and unknown!"

"So young, and yet a hypocrite! Try to fool others, but not me. Believe me when I say that I rejoice with you that Guido lives—is well. I would not, indeed, that he should ever perish—by other hand than mine. But I can punish; go quickly, Ruggiero! and let the heads of those, my sleeping guards, whose watch he just escaped, look down, a gory beacon from the battlements!"

The soldier was about to obey, when Ricciarda, throwing herself at her father's feet, conjured him, for his own safety, not to exasperate the foreign bands on which he had to rely for his defence. It was in vain; he reiterated his commands only with greater fury, at the same time desiring their leader to give double pay to the rest of the troops. He next summoned Uberto, captain of the Norman band, to pass the bridge and admit the envoy of his enemy, while he himself should remain a hostage till the other's return. In the same angry mood, he recurred to the subject most hateful to his thoughts; charging his daughter with being an accomplice with him whom he termed her seducer, and whose concealment or flight she had favoured. He informed her, moreover, that he had given orders for the envoy to be admitted into the castle to receive a final answer from her lips that she would no longer listen to the vows of Guido, or any proposal from his envoy, preferring to bury herself with him under the ruins of his palace rather than to yield. "To this," he exclaimed, "I will compel thee, spite of the affection I yet bear thee, and which, while it throws light around my fearful path, yet adds to the intolerable burden of my fate. Didst thou but love me, didst thou merit my love, thou wouldst hate those whom my very soul abhors,—who slew thy brothers, and would usurp my title and my throne. Swear, then, before his vile emissary, that thou wilt for ever renounce Guido and his tribe; and I will love and honour thee as the noblest and most heroic of daughters. But thou art silent;—

wouldst more joyfully abandon thy unhappy father for the arms of his hated enemy, who comes with war and fire to summon thee for his bride. Nay, thou didst save him even as he pressed the funeral beverage to his lips; and for that will ye both have to render me a strict account. But I hear the shouts of my brave warriors. Prepare! for it is the treacherous assault of my hated foe." He rushed from the place, leaving his unhappy daughter bathed in her tears.

Meanwhile, the disappearance of Guido from the camp excited the utmost alarm; and Averardo, too well surmising the truth, trembled for the life of his only son. Instantly calling one of his most faithful friends and leaders, he expressed his deep anxiety; and, with true chivalric spirit, Corrado offered to peril his life by following him secretly to the castle, and explaining the urgent necessity for his return, should the envoy's proposals fail, and recourse be had to another assault. Averardo, full of gratitude, embraced his noble friend, and he departed. His efforts were unavailing, for, though he succeeded in reaching the castle, he found it impossible, by any arguments, either of duty or of honour, to induce Guido to abandon her whom he loved. After a long and fruitless interview, therefore, Corrado, with the greatest difficulty, made his way back to the camp; and it was then that Averardo, despairing of every other means of rescuing his unfortunate son from the imminent peril in which he stood, devised the plan of sending an envoy to treat again with his ferocious brother: he was himself that envoy.

Before his arrival, however, the mind of Guelfo had been goaded into fresh tumults by the reported escape of Corrado, who had been seen and pursued in retiring from the castle. Nor was he without suspicions of the stolen interviews between Guido and his daughter: notwithstanding their utmost precautions, he had nearly surprised them; and threatened the unhappy girl to have her interred alive, rather than leave her a possibility of becoming the wife of Guido. It was in the midst of one of these paroxysms of revenge that the horn of the seneschal announced the approach of a herald; it was Averardo, who came to plead his cause and watch over his infatuated son, relying on his brother's being an utter stranger to his person, for his own safety.

The beautiful Ricciarda having been summoned to be present at the audience, the supposed envoy of Averardo was introduced.

"Stand forward!" exclaimed Guelfo, "and judge of thy reception from the place where thou art received."

"I see around me, my lord, the tombs of your ancestors. I bear the olive-branch; their spirits will rejoice to behold concord in the halls of their sons—sons and brothers!"

"Brother I never had; true, while I shed my blood in Palestine, Tancred, the slave of an artful woman, believed that she gave HIM a son. He fled on my return—untaught to wield the sword; and now, when twice ten years are flown, he comes in arms to deprive me at once of all—of honour, sons, and sway. He calls me the assassin of his children,—he storms my castle:

—vengeance for vengeance,—arms I oppose to arms. I die, but never yield. He shall have no bloodless triumph. If I have injured him and his, hath HE not done it, and sorely wounded me in fame?"

"But these are reasons why both should now desist. My master was an exile,—true; you came with fire and sword. But that Tancred made unjust partition of his dominions, I do not know; but this I know, that had Averardo left his sons beggars he would have been unjust and cruel. He asked his rights, which you by force opposed. You lost your sons—but it was in the field: they had their funeral rites and fame. Your brother conquered, yet here you reign; and this, methinks, is ground enough for peace."

"Nay! it is cause of war to dare to speak it. Thy words are full of guile—thy mien is bold."

"Yes, bold—yet not so much, perchance, as Averardo would have me be; his cause is just; and guile he need not use who conquers in the open field."

"But thou who speak'st thus, who art thou?"

"I am Corrado! thy brother's friend—a leader of his troops!"

"I see thou art a Ghibelline from thy aspect. But tell me, brave chief, if I should trust the faith of Averardo, how know I that some ambush lurks not in the dark? Ere Averardo deigned to ask my daughter, his son had robbed me of her noble heart; he sought to seduce her from me; meaning to return, no doubt, and possess himself of my princely rights. I saw the plot; but not in time to extirpate the whole of the

detested tribe. Ah! would that I could have brought, also, within my grasp, the head of all this mischief—Averardo! Then—then—a secret instinct would have told me that he were the man! Hearest thou?"

"And whence this vengeance, prince? If his son loved, and Averardo asked thy daughter as a pledge of peace and amity, why violate the laws of honour and humanity, and stain the festive board with blood! Where is Guido's brother? Died he not in this castle? Did not his father, indignant at the outrage—at the crime, appeal again to arms, and drive thee to the last hold of thy castles? Be wise! Stretch forth the hand of peace; and let Salerno—let ravaged Italy breathe from their savage conflicts, and taste repose."

"Never will Guelfo cease to call for vengeance on HIS head who robbed him of his sons. Degraded Italy I scorn; and would not rule her, save with a rod of iron. Let Guelf and vilest Ghibelline share her spoils; let foreign legions feast upon her charms, and each ambitious hireling trample her glory and her beauty in the dust! It is her fate, I say, and let it be fulfilled!"

"If neither country, fame, nor pity touch thy soul, yet for thy own sake listen to thy brother's terms. Thy troops are few, and routed at all points; the German front of war frowns on Salerno, awaiting but the word to rush to storm and victory! Be wise in time! You can make your terms; for Averardo trembles for his son, whose fatal passion impels him to his own destruction. Pity, and tremble too, for your

daughter, as Averardo trembles,—lest your cruelty should at last compel him to stain his cause with your blood."

"I wish it—if I shed not his. What is his last proposal ?"

"That you should govern in Salerno, its castles and its shores ; he in Benevento and Avellino ; and Guido wed thy daughter."

"Here is that daughter, ready to answer for me and herself. Speak, Ricciarda, wilt thou join hands with Guido ?"

Alas ! what would Prince Guelfo have his daughter say, and to his brother, who had selected her to be his dear son's bride ? It must be said, albeit it rive my heart, and I die in uttering those fatal words. The prince, my father, bids me swear to think no more of Guido."

"To hate—abhor him !"

"I could not, and I would not be so vile ; him only have I loved—I love him still ; his only will I die. Yet will I never—never be his wife ; I will obey my father ; and to Averardo say,—it is his duty to console —to save his son."

"You have heard," exclaimed Guelfo, "and what you have heard, report. I do defy my foe—even to the last !"

"Then be it war ! I shall take back heavy tidings." And, with these words, Averardo withdrew, in the firm resolution of making himself master of the castle that evening, in the hope of preserving the life of his son, by possessing himself of his brother's person,—every

method of conciliation having failed. In retiring from the castle he was met by Corrado, who hastily assured him of his son's safety; but that nothing could induce him to leave the castle without being accompanied by Ricciarda.

Brief and fearful were now the words exchanged between the lovers, on learning that the attack was about to be renewed. Seeing Guido unarmed she hastily gave him a dagger; yet, the next moment, thinking of her father, in a voice of distraction, she asks him for it again. As he is about to give it her, Guelfo suddenly entered the place: Guido concealed himself among the tombs; but, ere she can conceal it, her father seizes on the dagger. A terrific scene ensued; he compels her to confess when and from whom she last had it; but she will not betray the place of his concealment. He threatened to kill her on the spot; and to spare him the dread crime she declared that she would sooner stab herself. Yet he then snatched the weapon from her hand, and, falling upon her neck, melted into tears. All, perhaps, had yet been well, but the storming of the castle had begun; shouts and the clash of arms excite anew the rage of the wretched prince, who, tearing himself from his weeping daughter, rushed out to the defence of his castle, exposing himself to every danger, and leading on fresh troops to the walls.

It was in vain. He again returned, brooding only on vengeance, to the vault, where he found Ricciarda still weeping at her mother's tomb. Seizing her, he bore her further along the silent vaults; and then,

in a voice of thunder, he called upon Guido, with every epithet of contempt and rage, to come forth. No answer met his ear; when, raising the dagger over his hapless child,—"Coward! monster!" he cried, "come forth!—or now thy promised bride is weltering in her blood! Hear'st thou?"

"I hear!" and at the same moment her lover rushed from his concealment; but stood petrified on beholding the deadly steel glittering over the bosom of her he loved.

"Fly, fly," she exclaimed, "he will not, he dare not, hurt me; is he not my own father?"

"Fly," repeated Guelfo, "and her naked spirit shall pursue thee! Move not, make no defence; take from my hand thy fatal gift, or thou shalt see it drink the life-blood of her thou lovest!"

"I came to take it! Not that I trust thy mercy, parricide!—kill me thou may'st; but if thou darest to strike, to hurt a single hair of that loved head, I'll take thee by thy parricidal throat—I'll tear thee limb from limb, and scatter thee in the sea that hoarsely murmurs below these towers—thy fitting tomb. This is MY will; approach, for I know thine! Silent I wait thy coming."

"No! here is *my* bosom; strike boldly, father, here!" exclaimed the agonized girl, "for only through my bosom shall you reach him."

"Guido! seducer! villain! come quick—or now—"

The young lover approached, and in the same instant received a stab of the dagger. Ricciarda uttered a piercing shriek.

"'Tis slight!—I scarcely bleed,—and better know how to die than thou, old man, to strike!"

"Ha, hast thou 'scaped me! Ha! what noise is there!" At the same instant, Averardo and his followers entered the vaults. Guelfo was on the point of stabbing Guido, but quitted not his hold of his daughter. Guido called on his father to stand back, or that Guelfo would kill Ricciarda; and offered again to become the victim of her father's rage. He was prevented; and then, concentrating his whole fury upon *her*, Guelfo addressed a few bitter and fearful words to his conqueror,—declaring that he will make him eternally miserable in witnessing the wretchedness and remorse of his only son, withering in his presence day by day,—and plunged the weapon into his daughter's heart. Breathing her mother's name—praying for forgiveness of her father's crime—Ricciarda died; and Guelfo, invoking curses upon his brother's race, inflicted upon himself a voluntary death.



# VICO: COAST OF NAPLES.

Quest 'è il premio che torna
A chi tanto s' adorna,
A chi nutre sol carne
Senza qua giù guadarne,
Dove tutto se volve
In cenere, ed in polve,
E dove non è requie o penitenza,
Fino a quel dì de l'ultima sentenza.

ANDREA DE BASSO.

Oh! how severe God's judgment, that deals out
Such blows in stormy vengeance! CARY'S DANTE.

IN the third volume of the Landscape Annual, for 1832, is contained some account of Vico and the neighbouring scenery, with other places along the same line of coast, to which we now refer the reader. Without farther dwelling upon mere local topics, it may perhaps be more interesting to resume at once the thread of our historical narrative, comprising some of the more remarkable events which have stamped the destiny of this most beautiful and ill-fated region of the earth. No times were more fruitful in political occurrences of a striking and appalling character than those which ushered in and succeeded the reign of Queen Giovanna of Naples—the highly-gifted and accomplished successor of King Robert; himself one of the most distinguished among the cultivators and patrons of literature during the thirteenth century. The life of Giovanna presents a practical refutation of the popular error that women are incapable of great undertakings.

No one more completely triumphed over the aristocratic argument that they are mainly intended only for the preservation of man; confirming the illustrious examples which show that all distinction ceases with the sex, and that, while they are the most lovely and delightful, they are not the least fascinating in other than mere exterior embellishment. The order of intellect, indeed, is found to vary in one as well as the other; but, in proportion to the number exalted to the highest power, how many more of queens may we not rank in the lists of royalty, who have distinguished themselves far above the self-elected lords of the creation! In point of capacity and vigour of character, few monarchs, in stormy and perilous periods, displayed greater daring and decision, though superior in the more estimable qualities of the heart, than the unhappy queen of Naples.

This accomplished princess was born in the year 1327: she lost her father, the Duke of Calabria, the son of Robert, while that king was still upon the throne, and only one year after her birth. She had a younger sister, Maria, the beautiful mistress of the celebrated Boccacio, daughter of Mary de Valois, and born after the king's death. Having been educated in the court of her grandfather, Giovanna at the early age of six was betrothed to the son of the King of Hungary, in order to accommodate some political differences. At the age of seven, Andrea was accompanied to Naples, and by means of a papal dispensation the nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence and eclat.

Until the age of sixteen, Giovanna remained under the guardianship of her grandfather—a monarch celebrated for his wisdom and great qualities, and who survived to an extreme old age. On his death she was declared queen; the pontifical legate assisted at her coronation, and received the usual acknowledgment of the annual sum to be paid by the crown to Clement VI., and his successors in perpetuity. Prince Andrea was not permitted to share in the royal ceremony; and to this circumstance was owing a series of strange calamities. The young queen, although of a fiery and commanding temper, was not the less a woman; a foible without which she would have achieved far loftier objects than her peculiarly warm temperament, influenced at once by the pleasures of a court and a southern climate, seemed to promise. She had a prince for her consort, from whom she ought not to have allowed her thoughts to swerve; but, with all the domineering spirit of an Empress Catherine, she indulged, it is said, like her, in the licentious loves of an Agrippina. She had left to her princely husband only the undignified character of the queen's consort; and even here, it is recorded, that she dictated the conduct he was to pursue, and the precise time and manner of his visits more like a sovereign than an equal. Contempt and wounded pride were not the happiest ingredients for acting as a love-spell, and preserving fidelity to each other.

Meanwhile, Ludovico, his brother, the King of Hungary, having learned that Andrea was wholly excluded from a share in the government, as well as from the

title of a king, considered it an insult which redounded to the discredit of the family; the mild-tempered Andrea was at length roused by the earnestness of that monarch's appeals, and they brought their united complaints before the papal court. The Pontiffs of that period assumed, as we well know, a power over the respective monarchs of Christendom which they too often succeeded in carrying into effect; and, after some negociation, Clement VI. issued his mandate that Andrea's coronation should take place, and sent a legate to enforce its celebration. This occurred in 1345, and Giovanna, who had as freely given the reins to her inclinations as she had held them with a strong hand over the people, became seriously alarmed at this sudden invasion of her sovereignty.

She was unwilling to admit of any companionship in what regarded the exercise of royalty; and the ministers whom she employed did all in their power to confirm her in her opposition to the papal decree. Charles, Duke of Durazzo, her particular favorite, and who hated Andrea as a rival, was the first to lay the train of a conspiracy of as black a dye as any that disgraces the annals of the royal houses of Europe. To preserve her power by cutting at once the Gordian knot, it is asserted that the queen gave it her sanction; and different barons, who disposed of the great offices of state, were likewise parties to it. The execution of it was given to Carlo, a natural son of King Robert, and to Beltram, the son of the said Charles; men of the most violent and resolute spirit. The particulars of the plot having been fixed upon, the queen was given

to understand that it could not be put into effect at the court, on account of the number of Hungarians who surrounded the Prince, and who were strongly attached to his interests; for this reason it was agreed that Giovanna should induce the king to accompany her on an excursion to the delicious environs of Aversa. Extremely fond of his youthful consort, the gentle Andrea was delighted with her sweetness and affability of demeanour, and took with him only a small escort—his cruel and treacherous enemies, at the same time, bearing him company as part of Giovanna's suite.

On the night of the 18th of September was perpetrated the crime, to which, from the manner of its previous arrangement, she is accused of having been an accomplice. After having retired to the couch of the young queen, Andrea was suddenly awakened, in the dead of night, by his attendants, with a message, that some of the ministers had arrived to inform him of a serious tumult which had occurred at Naples, and called for his immediate presence. The prince rose in haste, and left the chamber, the door of which, it is stated, was instantly locked behind him. In the passage he was met by Charles of Durazzo, Beltram, and a Count Trelisiano, who at first amused him with some feigned account, until they had conducted him into the chamber appointed for the deed. There Beltram seized the prince by his hair, and tried to throw him down. Turning round upon him, Andrea exclaimed, "What audacity is this!" When, being assisted by the others, Beltram at length flung him upon the ground. The prince resisted to the last, seized the assassin's hand

in his mouth, nor loosed his hold, it is said, until he had actually bitten the part off, which was afterwards found between his teeth! Trelisiano threw himself upon the prince as he lay, and, assisted by Carlo, passed a noose round his neck, with which he was most inhumanly strangled.

The barbarous act was no sooner committed than the conspirators hastened to conceal the body; but, as they were proceeding down the staircase, the sound of approaching footsteps again drove them into the hall, where, in the terror of the moment, they threw the corpse from the window into a garden, without taking the cord from the neck. In the train that had accompanied the prince from Hungary was an aged woman who had been his nurse, and, being extremely attached to him, she had hastened, on hearing some confused noise to the queen's chamber. There she found Giovanna, seated by the side of her couch, alone; and, on making some inquiry about the prince, she is said to have replied with great levity, reflecting upon the youth and inexperience of her lord, and declaring that she knew not what had become of him. The nurse, still unsatisfied, took a torch and went in search of her young master; she approached the balcony from which he had been thrown, and, as she afterwards averred, saw, by a strange glowing light which indicated the spot, the body of the deceased, being guided thither by some unaccountable impulse. She returned to the queen, informing her that the prince was lying asleep in the garden, to which Giovanna replied, that she had better *let* him sleep; when the old lady, descending

into the garden, cautiously approached, as if fearful of awaking him. What was her horror to find him dead, the rope still bound round his neck, and a piece of the hand of one of the conspirators clutched in the mortal struggle between his teeth. She ran shrieking from the place, and instantly the whole palace was in an uproar. The queen set out instantly, accompanied by the assassins, for Naples, whither the body also was secretly conveyed, and there she retired to one of her strongest castles. The morning after, on the fact being divulged, the populace ran in crowds to the palace, calling for justice upon the traitors—the slayers of their king. Giovanna prepared to meet the storm; she issued an edict, forbidding any citizen to bear arms under pain of death; but such was the extreme excitement that, instead of allaying, it seemed to add to its fury; and she only owed her life and crown to the fidelity of her troops.

At the same time, under the direction of the Prince of Taranto, and Charles, Duke of Durazzo, not yet suspected of participation in the crime, the people assembled at the grave of the murdered prince; and having taken up the body, with loud cries of execration, they prepared a banner on which was exhibited a likeness of the king, with the rope hanging round his neck; and following this they returned to lay siege to the castle, crying, "Death to the assassins! Death to the infamous queen!"

The assault was continued for two days, at the end of which the people despatched three envoys to the castle, insisting on the assassins being delivered up to

them—a demand which was at first refused, till, induced by the arguments of Count Severino and others, Giovanna complied, excepting only from the number King Robert's natural son, Carlo, Artuxio, and another, who fled to the castle of St. Agata, which they fortified. The conspirators were instantly torn to pieces by the mob, after which they proceeded with increased fury against the castle, commanded by Carlo, which they levelled with the ground; but, out of respect for the memory of King Robert, spared him and his son, whom they conducted under a strong guard, and lodged in a dungeon at Naples. There, however, they were secretly put to death; the queen being the sole person in the whole list of conspirators who, for a time, escaped with impunity, on the supposition that she was then *enceinte*.

It has, however, been questioned, on plausible grounds, whether she were really a party to the murder, a similar sort of mystery enveloping the whole transaction as was found to hang over that of Darnley, though there seems little doubt that both may be ranked in that long, black catalogue of royal assassinations with which the great Ogre family of Sultans and of Czars has, even in recent years, so plentifully abounded. The tumult having subsided, it became the object of Giovanna to exculpate herself, in the opinion of Lewis, King of Hungary, from the charge of being an accessary to the murder. With this view she sent the Bishop of Trapeia to supplicate that he would deign to take an unhappy widow, left with an orphan child, under his protection; but the king replied to him in

terms which left no doubt as to his intentions of inflicting a severe vengeance on all the parties concerned.

He was, in fact, busied in preparations to fall upon Italy with a powerful army, in expectation of being enabled to possess himself of the kingdom of Naples, rather than from any motive of avenging the death of his unfortunate brother. Sensible of the approaching danger, Queen Giovanna sought to strengthen her cause by forming a new alliance with some warlike prince, and on the 20th of August, 1346, she gave her hand to Luigi, Prince of Taranto, a courageous leader, and in the flower of his age. But the storm was already on the eve of bursting on her head; the king was in full march, and the Prince of Taranto hastily collected his army on the banks of the Volturno, near Capua, with the intention of disputing the passage of that river. The queen was supported by the barons of the kingdom; and the King of Hungary, unwilling to hazard an attack on that position, directed his course by Benevento, where he arrived on the 11th of January, 1348. On this astounding intelligence, the entire army deserted the banners of the Prince of Taranto, and returned into Naples. Giovanna, who had meanwhile fled to one of her castles, hearing the rapid approach of the incensed Hungarian, snatched together whatever treasure the time permitted, and, embarking in a galley, sought to reach an asylum in Provence. The prince, her husband, hearing of her flight, accompanied only by his secretary, Niccolo Acciajuoli, threw himself into a little boat in the marsh of Siena, in the intention of rejoining his

consort. Lewis, every where victorious, took possession of the town of Aversa, where the whole assembled nobility of Naples had met to congratulate him. The princes of the kingdom, however, apprehensive of his resentment, did not attend; but they were soon assured of a safe conduct, with the exception of those immediately implicated in the murder of his brother. Carlo, Duke of Durazzo, came, accompanied by the others, all of whom were received with marked distinction, and admitted to dine at the royal tables, little anticipating the result. After partaking of refreshments, the king ordered his troops to be put in motion, with a view of entering Naples; he passed by the palace where his brother had been inhumanly put to death, and, reining in his horse, he called for the Duke of Durazzo, and inquired of him from which of the windows the body had been thrown after the perpetration of the flagitious deed? To this the duke replied, trembling, that he knew nothing of that fatal business; on which the king drew a letter from his pocket, written by the duke to Charles of Artois, containing a minute account of the whole transaction. "Know you that hand-writing, sir?" inquired the king. He answered not,—guilt and terror were painted on his countenance; he was seized and executed on the spot, the king ordering his head to be exhibited from the window whence he had thrown the body of the unfortunate Andrea. He then caused the remainder of the princes to be arrested, and had them transported into Hungary, as well as the young Prince Carlo Martelli—the supposed son of Andrea by the queen.

This act of royal treachery done, he entered the capital in triumph, and during a sway of four months he made all ranks, but in particular the patrician order, keenly sensible of the ruthless spirit in which he had come to establish his dominion. To add to the severity of their sufferings, the plague broke out with such virulence as to carry terror and devastation into every quarter of the city. The common duties and charities of life were wholly suspended—the dearest ties of kindred were torn asunder—those who had most loved fled horror-struck from each other—the rites of sepulture ceased to be longer performed—the avenues and staircases were choked with the dead—the physicians were swept away—and such even of the priests who heroically attempted to fulfil their sacred office might be observed administering the host to the dying in the streets, the holy wafer being placed at the end of a long stick. Society became utterly disorganized; and the multitude, as is observed in such fearful visitations, becoming frantic with despair, gave loose to the worst and most licentious passions, exulting, as it were, in the hideous revelry of doom that raged around them, and satiating with that instinctive appetite which seems to slumber in man—his first savage-born love of anarchy and rapine, which no time and no laws can wholly eradicate or subdue.

It is no wonder that King Lewis hurried from such a scene in time to save himself and his army, leaving his new kingdom to its fate, and pursued by the curses of the people. All eyes now turned wishfully towards their former queen; the people promising

themselves a greater degree of liberty and licentiousness under a sovereign whom they could neither respect nor obey. She had already left Provence for Avignon, where, with her consort Luigi, she only awaited a favourable opportunity for regaining the sceptre she had lost. Being destitute of funds she had recourse to the expedient of selling the city and district of Avignon to the Pope, from whom she received a sum of thirty thousand gold florins—a measure of which the justice was narrowly questioned by the party most concerned. But it was not enough to purchase a kingdom; and it was only by solicitation of her friends, and the party most favourable to her, that she added to it sufficient to engage ten Genoese galleys; and with these, and two hundred German horse, she set sail for Naples, and resumed the reins of government amidst the applause of all classes.

Many of the strong places, however, remained in the hands of the Hungarians, under the command of Corrado Lupo, who despatched a special messenger to apprise the king of what had taken place. The queen, supported by her warlike consort, and the whole people, soon recovered the places retained by the King of Hungary; but, unfortunately, the German troops in the service of the queen went over to the Hungarians—an event which threw her affairs into considerable disorder. The tide of success turned; the forces of the king retook the towns they had lost, and even approached the capital. An engagement took place, the result of which was, as usual, unfavourable to the Neapolitans, and they were reduced to purchase their liberty at the

price of twenty thousand florins. The Germans, nevertheless, would not consent to withdraw from the whole of their possessions without the payment of four-fold that sum. After this, the people rose with great demonstrations of valour, threatening the rear-guard of the Germans at a safe distance, as they retired. This show of fight was a little too precipitate; for King Lewis was again at hand at the head of fourteen thousand Hungarian cavalry, and eight thousand Germans. He fell like a torrent upon the ceded castles and cities, laying the whole country under contribution, and reducing the queen and her consort to the most lamentable condition in the last strong-hold that remained to them.

The papal power, in that age, being the grand court of appeal between contending parties, Giovanna had recourse to Pope Clement VI., who readily interposed to compose the civil distractions which shook the kingdom. The King of Hungary refused not to listen to some plan of reconciliation; and his Holiness, having pronounced the queen wholly innocent of the crime laid to her charge, enjoined her to pay to Lewis three thousand florins of gold to meet the expenses of the war. With more conscience, however, than the Neapolitans had shown courage, the invader refused to accept the proffered gift, conceiving it too bad, perhaps, after the sums he had already pocketed, farther to fleece his Neapolitan sheep, that, in the language of their own proverb, were apt to make "much cry, but little wool." His object, he declared, was not rapine,

but justice; and, having fully avenged his brother's death, he consented to withdraw from the kingdom.

Thus terminated the war: the chief delinquent was suffered at this time to escape; the avarice and hypocrisy of the papal court not permitting it to pronounce Giovanna guilty of assassination, from an apprehension of losing its good city of Avignon. Each party, indeed, wore its mask; even the people assumed one of bravery, and, as has mostly been the fate of the people, they were the first to be stripped of their disguise, and exposed to all the insults and calamities which want of moral vigour and unanimity universally brings upon them from foreign and domestic foes.

Giovanna, freed from her chief enemy, now aimed at becoming absolute sovereign of the country. The pontiff favoured her views, and sent his legate to be present at the new ceremony of coronation, in which her royal consort was also to appear. It took place in 1342, and was celebrated by magnificent spectacles of every kind; the whole of the princes and barons of the kingdom assisted, and a general amnesty was published, comprehending all past offences. Fortune, from this time, seemed to smile on the two sovereigns; and, learning that Sicily was reduced to extreme distress, both by famine and its many baronial feuds, especially between the Catelani and the Chiaramonti, they resolved to take advantage of the conjuncture. The king forthwith set sail with six galleys, well armed and victualled, with the intention of gaining over the people by affording them unexpected and most opportune

relief. This argument was seconded by a show of strength; and the cities of Palermo, Trapani, and others, mounted the new colours, and testified their adherence to the Neapolitan crown. But the new dynasty did not long continue, nor could Giovanna incline the Sicilians to submit so easily to absolute sway. Both parties prepared to renew hostilities; and civil war and discord had soon reached their height. A pause occurred in 1355, by the incursion of Count Lando, at the head of some German troops, which committed the most horrible enormities throughout the provinces. Giovanna recalled her consort to their defence; but he found them, as usual, so obstinate to dislodge, that it was only by the old plan of buying their absence for 100,000 florins of gold, drawn from the pockets of merchants and nobles, that he could restore tranquillity.

About this period, Don Lewis of Arragon died, and was succeeded by his brother Federigo; but the island was again convulsed by the faction of the Chiaramontesi, and the fresh exactions enforced by the new king. The Sicilians, indignant at this treatment, invited back Giovanna and her consort, declaring that they would throw off their present yoke, and become altogether tributary to the crown of Naples.

The royal pair hastened to embrace the offer; the Messinese had already hoisted their colours, and on their arrival they were conducted with every mark of magnificence into the city, where they received the homage of all classes. In the following year, King Luigi, who had been crowned with his royal consort,

attempted the subjugation of Catania, but failed with the loss of his entire armament; a misfortune which was aggravated by a sudden insurrection in Naples, organized by the Duke of Durazzo. The new sovereigns, therefore, were compelled to retrace their steps, in order not to risk the loss of their own kingdom for the uncertain chance of obtaining possession of another. But no sooner was the disturbance quelled than they sought to renew their claims; the Sicilians refused to aid them, and they were compelled to enter into negociations; and a peace, which promised to be of some duration, was the result.

During this interval of repose, it might have been supposed that Giovanna would have remained satisfied with the possession of a kingdom, and a noble consort in the vigour of his age. Both parties, however, were of a violent and licentious character; Luigi was invariably surrounded by men of abandoned principles, who gradually alienated from him the love of Giovanna, and led to contests so bitter and personal that, it is asserted, Luigi frequently inflicted upon his consort severe corporeal chastisement. It was believed that his death, which occurred soon afterwards, was the consequence of this imprudent conduct; he was seized with a slow fever, attended with severe internal sufferings, of which he died in 1362, not without some suspicion, though founded only on the foregoing circumstances, of having been poisoned.

In no long time, the queen finding it difficult, without some alliance, to repress the unruly, excitable temperament of her subjects, encouraged by the

ambition of her barons, turned her thoughts to a third marriage, and shortly after received proposals from the King of France, on the part of Duke Philip of Tours, his youngest son ; but Giovanna preferred the claims of Giacomo of Arragon, son of the King of Majorca, and a handsome and valiant prince, whose ambition did not soar beyond bearing the title of Duke of Calabria. On these terms the contract was entered into, on the 14th of December, 1362 ; but her youthful lord did not make his appearance in Naples till the end of the ensuing year. She did not long retain his affections; for, deporting herself with all the pride of an absolute sovereign, she never consulted him upon affairs of state, till, indignant at the humiliating part he played, he became a party to all the intrigues and dissensions prevailing at the court. Urban V., who had sanctioned the contract between the parties, now exhorted the young duke to abstain from mixing himself with political affairs, and rest satisfied with his own rank; but Giacomo was of too vehement a temper to obey, and openly ridiculed an alliance which made him appear more in the light of a *cavalier servente* than of an independent lord.

He was not sorry, then, to avail himself of the event of a war in Spain, in 1365, to leave Italy, on the plea of going to the assistance of his father. He took his departure with ill-repressed joy ; but misfortune pursued him ; almost on his arrival he was taken prisoner in a skirmish; and he was compelled to apply for his ransom to his wife, who had the magnanimity, notwithstanding the ill usage she had received from him, to

purchase his liberty for sixty thousand ducats. It failed to produce the effect she had, perhaps, intended; with singular ingratitude, on his arrival at the Neapolitan court, he resumed his intrigues, and demanded to be admitted to an equal share in the government. Giovanna, finding that neither gratitude nor reason had the slightest influence over his mind, resolved to try a different method, and had him instantly placed under arrest, suffering him to remain six months in close confinement, in order to tame down his fiery and presuming spirit. Meantime, her Sicilian dominions had fallen from her grasp; Federigo had again become master of nearly the whole island; but Giovanna, being in quiet possession of her Neapolitan territories, no longer judged it politic to interfere, confining her views to preserving the undisputed sovereignty in her own hands.

In the year 1367, the kingdom was invaded by an army of adventurers, under the conduct of Ambrosio Visconti, who laid waste, with fire and sword, all before them. The queen immediately summoned the whole of her disposable force, and despatched them, with Giovanni Malatacca at their head, against the marauders. They came to an engagement, in which the Neapolitans had the rare fortune of coming off victorious, returning with the most extravagant marks of exultation, and bearing the ferocious Visconti and a number of his companions along with them, to take up their residence in a dungeon.

The spring of the ensuing year brought tidings of the renewal of the war in Spain, with every aggravation

of inveterate hatred and revenge. The unfortunate Giacomo, now set at liberty, took the resolution of leaving Naples for the second time, departing almost without the queen's knowledge, accompanied only by a small suite of followers. With a strange fatality he had hardly landed on his native shores, on the eve of a terrible battle, when, leading on a small body of troops, he was killed. The tidings of this event are said to have been received by Giovanna with marked indifference. She soon after repaired to Rome, where she was admitted to kiss the foot of Pope Urban, and received from his hand, as a mark of honour, the golden rose.

For the third time a widow, the queen seemed now to devote her attention entirely to matters of state: she suddenly renewed her claims to Sicily; and, so imposing were the preparations that Federigo, in great alarm, applied to the Holy Pontiff, beseeching him to interpose his good offices, and lay the ground-work of a permanent peace. At his express recommendation, Giovanna listened to Federigo's offers; and it was ultimately concluded that Federigo should hold the sovereignty of the island as a fief from the crown of Naples, paying the annual sum of fifteen thousand florins, and assuming only the title of King of Trinacria, leaving to Giovanna that of Queen of all the Sicilies.

Till the year 1375 Giovanna continued in her single state; but at that period she cast her eyes on Otho, Duke of Brunswick, a prince of the empire, sprung from the imperial lineage. The negociation was soon

brought to a successful close; the prince accepted the proffered conditions, that he should possess no title or authority in the state, and the nuptials were celebrated on the 25th of March, 1376. On the death of Gregory XI., in 1378, Bartolommeo Prignano was elected pontiff, by the title of Urban VI., an event extremely gratifying to Giovanna, who deputed her husband, Otho, attended by a splendid retinue, to bear her congratulations, with rich presents and assurances of duty and obedience, to the feet of his Holiness. The duke's reception, however, was such, that he returned utterly disgusted with his embassy, making statements which entirely changed the queen's views with regard to the character of the sovereign pontiff. She threw her influence entirely into the opposite scale, embracing the interests of the French cardinals, and even openly declaring against the papal power. On hearing of her rebellious conduct, the pope is said to have observed, smiling, "that he would send Madam of Naples to spin in a convent; a better trade than she had yet exercised;" words which, on being reported, threw the court of Naples into a blaze, rousing the furies of discord to the highest pitch.

It was now the cardinals who had withdrawn from Rome, having formed a new conclave, pronounced the excommunication of Pope Urban, as a usurper of the apostolical see, at the same time investing the cardinal of Ginevra with the dignity of anti-pope, by the title of Clement VII. Shortly after his election, the new pontiff repaired to the court of Giovanna, who, relying on the protection of the King of France, had

become his avowed patroness. He was received by her with every demonstration of respect; but the people did not participate in the royal feelings, retaining the same reverence as before for their countryman Urban. A Neapolitan revolt was soon organised against the anti-pope; and such was the rapidity with which it spread that Giovanna, to save herself, compelled his Holiness to decamp from her court as speedily as possible. He went to Fondi, and from thence to Avignon, where he fixed his see, amusing himself by making a number of cardinals, superintending processions, and hurling fresh anathemas at his enemy. The latter now proceeding with vigour against Giovanna, she was, in turn, assisted by the anti-pope with a supply of men and money; but Urban, having got possession of the castle of St. Angelo, held by an adherent of Clement and the queen, soon after gave a signal defeat to the anti-papal forces—an event which led his rival to adopt measures for a speedy retreat from Italy.

The queen, confounded by this unexpected intelligence, sent off ambassadors to Rome, appealing to his clemency, and assuring him of her hearty repentance, and a return to the most perfect obedience to the Holy See. Too incensed to listen to so early an accommodation, Urban commanded the envoys to be dismissed with every mark of ignominy and contempt.

Nor did his Holiness stop here; he entered into a secret treaty with King Lewis of Hungary for the purpose of dethroning Giovanna, and raising Charles, Duke of Durazzo, to the royal dignity in her place. He farther

launched forth one of his *bulls*, denouncing her as a confirmed heretic, guilty of high treason, deprived of all her dominions,—her effects to be confiscated,—her subjects absolved from their fealty, &c. &c., exhibiting altogether a lively specimen of the then temporal authority of the Holy See. He next invited King Lewis to hasten his preparations to fall upon Italy, and chastise his enemies and those of the church; but this the Hungarian monarch, now far advanced in years, declined to do, contenting himself with despatching Charles of Durazzo, after terminating the Venetian war, to take possession of the whole Neapolitan dominions, and to dethrone the queen.

Giovanna foresaw the approaching storm; she resolved to meet it; and, by the advice of the anti-pope, she adopted Louis, Duke of Anjou, and brother of Charles V. of France, for her son and heir. Owing, however, to the death of Charles, the arrival of the duke in Italy was followed by no favorable results.

The Prince of Durazzo proceeded towards Rome with nine thousand Hungarians, and five hundred archers, where he arrived at the close of 1380. He was received by the pope with great distinction, made a senator of Rome, and invested with a title to the kingdom of Naples, which he prepared to take possession of in the following spring.

Giovanna had not been idle; while, the time having arrived for the expedition, Urban collected his troops, gave them his solemn benediction, and placed them under the command of his favourite champion the duke. On her part the queen relied on the known valour of

Duke Otho, her consort, and on the support of the Neapolitan barons; but, with their usual consistency, they failed her at the hour of proof. Duke Otho opposed himself manfully to the enemy on the frontiers; but he was compelled to retire, and ultimately to Naples itself, where he prepared to stand a siege.

Powerful demonstrations were made, on both sides, for another struggle; but traitors to their commander and their queen opened the gates to the enemy on the 16th of July, 1381; and the new-invested king, rushing eagerly to the storm, carried every thing before him; the queen, with difficulty, finding refuge in Castel Nuovo, where she was besieged by the victor. Duke Otho fled to Aversa; and, reduced to the utmost extremity, Giovanna consented to capitulate, if, at the end of fifteen days, no relief should arrive. Otho, on learning her distress, resolved to make one effort for her rescue; and on the 25th of August, the last day of the term, he attacked the king's army with the utmost impetuosity, till, being grievously wounded and made prisoner, his most faithful followers were cut to pieces around him, and his army put to the rout. This battle decided the fate of the queen: she surrendered to the conqueror, by whom she was sent, a close prisoner, to the castle of San Felice.

In the beginning of 1382, Louis, Duke of Anjou, the adopted heir of Giovanna, made preparations to contend the sovereignty of the kingdom with his rival, and succour the imprisoned queen. He assembled a powerful army, and, with the usual impetuosity of the French, fell like a tempest upon Italy, to the surprise

and dismay of the new-made king. Up to this period the latter had treated Giovanna with some degree of humanity; but, aware that his rival's title rested on her for support, he had recourse to terror to bring her over to his own views. He desired her to give orders to the commanders of the Provençal galleys to acknowledge him for their lord. They had been sent for the support of the queen's cause, but had found, on arriving, that she was already a prisoner. With courage above her sex, she commanded that the captains should be conducted into her presence, and, in the face of her conqueror, exhorted them, by every argument, to remain true to their honour, faithfully serving the king she had adopted, Louis of Anjou, her lawful heir; but never to submit to the sway of a robber and assassin.

A reply so haughty and insulting called for strong measures; Charles ordered her to be committed to still closer confinement, and despatched a special courier to King Lewis of Hungary, informing him of what had passed, and requiring to know in what manner he should dispose of the deposed queen.

The answer returned was, that she should suffer the same death which had been inflicted on the unfortunate Prince Andrea, her first husband. Upon the same night when this strangely retributive sentence was received, however barbarous (and perhaps unmerited) we may pronounce it, it was carried into execution, and she was inhumanly strangled in prison on the 21st of May, 1382.

Thus ignominiously perished the lovely, gifted, and accomplished daughter of a distinguished monarch,

who had been loved and venerated by his people. With a lofty intellect and courageous spirit—though greatly obscured by early crime and error—she also emulated her grandfather's example in the cultivation and patronage of letters. She was the friend (it is stated, also, the mistress) of Boccacio, who wrote most of his celebrated works either at her instigation or that of her sister; and had she not, like the unhappy Queen of Scots, formed an unfortunate alliance in the outset, she might have realized the expectations of her youth, and pursued a career more worthy of her signal talents, and the example of her great predecessor.

But the slave of fiery passions, she was hurried into acts of criminality; she was the queen too of a dastard and faithless people; and the same ungovernable subjects who had applauded her beauty and accomplishments, sworn allegiance, betrayed, and recalled her repeatedly to the throne, deserted her at her utmost need, and gazed with apathy on the beautiful, half-naked form, exposed, without a single adjunct of honour, or of royalty, to the scorn of the public eye.

# MOLA DA GAETA.

'Tis a wild life, fearful, and full of change,
The mountain-robber's. On the watch he lies,
Levelling his carbine at the passenger;
And, when his work is done, he dares not sleep.
ROGERS'S ITALY.

WHETHER in reference to the more ancient or the more modern character of Mola and the adjacent territory, the unpleasing and rather startling tone of the above motto will be found, it is feared, any thing but unjust and inapplicable. From the period of Ulysses's voyage to that of the establishment of Spanish dominion in the kingdom of Naples, Mola, the ancient Formiæ, founded by the *Læstrygones*,—those ANTHROPOPHAGI of the old world—has possessed the unenviable notoriety of having devoured an incredible quantity of human flesh; its nobility and princes also, if we may believe the highest poetical authority, having been particularly attached to that species of antiquated diet. Into the port between Mola and Gaeta, Homer, it is conjectured, conducted Ulysses and his friends; it was there they were so terrified with that gigantic race of Læstrygones, "Whose queen they found vast as a mountain's top." The account left us, by the great father of the Epic, of the manners and appearance of the former inhabitants—if indeed he was describing the place at all—with his

vivid description of the scenery round the bay, is too admirable to omit; and we shall give it almost entire in the spirited version of Pope. After innumerable storms and perils, the Prince of Ithaca and his companions hail the fair aspect of Italy:—

"Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
And next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
And Læstrygonia's gates arise distinct in air.
* * * * * *
Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs high pointing to the skies;
The jutting rocks that rise on either side
Contract its mouth and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retired the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refused to moor,
And fixed without my haulsers to the shore.
From thence we climbed a point whose airy brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possessed the land.
They went, and kept the wheels' smooth beaten road,
Which to the city drew the mountain wood,
When, lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates, the king;
She to Artacia's silver spring came down
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town):
The damsel they approached, and ask what race
Her people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid the unwary strangers heard,
And showed them where the royal Dome appeared.
They went; but as they entering saw the Queen,
Of size enormous and terrific mien,

Scarce yielding to some bulky mountain's height,
A sudden horror struck their aching sight.
Swift at her call her husband scoured away
To wreak his hunger on the destined prey;
One for his food the raging glutton slew,
But two rushed out and to the navy flew.
Balked of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore.
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below:
The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors echo to the skies.
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And crammed their filthy throats with human food."

That the great poet, in the foregoing description, meant to refer to the port lying between Mola and Gaeta, with the high promontory above it, acquires some confirmation from the observation of Cluverius, that the classic authors have all along understood it as such. He cites, too, the lines of Ovid, where he feigns Æneas to have met with Neritius Macareus, one of the voyager's companions on the Cajetan shore. They are to be found in the fourteenth book of the Metamorphoses, and are to the following purport: "Talia convexum per iter memorante Sibylla," &c.

"The sibyl mounting now from nether skies,
And the famed Ilian prince, at Cuma rise.
He sailed, and near the place to anchor came,
Since called Cajeta, from his nurse's name.
Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
To wise Ulysses, his long labours end."

It would appear, moreover, that Rome's great orator and patriot, Cicero, who sometimes lived, and who

died near the spot, had understood Homer as speaking of Formiæ, if we may judge from a passage in one of his letters: *Si vero in hanc,** Τηλέπυλον veneris, *Λαιστρυγονίτω (Formiasdico) qui fremitus hominum! quàm irati animi! "If you come into this wide-gated Læstrygonia (I mean Formiæ), what murmurings of men, what angry minds!" It is admitted, beyond doubt, that Cicero possessed a villa at Formiæ, as well as at several other places, from frequent mention of the fact in his epistles to Atticus; but it is not equally clear that the villa Formiana in what is called Cicero's garden, is the one which belonged to him, it being situated most probably nearer to the sea. The extent of the ruins, and its evident traces of ancient magnificence, point it out, in the opinion of many, as the palace of the Mamurræ. Formiæ itself is termed by Horace the city of the Mamurræ; and here he stopped to refresh when wearied with his poet's journey, of which he has left so amusing an account:

"In Mamurrarurum lassi deinde urbe manemus."

It derived its name, most probably, from having been the birth-place of the Mamurræ; and M. Dacier, whose inquiries on this head are extremely precise, is of opinion that the city was the property of one of that family, the friend of Cæsar, and known to be one of the wealthiest men in Rome. For this reason the most remarkable of the ruins shown at Mola is less likely to have been once the residence of Cicero, than of him who was proprietor of the entire place. Its real site, with more probability, lies beyond

* The exact words used by Homer.

Mola, fronting a bay formed by the sea in the remoter part of the promontory of Gaeta, where the Appian road is covered with remains of houses, one of which is supposed to be Cicero's *Formianum*. Enough has escaped the ravages of time to show the antiquity of their construction in the peculiarly small and elegant rooms, the windows, and the doors; every thing was found faced with marble, and the decorations were distributed with singular classic chasteness and taste. Opposite these houses is a gentle declivity, once surrounded with olive-groves and gardens, and leading to the sea-side. It was there, according to received tradition, that Cicero fell a victim to the resentment of Antony and Fulvia; and this spot, if we may give credit to Appian, travellers from all parts used to seek out, with a veneration little short of religious enthusiasm:

"Grey and o'ergrown, an ancient tomb is there."

ROGERS.

The Via Appia, or Appian road, is skirted by a number of other small towns and buildings, besides Mola da Gaeta. It is, perhaps, one of the most striking proofs that remain of the power and wealth of the Romans. It was constructed solely at the cost of Appius Claudius; it took five days to traverse it from Rome, and extended through the kingdom of Naples to Brundusium. Its breadth admitted of two waggons to meet and pass; it was formed of immense stones of black flint, each as large as two men could bear, and so closely congested that they remained solid and unyielding during the space of 1800 years. By the continual passage

of horses and mules, the surface of the road is said to have become so bright and smooth as to assume at a distance, and in particular on a clear sunny day, the appearance of a glittering silver expanse, extending as far as the eye could reach. Its more modern construction boasts at once durability and magnificence.

The next towns to Mola, on the Roman road, are Terracina and Fondi, the latter of which is recorded to have been burnt and ravaged by the celebrated Barbarossa, admiral of the Turkish fleet. He commenced his career as a pirate, and so successful was he in his buccaneering exploits that he at length became Dey of Algiers, a place which he easily induced to shake off the Spanish yoke. It was while pursuing his depredations in the Mediterranean Sea that he was informed by his spies, ever on the alert for prizes of this kind, of the extraordinary beauty of Giulia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasian Colonna, and the most accomplished as well as lovely woman of her times. The daring pirate resolved to include her among his other conquests. He ascertained that she was residing at Fondi, in a palace not far distant from the shore. He approached cautiously in the dead of the night, landed his men, and, while the town lay buried in slumber, had surprised and nearly surrounded the mansion of the intended victim of his lawless attempt. Another moment, and she was lost. But, apprised by one of her domestics of the sudden attack, she hastily arose from her bed, and, leaping out of one of the back windows, near the ground, more than half undressed, she "rid away," in the words of an old

traveller, "in her very linen, and escaped so narrowly that, had she staid to put on any clothes, she had for ever put off all liberty. The pirates, amissing of this fair Helena, failed not to make a burning Troy of Fundi, ransacking it and carrying away the best of its inhabitants: such dangerous things are great beauties to weak towns."

That the depredatory character of this region was not confined to the sea, we have the authority of a more modern traveller, though he has certainly overcharged the picture, when he observes that "a frontier between two such states as Rome and Naples must abound in crimes. At Terracina every fifth man you meet is a *sbirro*, or an assassin, or both. The Pontine marshes were infamous for robbery in Juvenal's time; and most of the postillions who are now stationed there have retired from punishment to the horrid asylum of a climate, where none but criminals could be found to reside. At present, the postillion's horn and whip-cracking are forbidden on the roads of Italy, where they served too long as a call for robbers.

"On entering Fondi, we drove to the custom-house, and there we found a tall *Castrato*, muffled up to his nose in a cloak, and basking over a pan of charcoal. He struck me as a modern edition of the scribe who amused Horace at this town. Advancing solemnly, with a pen at his ear, he fell into argument with a Neapolitan advocate, one of our party, and he pretended to teach him the law of Naples. Their altercation was at first civil enough, till the lawyer, ashamed of his opponent, called him a *musicotto*. 'Do you

know whom you insult?' cried the man of office: 'I am here the organ of government.'—'And a well-toned organ thou art!' said our companion, 'the prettiest treble that I ever heard in a custom-house.' This poor joke cost him dear; for the vindictive scribe returned to the charge, and condemned a small package, which had occasioned the dispute, to be carried by express to Naples, at the punster's expense.

"At every stage on this road you perceive a marked difference in the female costume, and those provincial modes never vary. The young women of Mola have coiled their hair 'alla lumaca,' from ancient times; for this mode is common on Greek statues. I observed a group of those nymphs standing up to their knees in a fountain at washing-stones; while their idle swains were leaning over a bridge, admiring those coquetries which are natural to all women on a partial display of their forms. Such figures come often into Italian landscapes; and here the painter might bring in the Læstrygonian princess filling her pitcher; for this fountain, like Homer's Artacia, is a source emitting a full stream, and flowing direct to the sea just without the town."

The description of a quaint old English traveller ought not to be here omitted: "Arriving at Mola," says Lassels, "I went to see Cicero's tomb, which stands in a garden not far off. And I the more willingly believe it to be his, because it is certain that Tully had a villa *in Formas* (which was this place); thither he was going in his litter, when he was overtaken by the executioners of the Triumviri

and beheaded. There are no words upon his tomb, of which, if you ask me the reason, I can only tell you, that either words in prose could not speak, their Tully being dead; or verses would not, out of envy, praise him who had made prose so famous.

"Having seen this, some of our company and I took a boat and four lusty watermen to row us to Gaeta and back again, while the rest stayed at Mola to provide dinner. Arriving in little more than half an hour at Gaeta, we went up to the castle, where we saw the skeleton of Charles Bourbon, once constable of France; but afterwards, taking against his own king upon a disgust, he served the emperor Charles V., and was made one of the generals and governors of Milan; where, having borrowed money of the Milanese, and having laid a deep curse on himself (wishing he might die in the first enterprize he undertook) if he paid not back the money by such a time, he failed in his word, but his curse did not. For his next enterprize was to go and sack Rome: and there his curse met him as he scaled the walls; and, being shot with a musket bullet, he was forced to pay his debt to nature too. His body was carried to Gaeta, where it stands, with its clothes, boots, and spurs on, in a long box, straight up, with this Spanish epitaph over his head (thus Englished):

> 'France gave me milk, Spain great employments gave,
> Rome gave me death, and here Gaet' a grave.'"

"At Mola," says another traveller, no less amusing in his way, "I asked for a barber: immediately after

comes in a tall, swarthy, meagre man, with whiskers, a coat all in tatters, and a *spada* of an enormous length; in a word he appeared to be a brave descendant from the ancient Læstrygones: after all the Italian ceremonies previous to this operation, he shaved me with such terrible dexterity and despatch that I never before nor since met with the like, and was glad when it was safe over. I did not forget to ask what countryman he could be, and where he had learned his trade: he told me he was a Catalonian, and was just come from Constantinople, where for six years he had practised shaving, but could hardly keep life and soul together, being but a bungler in comparison with the Turkish barbers."

Nearly all that belongs to the modern town of Mola is a single street extending to the bay, which is covered towards the west by the promontory of Gaeta, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding scenery. The hill where Formiæ stood has since become a fruitful garden of the vine, but the tourist may yet trace the remains of a wall of extraordinary thickness, consisting of very large stones uniformly cut in embossments. The sort of embellishment they exhibit must have been the work of extreme care and labour, the materials being composed of hard silex, united by a natural cement, to which naturalists give the English name of PUDDING: and of this consists, in one entire mass, the extensive promontory of Gaeta.

The adjacent hills, of which this promontory forms the continuation, were for a long period the haunt of successive gangs of banditti, chiefly deserters from the

armies which, during most part of the sixteenth century, were engaged in hot contest for the mastery of the kingdom of Naples. These truly BLACK BANDS, peculiar to some parts of Italy, were no unworthy successors to the exploits of the men-eating Læstrygones; and in fact they formed themselves into a sort of republic, which, if the Spanish viceroys did not tolerate, they seldom ventured to disturb. While in possession of their strong-hold of the hills and rocky eminences round the castle of Gaeta, travellers never approached the vicinity except in company of numerous caravans, and all being well prepared for a contest. It was in Mola da Gaeta, when on his journey to Rome, that the celebrated Torquato Tasso, with his companions, were stopped in their progress by a report of the famous bandit Sciarra being in the neighbourhood, with a formidable troop of his followers. "Tasso's ardent temperament," says Mr. Stebbing, "could ill brook the constraint occasioned by an interruption of this kind; he had already taken a hasty leave of his friends Pellegrino and Attendolo at Capua, while his escort, Procaccio, at the same time urged him forward. Thus situated, he wrote a letter from Mola to his friend Feltro, in which he stated, 'that he greatly wished to go forth and employ the sword he had given him, but was prohibited from stirring, by the commissaries, till the country should be quiet.' How long he might have had to endure this species of imprisonment it was impossible to tell, but, just as his stock of patience was exhausted, he received, to his astonishment, a letter from the robber himself, which intimated that

not only was the road open to him, but that Marco di Sciarra was ready to provide him both protection and every accommodation to render his journey safe and agreeable. Tasso could not but return his grateful acknowledgments for the honour thus paid his name; but, fearing he might injure himself with the commissaries if he accepted the proposal, he rejected the bandit's offer. Marco, however, fully resolved upon manifesting his regard to the poet, immediately sent word to Tasso that he would withdraw his band altogether from the neighbourhood*—a testimony to the power of his genius and the extent of his fame of precisely the same nature with that which Ariosto received at Garfagnana."†

"Time was, the trade was nobler, if not honest;
When they that robbed were men of better faith
Than kings or pontiffs; when such reverence
The poet drew, among the woods and wilds,
A voice was heard, that never bade to spare,
Crying aloud, 'Hence to the distant hills!
Tasso approaches; he whose song beguiles
The day of half its hours; whose sorcery
Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
To lists that blaze with gorgeous armoury,
Our mountain-caves to regal palaces.
Hence, nor descend till he and his are gone,
Let him fear nothing.'"

ROGERS.

It was not till towards the close of the seventeenth century that the kingdom of Naples was effectually cleared of those formidable bands, dreaded alike by strangers and by the natives; and for this it was in-

* Manso. † Stebbing's "Lives of the Italian Poets."

debted to the courage and energy of the Marquis di Carpi. The travellers of all countries unite in commemorating his bravery, among whom Father Mabillon, Misson, and Bishop Burnet are none of the least grateful, and lavish of their encomiums upon his conduct. Some record of the lives of the more extraordinary of these bandit-chiefs of Italy has by accident been preserved; and, though affording few instances of the chivalric and honourable feeling shown by Sciarra, abounds in singular and almost marvellous adventure. In this latter respect, none perhaps can vie in interest with the memorials left us of the far-famed Neapolitan, Tiberio Squilletti, commonly called Fra Paolo, whose crimes, whose daring exploits, and whose subsequent conduct and extreme sufferings, have all more the air of a romance than of real occurrences.

Squilletti was born about the year 1595, in the small territory of Catanzano, situated at the extremity of Italy, below the promontory of the gulf of Otranto, in the kingdom of Naples. He early became an explorer of the lonely woods, the hills and wilds, around the coast and in the vicinity of Mola da Gaeta. In his youth he was remarkable for his fiery and active spirit, combined with great intellectual acuteness; and, as he grew to manhood, he gave evidence of marked talent, as well as a frankness and boldness of demeanour which produced a very favourable impression upon strangers, no less than on those who knew him. His habits unfortunately did not long keep pace with the improvement of his personal qualities and his

mental capacity; he became vain and arrogant in his carriage, violent and quick in quarrel, in addition to a suspicious, sceptical, yet reckless turn of mind.

He went with his father at an early age to Naples, where he entered the royal college, and prosecuted his studies with a view of pursuing a legal career. He made rapid progress; but this was interrupted by the untimely death of his father — the origin, most probably, of all his future errors and excesses, and but for which, with such talents, he might have become the boast and ornament, instead of the terror and execration, of his country. Instantly throwing up his former pursuits, he quitted Naples for Rome, where he was fortunate enough, at first, to meet with several eminent and respectable prelates, by whose persuasion he was led to complete the course of academical studies he had already entered upon.

But the regard of some distinguished personages to whom he was subsequently introduced proved by no means equally beneficial to him; for, under their patronage and encouragement, the worst features of his character took deeper root, and showed themselves in a strange combination of hardihood and malignity of purpose. This was appreciated by the more abandoned of his noble associates; and he was soon employed in various secret and difficult undertakings: he was set as a spy upon the motions of their adversaries, and, by no wonderful transition, he thus became the fit tool of their most fearful and desperate designs. A faithful minister to the wants of powerful vice, he was nevertheless hated by his employers as the de-

pository of their secret plots; and, aware of his own importance, his arrogance soon became intolerable to them.

Playing a double game, he had by the most artful means gained the confidence of the exiled party; and this coming at length to the ears of his early patrons, they withdrew from him not only the conduct of their affairs, but the proceeds he had hitherto drawn from such a source; it being the custom of such lordly personages to seek out for ministers for their iniquitous views—to enforce strictest secresy—and, when their objects shall have been fully accomplished, to "whistle them down the wind, a prey to fortune." This led Squilletti seriously to consider his position; he resolved to change his plans, and, under the veil of religion, to give a freer impunity to every species of extravagance and vice to which he was most addicted. Retiring, at once, from high company and from courts, he took upon himself the old hermit's penitential garb, and, with scandalous hypocrisy in a beginner, he withdrew into a small half-ruined church, which lay on the high road from Rome to Naples. There, instead of counting his beads, he noted the character of all those who went by; and when of sufficient wealth, or with other recommendations, he contrived to convey intelligence to the exiled parties, who took measures of vengeance, for plunder, or other enormities, which they perpetrated against their real or supposed enemies.

The hermit-chief thus succeeded, by observing the most sanctified exterior, in reducing robbery and extortion to a complete system, till, growing insolent by

success, he fell under the suspicion of a Roman noble, who had been plundered near the spot, and who communicated what he had observed to the pontifical court. It was directed that the proceedings of the new anchorite should be strictly watched; and, spite of his caution, it was proved that he was an accomplice in the daring attacks upon life and property that had created so much terror through the adjoining districts. But, informed of the impending danger by the counter-spies he employed, Squilletti suddenly threw off his hermit-garb, and with it the name of Fra Paolo, given him by the people in his penitential retreat. He betook himself to the mountains near Mola da Gaeta, extending his depredations to the confines of Naples and Rome; and, while pursuing the same career more openly, and in a wider field of operations, the ecclesiastical court offered an immense reward for his head, and despatched at the same time a captain of police, with forty men, the better to effect its object. Anticipating their approach, Fra Paolo, having given directions to his partizans, assumed the disguise of an aged shepherd, and went boldly to give his enemies the meeting, with the hope of betraying them into the hands of his exiled colleagues lying in wait to fall upon them.

Taking up his quarters at a neighbouring inn, he presented himself to the police on their arrival, as having just come from the mountains; and, finding the party much stronger than he had expected, he changed his design, and informed the captain that he

would discover for him the abode of the whole band of exiles, whom he represented as being most formidable, and lying in ambush to receive him. The captain, without any suspicion, accepted the proposal, and, giving into the snare, invited the feigned shepherd to take supper with him. Fra Paolo then retired; but, instead of going to rest, he put four gold pieces into the host's hands, and, bidding him inform the captain that he whom he was in search of had paid for them both, and that a leader of police ought to know his man before he attempted to catch him, he hastened to rejoin his friends. The confusion and alarm created among the whole party on the delivery of this message were such, that the captain could not prevail on them to venture farther, from the dread of falling into the fatal ambush said to be laid for them by the exiles. He was thus compelled to abandon the expedition.

Soon afterwards, apprehending the result of leaguing with some disaffected nobles of the kingdom, he abandoned both the Neapolitan territories and those of the church, and transferred the seat of his operations to Florence. He had taken the precaution when at Rome, as well as at Naples, to supply himself with letters of recommendation from influential personages, mostly obtained by bribing their secretaries, especially those of the cardinals, and with them he confidently presented himself at the court of the Grand Duke, Ferdinand II. So well did he play his part, and such was his plausibility and address, in making himself both useful and agreeable, that he was soon taken

into the ducal service; nor was he less a favourite with the ministers and ladies of the Florentine court.

Unfortunately Fra Paolo knew better how to acquire than to merit good fortune; and he had no sooner succeeded in his object than his natural arrogance and love of intrigue armed against him some of the chief personages in Florence, whose faults or foibles he was imprudent enough to ridicule in the presence of the duke and his friends. The offence was mortal; his footsteps were dogged; and one day, as he was walking alone, in the vicinity of San Niccolo, he received the blow of a stiletto in the back, which had very nearly proved fatal. Sensible of the extreme peril he had thus incurred, and severely admonished at the same time by the duke, he no longer boasted his exploits; he gave up his correspondence with foreigners and exiles; and, apparently devoting himself with passion to literature, he printed a volume of his poems, dedicated to the charming Margherita Costa, his favourite, and a most accomplished woman.

In 1643, the Grand Duke and the Collegati having taken up arms against the Barberini, the bandit-priest was made captain of a company of Venturieri, drawn for the most part from the kingdom of Naples and the territories of the church, and equipped solely at our hero's expense. With this force he was commanded to keep possession of some posts in the neighbourhood of Siena, in which he acquitted himself not only to the general's satisfaction, but with considerable credit. On the return of peace, in the subsequent year, Fra Paolo resumed his literary pur-

suits, by means of which he made himself favourably known to the Barberini, offering to devote his talents to the service of the family, and supplicating the cardinal to grant him absolution of all his former sins, with liberty, after adopting an irreproachable life, to re-visit the city of Rome. His request, seconded by supposititious letters from different princes, was easily granted, upon obtaining which, he solicited his congée at the hands of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. This at first was denied him, his patron pointing out to him the danger he would incur, and the certain advantages he would sacrifice; but, still persisting in his solicitations, under plea of returning to his native place, they were at length complied with.

On his arrival at Rome, he assumed the ecclesiastical habit—a habit quite indispensable to those who wished to figure in the papal capital, and in no long time began to distinguish himself in a manner which drew a wide line between his present and his former character, and raised him to honours that made it difficult to recognize him. Yet this rapid career, combined with other circumstances of a suspicious nature, attracted the curiosity of the people and the attention of the holy court. Doubts and suspicions were soon after turned into certainty; when, having appeared with striking eclât for a period of some months, he withdrew from ecclesiastical life with as much speed as he had entered upon it, and, resuming his military accoutrements, once more entered the duchy of Tuscany at the head of a small troop. On reaching Florence he understood that the duke was then re-

siding at his villa Ambrogiana, on which he instantly put spurs to his horse, and, alighting at the palace-gate, required to be admitted to an immediate interview. This, the master of the ceremonies, a cautious man, prudently refused, stating that the Grand Duke would, on the morrow, hold an audience at Florence; and the new soldier was compelled reluctantly to retrace his steps, and await the hour assigned at the palace.

It never came: the Grand Duke, hearing of Fra Paolo's strange importunity to be admitted, without stating his object, took the alarm; and gave orders for him to be instantly arrested. On the following morning, therefore, the captain of the guard, having meantime ascertained that the stranger had appointed to go to the shop of a certain *banderajo*,* situated in the district of Calimaruzza, and having disposed his attendants at different spots, saluted our hero just as he was about to enter, and, bidding him good day, laid his hand on him, informing him that he was the duke's prisoner. At the same moment his soldiers advanced with levelled pieces, surrounding him on every side, while the passengers and inhabitants hurried in terror from the spot. Casting one glance around him, to ascertain if any of his own party witnessed his capture, he quietly gave up his sword to the chief of the police, finding it would be utterly useless to contend against such fearful odds. This (for him) disastrous event, occurred in November, 1644, and when he was in the forty-ninth year of his age.

* A furnisher of the pomp and pride of war.

Having thus suddenly fallen from his loftiest hopes, into the hands of judicial power, the unhappy Fra Paolo found his lot still farther aggravated by being ordered into solitary confinement. On first recovering from the shock, he solicited the use of a pen and ink from his gaoler; and these were not refused him. He wrote to some of his most influential connexions, beseeching them to put some engine to work, in order to induce the duke to state his reasons for confining him; and, if possible, to set him at liberty. This was attended with no success; to every application made to him the uniform reply of the duke was, that he was fully acquainted with the extent of his prisoner's delinquencies, and knew what he was about;—an answer which closed the door to all farther intercession in his favour. Finding himself thus confined to a living tomb, after making some fruitless efforts to alleviate his sufferings, the intellects of the unhappy prisoner grew disordered; he furiously attacked his keepers, and on partial recovery felt himself heavily ironed, and secured with redoubled vigilance. His aliment consisted of the coarsest food which he procured with four livres the day; a sum out of which he contrived to save sufficient to hire an attendant whom, at length, he bribed to procure him some files. By such means he succeeded in liberating himself from his chains. He was already also in the act of making his way through the walls, when an alarm was given; he was again secured, and exposed to severer privations than before. A stone pillar to which was attached an immense chain, was fixed deeply in the earth, and to this the wretched

Fra Paolo was bound by an iron collar, while other irons were replaced upon his feet.

As time elapsed, the grief and rage by which he had been before instigated, became more calm; hope yet whispered the possibility of escape, and the desire of vengeance, serving as a subject on which to brood, kept him from sinking into utter idiocy and raving. He succeeded so far as to bribe one of his attendants, by splendid offers, to convey letters for him to his former associates, acquainting them with his dreadful condition, and beseeching them to lose no time in devising some plan for his deliverance from the tortures he endured. Moved by this appeal from their old commander, they conceived it touched their honour to make the attempt;—each swore to stand by their leader and one another, and peril their lives for his. On the last day of June, twenty-five of the number agreed to enter Florence; and, the less to excite suspicion, they were to go separately, and as private individuals, each intent on his own business. At midnight they were to meet at an appointed spot, and proceed rapidly, joined by their brethren, towards the gates of the prison. Armed from head to foot, they were to seize on the sentinel;—wrench from the gaoler the keys under penalty of his life; and, bursting into the prison, to rescue their chief from his terrific doom; and at the same time give freedom to the whole of the unhappy inmates of the place. By these they were to be supported in their retreat to one of the gates of the city, where a larger force was in readiness to give them support.

Even had this wild and daring enterprise failed in the object for which it was intended, it must, nevertheless,, have excited the most serious alarm among the citizens, at the dead hour of night,—sunk in slumber, and wholly unprepared for an invasion of the kind. They were spared the trial by the act of a renegade to his honour and his band, who betrayed the plot to the government. Precautions were adopted; the unhappy prisoner was consigned, if possible, to still harder duresse; he was prohibited the use of pen and paper, and condemned to the lowest felon's lot. The spirit of Fra Paolo was no longer proof against such a fatal reverse; he at first attempted to starve himself to death;—to beat his head against the walls of his prison;—but escape, even on these terms, was denied him; he was ordered to be chained down as a madman, and to be fed.—He yet persevered, he succeeded in setting fire to his dungeon, but it was extinguished, and thenceforth only iron utensils were placed within his reach. At length, the freedom which man and his own efforts denied him, age and wearied nature, bestowed; exhausted by violent passion, by long suffering, and voluntary fast, Fra Paolo closed his strange misguided career,—but not till he had reached the eighty-first year of his age.

He had undergone three and thirty years of solitary confinement; and, doubtless, he died as he had lived, a hater and despiser of princes, as he might well be,—if not a contemner of all laws, whether human or divine. The crimes committed in his youth had been abandoned, if not deplored, and were fearfully ex-

piated by long years of suffering and sorrow. The cause of his imprisonment was never made known; but, most probably, it consisted in the wounded pride or false alarm of the duke, who, having detected the imposition practised upon him, attempted rather to satiate his vengeance than to provide for his safety; inasmuch as, had his prisoner succeeded in escaping, he would, it is natural to suppose, have retaliated upon his ungenerous oppressor.

Similar in many points of character, and still more like in the evil fortune which pursued him, was Michael Angelo Amerigi, called Caravaggio, who closed his strange and chequered career, on his return from Naples to Rome, most probably in the vicinity of Mola da Gaeta, when he made the attempt to set sail from an adjacent port. He first rose into repute as a painter, by the vigour and buoyancy of his own genius, having commenced by holding the pallets and grinding the colours for other artists. He made himself a name among that splendid galaxy of art which shed lustre on the sixteenth century; but hardly had he began to acquire celebrity by the singular productions of his pencil, than the fierce, arrogant, and satirical turn of mind to which he fell a martyr, began to display itself. Such was his devotion to his art, in early life, that he was accustomed to take his meal, without moving from his labours, on an old piece of canvas that served for napkin and board. He was fond of modelling, and used to call the mendicants and other singular characters who sat to him as subjects,

his COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES. When a friend was once pointing out to him some splendid Grecian statues, "Yes," he replied, "but you shall see how nature has given me specimens of the beautiful antique;" and sketched upon the spot a lovely gipsy girl who happened to be passing along the street. It was thus the lazzaroni and other of the lower orders supplied him with materials for his studies; and from this cause, it is said, there is frequently wanting in his groups that elegant and classic air in the heads, a fault which more than once led to the expulsion of his works from the interior of palaces and churches.

Owing to his fiery temperament, Caravaggio made few friends; he became miserable and unsociable; and usually took up his quarters at a tavern. One day, not having wherewithal to make up his small account, he painted a new sign-board for the landlord, and this was subsequently sold for a considerable sum.

In a sudden and fierce dispute which arose between him and another artist, who persisted in loading him with abusive epithets, Caravaggio drew his sword to attack him, and, in the very act, ran it through the body of another person who hastened to separate them. In this emergency he sought an asylum in the house of the Marchese Giustiniani, who induced by the representations he made of the affair, not only granted him his protection, but obtained for him a pardon. The first step he took, on receiving this favour, was to challenge the man who had originally insulted him, and who replied to it by stating that he was a gen-

tleman, and a cavalier, who never consented to draw his sword except against his equals.

Stung to the quick by this contemptuous treatment, Caravaggio abandoned his country, and set out on his voyage to Malta, with a view of acquiring for himself the dignity of knighthood, of which his hated rival had so much boasted. His expedition, in this respect, was crowned with success; he obtained the regard of the grand-master, who created him a chevalier of the ancient order of Knights of Malta, gave him two slaves to attend him, and made him a present of a grand chain of gold. He was not destined, however, ever more to confront his insulting foe. The natural temperament of the artist was not corrected by this sudden influx of prosperity and honour; he bore himself so haughtily as to give umbrage to a knight-commander, of illustrious family residing in the place, the result of which was unfortunate to the weaker party, and ended in his being thrown into prison.

Although strictly guarded, Caravaggio did not allow his courage to droop; and one night, with infinite difficulty, he contrived to make his escape. He instantly set sail, and sought refuge for a period in Sicily; but not considering himself in a state of safety in those parts, he took ship for Naples, with the intention of making application in that city, to obtain the pardon, if not to be restored to the favour of the grand-master of Malta. But scarcely had he set foot in that city when he was attacked and wounded in the face by a party of armed men; and in the idea

they had been despatched to slay or imprison him, he fled, and took refuge on board a felucca, with the view of reaching Rome. He had not, however proceeded far on his course, when, having stopped in one of the adjacent ports, a party of Spanish soldiers arrested and threw him into prison, in mistake for another cavalier of whom they were in pursuit. At length, having made himself understood, he ran towards the port to rejoin his vessel, on board of which were the whole of his effects:—it was no longer there, having just set sail without him. Overwhelmed by the occurrence of so many disasters, in quick succession, he set out on foot along the coast, unprovided either with money or with food. Anxious, excited, and worn out with fatigue, his intellects became disordered, and without a friend or hope of any kind to cheer his fainting spirit, wandering under a scorching sun till he sank, he perished miserably on his way.

As some relief to these sombre features of Italian character, I shall give a sketch of a different kind from the lives of their contemporaries, Bernardo Fioriti and Pietro Lauri. Both were artists of some repute, and of a lively as well as eccentric turn of mind. Fioriti, too, was somewhat credulous, which offered his friend Lauri opportunities of amusing himself at his expense. Having one evening supped with a number of their acquaintance, and kept up their conviviality far into the morning, it was agreed they should none of them retire home, but continue to spend the remainder of the time in the house of Lauri, who had provided beds for the party. He, when the others

were wrapped in slumber, rose quietly from his couch, and, taking the garments of Fioriti, so refitted them as to detract considerably from their former size. After replacing them he stole to his own couch, and began to utter the most alarming and discordant cries. His friends ran to his assistance: he told them he was in horrible pain, and dreadfully swollen, in consequence, he supposed, of his having taken poison. "It is the mushrooms!" every one cried. "What shall we all do!" Fioriti, meantime, hearing the uproar, began to hurry on his clothes, and, finding them much too strait for him, he too called out that he was dreadfully swollen—that he felt strange pains coming on him, and entreated for the love of heaven that some one would find an antidote, or run for a doctor. While he went on, bewailing himself as a dead man, Lauri removed the anxiety of his other friends by declaring the truth; and the attention of all was now directed towards the unfortunate Fioriti. Some of them, observing that all human aid was vain, asked him if he would like to see a priest. "No, no! an antidote—a doctor!" he cried, "I am not yet past hope—I think I am not!" His friends sought to console him, and insisted upon his drinking a large quantity of wine, which they declared was the best antidote that could be found. The patient did not spare the bottle; and such, at length, was its effect, that he forgot the desperate condition he was in, and fell into a profound slumber. He was carried to his chamber—his habiliments were restored to their original width; in due time he awoke, and, feeling the size of his stomach, he

once more cast a wistful eye at his clothes, and again tried to sleep.

At length, summoning his utmost resolution, he tried on his garments, and, finding they fitted, shouted out in delight that he was cured, and that the wine had wrought miracles in his behalf. Such was in fact his gratitude, that he betook himself at once to his bottle, embraced his friend Lauri as the best physician in the world, and, being a sculptor, vowed that he would commemorate the event by a statue to him. Whenever any of his acquaintance complained, he declared that their illness was owing to not drinking enough of wine; that he had found it to be a specific against all maladies—in particular vegetable poisons. Unfortunately Fioriti stuck so closely to his own grand specific that he shortly became a confirmed tipler; Lauri began to feel some qualms of conscience, and, taking counsel with his friends, they resolved to retrace their steps, and, if possible, enable him to get the better of so dangerous a habit.

With this laudable object, one day, when they were all in a most sociable mood, at a certain tavern celebrated for the best Italian wines, the wily painter had the address to extract the key of Fioriti's own house out of his pocket. He passed it forthwith to a number of his friends, who were instructed in the plot, and who instantly adjourned to the house of the sculptor. There they proceeded to fix up a public signboard over the door;—they placed a number of long tables in the court;—they, in fact, made it an open house, with the entire air and appearance of an inn.

Fioriti, meanwhile, finding nearly all his friends had left him, and having as much of his favourite antidote as he could well carry, bethought him at last of retiring home; but, on reaching the spot, he was not a little puzzled what to think, and how to act; for there he beheld the original residence metamorphosed, and fully occupied, inside and out, by a party of noisy, drinking, good fellows. Stopping at some distance he gazed upon the place in a thrill of wonder and admiration: he could not credit his own senses. "I am wrong," he cried aloud, "and yet this is assuredly the street, only it is not my house. There is our parish church! there is the barber's shop! and that is my . . (going a little nearer):—no! it is *not* my house. How the d——l is this, and where am I? Is it I myself, or is it my house, that is changed; yet how changed into a tavern?" While thus logically settling the point, two friends of Lauri made their appearance, as if by chance, and inquired what he was doing standing by himself and star-gazing at that hour in the street. "Oh dear!" he exclaimed, "I am strangely affected; help me, my friends, to recover myself, for I no longer know myself or my house!" "That is the effect of drinking," replied the others; "you have lost your memory, and you will soon lose your senses, if you persist in such a course. Try to compose yourself, and come home with us, and we will try what can be done for you to dissipate this strange illusion." The poor sculptor obeyed, thinking his house possessed by a legion of devils, and put himself under the direction of his humane friends. He was no sooner gone than

every thing resumed its former appearance;—his friends accompanied him home—and he would frequently relate, with religious gravity, how miraculously he was cured of the crime of drinking.



# THE GARIGLIANO.

Quanti alpestri sentier, quanti palustri
Narrerò io, di morte e sangue pieni,
Pe'l variar de regni e stati illustri.

MACCHIAVELLI.

PROCEEDING along the Appian Way for some miles from Mola, the country opens into wider views; it assumes fresh beauty and luxuriance; the wild fig-tree and the myrtle throw their shade over the ruined tombs that skirt the path, and the wild aloes are seen shooting up their huge stems from the marshy low grounds. The *campagna* round becomes richer and better cultivated, yet scarcely a dwelling meets the eye. The rural population retire to a distance from the noxious exhalations which prevail in this region, taking up their nightly residence nearer the Appennines, at such little towns as Traietto and Trimenzo, situated more pleasantly on an extensive slope of green hill, and at Castel Onorato, where they make a traffic even of its natural production of vipers.

From this hill the remains of the old Minturnian aqueduct stretch across the plain, till approaching the ruins of an amphitheatre which stand in lonely majesty near the banks of the Garigliano. These most probably belonged to the ancient town of Minturna,

of which hardly another relic appears, and are distant about six miles from the town of Mola. Here, as at other places, like the departed Luna, Populonia, Cumæ, and Baiæ, the traveller in vain tracks the solitary wild, or cultivated field, for the wrecks of the noble Minturna. "Etiam periêre ruinæ," is fast becoming its appropriate epitaph, like the *fuit Ilium* of older days, "which, though it be travellers' loss," as it has been quaintly observed, "yet it is man's comfort that towns do die as well as he." For this reason Rutilius says:

> Non indignemur mortalia corpora solvi;
> Cernimus exemplis oppida posse mori.

Approaching the ferry, you behold a tower based on the marble tomb of an ancient Decurio. This proud Roman, as is justly remarked, appears from the inscription to have been insatiable even in death, and to have endowed, like other great men, some sepulchral banquet, such as an annual or a decennial supper. Here the Liris, the old name for the Garigliano, as it daily more and more encroaches on its soft banks, is still biting silently into the plain:

> "———— Rura quæ Liris quieta
> Mordet aquâ, taciturnis amnis."
>
> HOR.
>
> "———— those rich fields where Liris runs
> With quiet streams and wanton play."

"We saw," says Mr. Forsyth, "large herds of buffaloes grazing on the Minturnian marshes, from the Garigliano on to the Massic hills. We stopped at St.

Agatha, in hopes of drinking some real Falernian, but we found this degenerated wine far inferior to the Formian which we had drunk at Mola. Indeed the Falernian was naturally harsh; it required more age than modern Italians allow to any wine, and, though Martial calls it the Immortal, it soon lost that celebrity which it owed principally to the Augustan poets. We then passed from the rude Appennines into the luxuriant Campagna, and drove too rapidly through a succession of beauties which elude description. We stopped but a short time on the parades of Capua and in the markets of Aversa, the translated descendants of old Capua and Atella."

In former times the river Liris, it is said, was made the boundary of *Latium*, the same which is now denominated the Campagna di Roma; and the entire region, stretching from the Liris to the extreme verge of Calabria, would seem, during the reign of Nero, to have been known as *Magna Græcia*. After crossing the Garigliano on a bridge of boats, there is a road conducting to St. Agatha, agreeably situated near Jessa, a small town, formerly called Lemiessa. Leading from St. Agatha is a delightful walk, by which you proceed over a magnificent bridge, near which are to be observed a number of curious antiquities. The distance from hence to Capua is about sixteen miles, through an improving region of luxuriant vineyards and corn-fields. In the meadows which border the Garigliano, consisting formerly of the fens of Minturna, the vanquished Marius is known to have concealed himself; and there, to use the words of an old traveller,

"with his stern looks and manly voice, saying, Darest thou kill Caius Marius? so terrified the slave that was sent thither to kill him, that he let him escape to his ship, and so into Africk. He may speak big that speaks for his life, and any looks become a man when he looks well to himself in dangers. While we rode along these meadows we saw before us the mountain of Garo, anciently called *Mons Massicus*, famous for excellent wines, as well as the country thereabout, which was called *Ager Falernus*, so famed by poets for its *vinum Falernum*. Passing thus along, we came at night to St. Agathas, and the next morning betimes we entered into *Campania Felix*, so surnamed because of its admirable air, wonderful plenty of corn and wine, and pleasant prospects on all sides, which makes an ancient call it *Certamen Cereris et Bacchi*, the strife of Ceres and Bacchus. It was this country which, with its delights, broke Hannibal's army, which neither snow could cool, nor Alps stop, nor Romans vanquish, saith Seneca. Indeed, the pleasantness of the country made us full mends for all the ill way we had before: Nature having set that scurvy way there, on purpose that we might like her favourite *Campania* the better after it. I call this country Nature's favourite, in imitation of Pliny, who calls it *Opus gaudentis Naturæ*, that is, a country made by Nature when she was in a good humour. It is a heathen that speaks, and you must pardon him."

The approach to Capua, on this side, is beautiful and picturesque; but the modern town is two miles' distance from the place where old Capua stood—a city

of such importance as to rank second or third even in the plenitude of Roman power, and, like Carthage, to challenge competition with the mistress of the world. It demanded, indeed, to be treated more like an equal than a subject, insisting for some time that one of the annual consuls should always reside there. But the Capua of old, with its glory and its luxury, has perished, and its successor can boast little title to notice or distinction, if we except the daring resolution of some of its females, on occasion of one of the numerous French invasions. Having held out with more obstinacy than was expected, the commander gave some hours' pillage to the soldiery, when several young and beautiful women, who found their last sanctuary invaded, threw themselves with desperation into the river Volturno, to rescue themselves from dishonour.

The banks of the Garigliano are memorable for having witnessed the severe struggle between the French and Spaniards in the year 1503, in which Piero de' Medici, the eldest son of the celebrated Lorenzo, perished after the battle, in his attempt to cross the river. After many fruitless attempts upon the Spanish coast, the commanders of the French fleet had been obliged to take refuge in Marseilles. At the same period an event occurred which exhibits the conduct of the contending monarchs in a singular point of view. A negociation was entered into between them for the restoration of peace; and the mediator to whom they agreed to appeal for the reconciliation of their differences was Federigo, the exiled King of Naples, the partition of whose dominions had given rise to the

war. In the course of these discussions Federigo was alternately flattered by both parties with the hopes of being restored to his crown; and so far had he obtained the favour of Anne of Bretagne, the queen of Louis XII., that she earnestly entreated the king to concur in this measure. It is not, however, to be supposed that it was the intention of either of the contending monarchs to perform such an act of disinterested justice; on the contrary, the pretext of appealing to the decision of Federigo was probably only employed by them for the purpose of obtaining from each other more advantageous terms.

The Duke de la Tremouille having united his troops with those of his countrymen at Gaeta, and being reinforced by the Marquis of Mantua, who had now entered into the service of the French, possesse dhimself of the duchy of Trajetto, and the district of Fondi, as far as the river Garigliano. He was, however, soon opposed by Gonsalvo, who had been joined by Bartolommeo d' Alviano, at the head of a considerable body of troops. The French, disadvantageously posted on the marshy banks of the river, had thrown a bridge over it, intending to proceed by the speediest route to Naples; but Gonsalvo, having arrived at San Germano, was induced, by the remonstrances of D' Alviano, to attack them before they could effect their passage. On the night of the 28th of December, 1503,* the Spaniards formed another bridge at Suio, about four miles above the French camp, over which Gonsalvo, with a considerable part of his army, secretly passed

* Muratori; and the Life and Pontificate of Leo X., vol. ii. p. 25, et seq.

the river. On the following morning the French were suddenly attacked by D'Alviano, who carried the bridge which they had erected; and, when the engagement became general, Gonsalvo, taking the French in the rear, routed them with immense slaughter, and pursued them as far as Gaeta, which place he soon afterwards reduced.

"This day," says the historian, "terminated the unfortunate life of Piero de' Medici, who had engaged in the service of the French, and taken a principal part in the action; but, finding all hopes of assistance frustrated, and being desirous of rendering his friends all the assistance in his power, he embarked on board a galley, with several other persons of rank, intending to convey to Gaeta four pieces of artillery, which he had prevented from falling into the hands of the conquerors. The weight of these pieces, and probably the number of passengers who endeavoured to avail themselves of this opportunity to effect their escape, occasioned the vessel to founder; and it was not until several days afterwards that the body of Piero was recovered from the stream.

"In the days of his gaiety, and amidst the delights of Florence, Piero had assumed a device, intended to characterize his temper and pursuits, for which Politiano had supplied him with an appropriate motto. The device represented green branches, interwoven together, and placed in the midst of flames, and the motto was

'In viridi teneras exurit flamma medullas.'"

His misfortunes or his misconduct soon provided him with other and more serious occupations; and ten years of exile and disappointment consumed the vigour of a life which had opened with the most favourable prospects. In the year 1552, Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, erected to the memory of his kinsman a splendid monument at Monte Casino, with an inscription, commemorating, not indeed his virtues, nor his talents, but his high family connexions, and his untimely death.

After a series of calamities of more than ten years' continuance, during which there was hardly any part of Italy that had not severely suffered from the effects of pestilence, of famine, and of war, some indications appeared of happier times. The pretensions of Louis XII. to the kingdom of Naples had received an effectual check by the defeat of his troops on the Garigliano; and, although the remains of his army had effected a retreat to Gaeta, yet all that remained for them was to obtain a capitulation on such terms as should secure for them their liberty and their arms. These terms were readily conceded by Gonsalvo, who permitted his humiliated adversaries to march out from Gaeta with military honours and to carry off their effects, on condition that they should return to France, either by land or sea, of which he offered them the choice. Both these courses were adopted, and in both the French soldiery were equally unfortunate. Those who embarked at Gaeta and Naples perished for the most part by hurricanes, either in their passage or on their native coasts; whilst those who attempted to

return by land fell a sacrifice to sickness, cold, hunger, and fatigue, insomuch that the road was strewed with their dead bodies.

In his Life of Gonsalvo, the great captain whose victory over the French we have already recorded, the historian, Brantome, breaks out into the following patriotic lamentation: "Alas! I have seen those very places; I have even been on the Garigliano. It was at sun-set, when more than at any other time of the day the shades and *manes* began to appear like ghosts: the noble souls of our brave French who expired there seemed to rise from the earth to speak to me, and, as it were, answered me, talking of their battles and their glorious death."

This capitulation was speedily followed by a treaty between the contending monarchs, by which it was agreed that Ferdinand, who had survived his queen Isabella, and who, on account of his dissensions with his son-in-law the Archduke Philip, was earnestly desirous of male offspring, should marry the young and beautiful Germaine de Foix, niece of Louis XII., who should bring with her, as her dower, all such parts of the kingdom of Naples as had been allotted to the French monarch; and, in return for these favours, Ferdinand agreed to pay to Louis XII. one million of gold ducats, by annual payments of one hundred thousand ducats, as an indemnity for his expenses in the Neapolitan war. With these favourable indications of returning tranquillity, other circumstances concurred. The power of the Borgia family had been suddenly annihilated by the death of

Alexander VI., and the consequent imprisonment and exile of Cæsar Borgia; whilst the death of Piero de' Medici seemed to promise repose to the agitated republic of Florence. Many of the principal Italian leaders, or Condottieri, had perished in these contests; others had been stripped of their possessions, and so far reduced as to be no longer able to follow the trade of blood; whilst the people, wearied and exhausted by a continual change of masters, by unavailing carnage, by incessant alarms, exorbitant exactions, and all the consequences of prolonged hostilities, sighed for that peace which they ought to have commanded, and which alone could remedy those evils of which they had so long been the victims.

Nearly about the same period as the death of Piero de' Medici there was committed an act of such atrocious and almost diabolical revenge as to startle even the courts of Italy, accustomed as they had been both to private and public crimes and horrors that make the blood run cold. This tragic event occurred in the family of Este, and in the reign of the Duke Alfonso I., an event which endangered his safety, and destroyed or interrupted his domestic tranquillity. Besides his two sons, of whom Ippolito, the younger, had been raised to the dignity of a cardinal, the late duke had left by his wife Leonora, daughter of Ferdinand I., of Naples, an illegitimate son, called Don Giulio. Attracted by the beauty of a lady of Ferrara, to whom they were distantly related, the cardinal and Don Giulio became rivals in her affections, and the lady herself, in confessing to Ippolito her partiality to his

brother, dwelt with apparent pleasure on the extraordinary beauty of his eyes. The exasperated ecclesiastic silently vowed revenge; and, availing himself of an opportunity whilst he was engaged with Don Giulio in the chase, he surrounded him with a band of assassins, and, compelling him to dismount, with a diabolical pleasure saw them deprive him of the organs of sight. The moderation or negligence of Alfonso, in suffering this atrocious deed to remain unpunished, excited the resentment, not only of Don Giulio, but of his brother Ferdinand, who, uniting together, endeavoured, by secret treachery, to deprive Alfonso at once of his honours and his life. Their purposes were discovered; and, after having confessed their crime, they were both condemned to die. The paternal kindness of Alfonso was not, however, wholly extinguished, and, at the moment when the axe was suspended over them, he transmuted their punishment for that of perpetual imprisonment. In this state Ferdinand remained till the time of his death in 1540, whilst Giulio, at the expiration of fifty-four years of captivity, was once more restored to liberty.

These events, which throw a gloom over the family lustre of the house of Este, and mark the character of the cardinal with an indelible stain, are distinctly, though delicately, adverted to in the celebrated poem of Ariosto.*

* Life and Pontificate of Leo X., vol. ii. p. 26, 27, 36, 37, &c.

# CASTEL GANDOLFO.

Già il dotto e il ricco ed il patrizio vulgo,
Decoro e mente al bel Italo regno,
Nelle adulate reggie ha sepoltura,
Già vivo e i stemmi unica laude.

FOSCOLO.

AGREEABLY situated on the summit of a hill, with the beautiful Lago Castello and the woods on one side, and a view of the Campagna and Rome itself on the other, it is no way surprising that the popes should have selected this spot as their country residence during the summer months. From the castle there is a delightful walk which leads down to the lake of Albano, the banks of which present to the eye two grottos, or NYMPHÆA, conjectured to have been first formed by Domitian, who is known to have chiefly resided at Albano previous to his succession to the empire. The vicinity of this classical spot adds to its other amenities, situated, as it is, between Castel Gandolfo and Ariccia; and occupying the site of Pompey's Villa, called *Albanum Pompeii*, while near it are some evident remains of ancient baths. In the vicinity, also, are considerable relics of an amphitheatre, a reservoir, and a Prætorian camp, most probably the work of Domitian. The object here, however, which most deserves attention, is the Museum belonging to Signor Carnevali, which contains a number of

sepulchral monuments discovered under a bed of lava, near Alba Longa, the ancient capital of Latium. The shape of these singular monuments is that of a vase; and within each of the vases was found a small cinerary urn of *Terra Cotta*, containing ashes and bones, made, as is conjectured, in the precise shape of the huts of the aborigines of the spot. Each cinerary urn exhibits unknown characters; and these monuments have likewise doors, with curious fastenings. The cinerary urn was placed in the centre of each monument, and encircled with small *Terra Cotta* vessels (one to hold the sop for Cerberus, others for the purifying water, wine, oil, bread, incense, &c.); a lamp like those of pottery now used in cottages; a stile passed through a canceller; knives, and a lance.*

The depth of the Lago Castello near Palazzola, the site of *Alba Longa*, is calculated at four hundred and eighty feet; and its subterranean outlet, called the Emissario, is one of the most extraordinary works of the ancient Romans, and was made during the siege of Veii, in obedience to the Delphic oracle. It is carried about a mile under the hill of Albano to the plain, and measures in breadth between five and six *palmi*, and in height from nine to ten. It appears that, after tracing the line of this canal above ground, pits were sunk at certain distances from each other; by which means several labourers were let down, and enabled to work at the same time; so that the canal was completed in the course of one year,—that of Rome 335. Pits of a similar description seem to have accelerated

* Mrs. Starke. Environs of Rome, &c.; Travels in Europe.

Camillus's admission into the citadel of Veii. The entry to the canal from the lake, and its issue in the plain, are wonderful specimens of the solidity of Etruscan architecture; and the interior part of this ancient tunnel seems perfect as when first completed.

Another path, to the left of Castel Gandolfo, leads back to Albano; and the ilexes, which shade this walk, are some of the largest in Italy. Outside of the gate of Albano, leading to Ariccia, is an ancient tomb, on the left, called that of the Curiatii; though there does not seem to be any ground for this assertion, as monuments were erected to their memory near the *Fossæ Quiliæ*, where they fell. It appears to be very ancient, and somewhat resembles that of Porsenna at Clusium, described by Pliny.*

"We went up the woody hill of La Riccia," observes Mr. Forsyth, "by traverses which brought Lavinium, Laurentum, and the scene of half the Æneid, into view. Near La Riccia was the retreat where Egeria took charge of Hippolytus, not that where she met Numa, for in Numa's reign Ariccia was distant and foreign from Rome. Afterwards, indeed, when Rome spread into the country, and encircled his Egerian grotto, Ariccia, being then more solitary, was thought the scene of their mysterious meetings; and thus were the two different retreats of the same nymph confounded. La Riccia is a little removed from the site of its ancestor; yet, as it traces its origin from Ariccia, and Ariccia from the first Sicily, it may, perhaps, dispute the palm of antiquity with Cortona itself."

* Travels in Europe. Remarks on Antiquities, &c. Forsyth.

In preference, however, to enlarging upon local descriptions of the vicinity, a brief sketch of the papal dominion in early times, with anecdotes of a few of the more remarkable characters who wielded the thunders of the Vatican, may not, perhaps, be thought inapplicable to the present subject. About the middle of the 12th century, when Frederick Barbarossa had received the crown of Italy from the Germanic diet, the power of the popes had already become formidable. Having entered Italy with a powerful army, plundered and burnt the towns, the Emperor was crowned at Rome by Pope Adrian IV. Lombardy, after the most gallant defence, bled under a foreign scourge; and the death of Adrian, in 1159, only opened the way to fresh humiliations. The holy conclave were equally divided between two candidates; both were declared elected by their respective parties, and Rome beheld two vicegerents claiming the patrimony of St. Peter; but Frederick decided upon Victor III.; and Alexander III. was constrained to seek an asylum in France, though all Europe was nearly unanimous in his favour. While one council rejected him, another still more resolutely anathematized his rival. Alexander at length hurled an excommunication at the emperor; and sought to conciliate the regard of the people, by declaring himself in favour of the liberties of Italy. The question at length seemed brought to a close by the death of Victor, when Frederick caused a successor to be immediately nominated; but the violent opposition he met with induced Alexander to hasten to Rome, where he assumed the papal chair; entered into an alliance

with the king of the two Sicilies ; and, rousing the whole south of Italy, bade defiance to the emperor.

The latter, highly indignant, marched towards Rome, and, approaching within sight, beheld the army of the pontiff, assisted by the people, drawn up in battle array. They awaited the onset of the German veterans, but were routed with immense slaughter; and the victor, entering Rome, laid siege to the Vatican. Finding its defenders obstinate, he set fire to the adjoining church of Santa Maria ; and Pope Alexander, seized with a panic, made his escape by the Tiber. Frederick received the submission of the Romans ; but, having delayed his departure till autumn, a terrific malady broke out among his troops, and princes, commanders, and two thousand knights, were alike swept away with the common soldiery. The emperor sought to retreat ; traversed Tuscany and the Lunigiana ; but his route was every where marked by the dying and the dead. The conqueror of nations had the humiliation to be opposed by the little town of Pontremoli ; and, unable to make good his passage, was driven to seek the Appennines by new and untraversed paths. Such, however, was his unabated spirit, that, on arriving at Pavia, he threw down his glove, challenging the whole of the Italian states which had leagued against him to meet him, and his skeleton army, in the open field. Returning to raise fresh hordes of barbarians, the states of Italy, during his absence, strengthened their alliance, and, in the year 1174, witnessed his return at the head of a more terrific armament than before. He descended upon Italy by Mont Cenis, burnt Susa, and

took Asti; but a city of the League, with only its mud walls, afterwards called in derision *Alexandria della Paglia*, successfully opposed the greatest warrior of Germany during four months. He was compelled by the Lombard League to raise the siege, and retire to recruit at Pavia.

After some fruitless negociations with the Lombards and the pope, he marched with an additional army, threatening to devastate Milan, as he had more than once razed it to the ground. Fifteen miles from the city, at Lignano, he was met by the Italians, who were at first driven back; but the battle being restored by three hundred devoted youths, called *the Company of Death*, ended in the entire rout of the emperor, who only made his escape by concealing himself; and, after many days, reached Pavia, where the empress was mourning his fall. He now thought of peace; and both the hated Pope Alexander, and the vanquished monarch, repaired to Venice to adjust their differences. There the latter declared he was ready to submit to the church; and a truce of six years was finally agreed upon, during which the supposed rights, on both sides, were to be suspended; after which the foot of the haughty pontiff was placed on the neck of the most warlike monarch in Europe. After his death, moreover, the hated pope became the guardian of his son, Frederick II., and withheld from him, for several years, both the imperial and the Lombard crowns.

The Guelfs, however, selected Otho IV., Duke of Bavaria and Saxony—the Ghibellines, Philip I., Duke of Swabia—as rival kings of the Romans. The struggle

between these princes continued till Philip fell a victim to private revenge. Otho then marched into Italy; but, finding all his actions controlled by the pope, a bitter enmity ensued, and the pontiff openly declared for Frederick, heir of the Ghibelline house, still under his tutelage; and he was crowned King of the Romans and Germans. The contest ended only with the life of Otho, in 1218, from which period the parties of the church and the empire merged in those of Guelf and Ghibelline, and the former became declared enemies of the pope. The minority of Frederick II. afforded time for the free states to form a more regular government, till the elevation of Innocent III., who exercised so great and marked an influence on the destinies of the church. A Roman noble, he was elected to the papal chair in his 37th year, and at once extended the sovereignty of the church and the freedom of the people; at the same time instituting the two orders of Franciscans and Dominicans, to the last of whom he gave the terrific power of the inquisition, with orders to extirpate heresy, and pursue the new sect of reformers to utter destruction. He exhorted the French to root out the Albigenses, sparing neither rank, age, nor sex; he commanded kings in a tone haughty as that of Gregory VII.; and, by his wily policy, triumphed over the eastern church by conciliating the patriarch of Constantinople. He caused the first crusade to be preached in France; and, with singular inconsistency, organized a sort of republic in Rome, which he divided into thirteen districts. He despatched delegates to revive a spirit of liberty in the provinces under German

subjection, and formed two powerful leagues with the Guelfs, and the smaller cities of Italy. In becoming their ally, however, he also became their sovereign, and attempted to extend the same system into Tuscany. But it ended with his death; and his successors, Honorius III. and Gregory IX., supported his enemy Frederick, exhorting him to enter on the crusade against the Saracens. On the eve of departure he was seized with illness; and for this delay the pope punished by excommunicating him. He even sent his anathema after him into the Holy Land, and was highly indignant at hearing that the emperor had entered the holy city by treaty, instead of slaughtering the whole of the infidels. The emperor, in requital, attacked the states of the church on his return; but the pope being defended by the Lombard league, a peace was concluded between the belligerents in the year 1230.

Frederick met with no better treatment from Innocent VI., who instigated the council of bishops to pronounce a sentence of condemnation against him; declaring that, for his crimes and iniquities, the Lord had utterly rejected him, no longer permitting him to be either an emperor or a king. His subjects were released from their allegiance, and forbidden, under penalty of excommunication, from obeying him in the least matter whatever. They were invited to elect another emperor, while the pope proceeded to appoint a new monarch for the two Sicilies. On hearing of this tremendous law, Frederick summoned a national assembly, and, placing his golden crown upon his head, he declared that he still wore and knew how to defend

it. But the conspiracy of the church and the monks extended to his courtiers and most confidential attendants; they plotted to carry him off, either by poison or the dagger; his private secretary and friend, P[illegible] delle Vigne, being equally terrified, or corrupted, the rest. In his turn the emperor grew suspicious a cruel, and sacrificed some of the most innocent along with the guilty. He again attacked Italy and, after waging war with the church and the Guelfs during thirty years, he was at length compelled to yield to circumstances; and with a form and mind alike broken down, a rebellious family, and faithless friends his misfortunes appeared to affect his intellect. He was disturbed by the denunciations of the pope, and the dread of eternal punishment, with which he had been so incessantly threatened. He offered to undergo every humiliation which the church pleased to impose: to make a pilgrimage, or lay down his life for the Holy Land, so completely was his mind subdued.

About the year 1256, Alexander IV. preached a crusade against that monster of tyrants, the ferocious Ezzelin, Prince of Padua; such was the dread he had created in every neighbouring state. He was defeated by the Lombards, and the family of Romano perished. In the fourteenth century Innocent VI. united, with some of the free states, in expelling the armies of the Avventurieri,—in other words, of disciplined robbers, which infested Italy from one end to the other. The first company, headed by an Italian noble, attempted to surprise Milan, but was itself defeated with great slaughter at Parabaggio. One of the most terrible of

these miscreants was a German duke named Werner, who carried before him, as a motto to his deeds, "The enemy of God, of pity, and of mercy!"—one which too many of his sanguinary and prolific race, even in the present times, might, if equally sincere, as justly appropriate to themselves. They devastated the entire country; they put their prisoners to death with horrible tortures, and had even the temerity to aim at possessing themselves of the wealth of Florence. But the citizens seized the passes of the Appennines, armed the peasants, and gave the adventurers a decided defeat at the passage of Scalella. They again returned to the charge with increased ferocity; the Florentines were advised to purchase their safety, but to their honour they scorned the proposal, and, raising an army entirely of Italians, commanded them to meet the marauding nations on the frontiers. With the cowardice of robbers, they retired before the Italians, until they were fairly followed out of Tuscany without striking a blow.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century the corruption of the church and the power of the popes, combined with foreign aggression, gradually broke down the freedom of the noblest republics of Italy. The Lombards failed in their last struggle at Milan and that of a Roman citizen, under the pontificate of Nicholas V., was equally unfortunate at Rome. Though a distinguished patron of learning, this pope exacted the utmost submission from his subjects. To this system, Stefano Porcari, a noble, manfully opposed himself;

and, taking advantage of a sudden insurrection, attempted to turn the tide in favour of liberty; but it ended in his own exile to Bologna. Yet he did not despair; he had for companions four hundred banished citizens; he persuaded them to league with him, and the hour was appointed for them to meet in Rome; he hired also three hundred soldiers, and succeeded in getting into the city. The entire body were prepared to rush forth, and call the people to freedom—their leader was in the act of addressing them for the last time—when, in a moment, the place was surrounded, the doors were forced, and before the liberators had time to arm, they were seized, and consigned to their fate. The citizens, on the ensuing morning, beheld the body of Porcari, and nine of his companions, hanging from the walls of the castle of St. Angelo; and executions were continued, without intermission, till the whole of the patriots had fallen; the pontiff succeeding in getting into his power even those who had taken refuge in other states; when the last hope of Roman liberty was extinguished in their blood.

The politic and warlike Julius II. formed the design of liberating Italy from foreign spoliation; and in 1510 the French were simultaneously attacked in the Milanese, in Genoa, at Modena, and at Verona. He finally compelled the Sire de Chaumont to retire; and, during the greatest severity of the season, he attacked the state of Mirandola under the French protection; and, leading on his pontifical troops in January, 1511, entered the capital by storm. His troops

were not so successful under the Duke of Urbino, who was defeated with loss at Casalecchio; where, from the circumstance of the French officers driving asses loaded with booty from the field, it was, in derision, termed the day of the ass-drivers. But Julius persevered; he roused Europe against the French; brought the Venetians and a powerful Spanish army to march against them, whose progress was checked only by the celebrated Gaston de Foix. With the rapidity of a Napoleon, he engaged and worsted both armies, retook Brescia, and, following the armies of Spain and the pope, compelled them to engage him once more near the city of Ravenna. This memorable battle left the field covered with 20,000 dead, among whom, though victorious in death, lay the distinguished and chivalrous Gaston himself. His death did more to promote the designs of the pontiff than all the exertions of his allies, though the results could only be transitory; fresh hordes of robbers, poured in by the bandit monarchs of Europe, still succeeding each other, and laying waste Italy's fairest provinces. They seemed to take delight in the infliction of wanton cruelties, such as the storming of Rome and of Florence—in the utter annihilation of the liberties of the old republics—and in massacre, plunder, and violation of every law, human or divine; as if mankind had only been created for the natural prey of those monsters in human form called conquerors and kings. The evils springing from the power of the popes, and the internal dissensions of the Italian states themselves, would have been

mitigated, if not removed, by the progress of events, and the triumph of sounder principles; but there was no hope of deliverance from the rival claims of barbarous and ambitious princes, whose system it was, and is, to destroy the weakest, and to root out the germs of liberty all over the world.



# VILLA MADAMA.

Risorga dalla tomba avara e lorda
La putrida tua salma, O donna cruda.
ANDREA DI BASSO.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers, in long order go. GRAY.

THE Villa Madama, situated beyond the *Porta Angelica*, was constructed in the year 1520, on the side of the Monte Mario, anciently the *Clivus Cinnæ*, and is known to have been designed by the immortal Raphael. It was chiefly executed, however, after his death, by his distinguished pupil Giulio Romano. The frieze of one of the large rooms, painted in fresco, with some festoons, supported by dancing nymphs, is from his hand; and the portico was painted in conjunction by Giulio and his friend Giovanni da Udine. These are yet in preservation, although the edifice itself has partly fallen into ruins. On the ceiling are represented the cars of Diana and Apollo; birds, beasts, and, among others, the figures of a sleeping lion and a goat, about to be offered in sacrifice, drawn with singular truth and spirit. In the same apartment are a number of valuable cartoons, but which appear to be fast hastening to decay; throughout the entire palace, in fact, there exist the neglected remains of its former splendour and magnificence.

it was known that the Prince of Orange, the commander of the imperial army, eagerly aspired to obtain her hand. Her uncle, afterwards Clement VII., entertained still higher views for her; and these the death of the prince, soon after, left him at full liberty to pursue. After the fall of Florence a negociation was entered into, by means of the Duke of Albany, between Francis I. and the pope, for the marriage of the princess with Henry, Duke of Orleans; and, having been escorted to Marseilles by her uncle, the cardinal, it was there celebrated with great pomp, in October 1533. With a remarkably fair complexion, Catherine had large eyes, full of vivacity and fire; she had a fine shape; a beautiful countenance, blended with great dignity; and such is stated to have been the admirable symmetry of her feet and legs, that in order to display them to the most advantage, she first wore silk stockings very tight; her hands and arms, likewise, surpassed in beauty those of all other ladies at the court, both as respected their form and delicacy. Add to these charms that her neck and bosom were of such dazzling whiteness, "so full and round, as to call forth the most enthusiastic praise from the beholder," and, in particular, from the historian Brantome, who dwells on the subject with singular complacency. She knew, moreover, how to exhibit her person to the best advantage, displaying an admirable taste in dress, as well as the most alluring manners, and appearing remarkably well on horseback. With this view, she changed the mode of riding till then in use; and prided herself on the address with which she guided

her palfrey. From her boldness in the chase, indeed, she met with several accidents, and once broke her leg—happy for France had it been her neck—besides receiving at another time so violent a blow on the head as to be obliged to undergo the trepan. Nevertheless, her fondness for field-sports never abandoned her, and she continued the exercise up to her sixtieth year, when she still retained much of the lustre of her early charms. The chief drawback on these, perhaps, was the size of her head, which was, out of proportion, large; and she was unable to walk much at a time from a strong disposition she felt towards dizziness.

It was not till the accidental death of her consort, Henry II., by the spear of Montgomery, in a tournament, that Catherine began to emerge from the obscurity in which the great military and political talents of those in power had hitherto held her. She feared and hated the Guises; and the constable Montmorenci was even more obnoxious to her. He had insinuated suspicions of her nuptial fidelity, by observing that, of all the children she had brought the late king, not a single one resembled him, while his natural daughter was a remarkable likeness of her father. He had even advised Henry to repudiate her on the ground of sterility, some years after their marriage; after which it was soon known that she was likely to bring him an heir; and he had, moreover, never ceased to taunt and persecute the greedy and plotting Italians whom she had brought in her train. Dissembling her resentment, she awaited a favourable opportunity before she made him feel the full weight of her vengeance; and in an

equal degree she attached herself to the princes of Lorraine, who had flattered her by offering up to her, as a sacrifice, Diana de Poitiers, the favourite mistress of the late king. She had the good fortune, however, to withdraw in time from court; and, satisfied with this triumph, Catherine did not judge it worthy of her dignity to drag the duchess from her retreat, permitting her even to retain the splendid possessions made over to her by her royal lover. This rare instance of magnanimity on her part did her the more honour, from the Cardinal of Lorraine having consented to the lady's death, while the sanguinary Marshal de Tavannes entreated of the queen-mother to permit him the honour of cutting off her nose. Such vengeance Catherine scorned—cruel by policy, and not by taste; she had the satisfaction to receive, as a mark of the duchess's gratitude, a present of the superb palace of Chaumont-sur-Loire, situated in the centre of the estates granted to the queen as her dower.

Immediately on the death of her consort, the Guises had conveyed his successor, Francis, yet a minor, to the palace of the Louvre, whither Catherine instantly followed them; quitting the royal body, contrary to the established usage, till then invariably preserved. Her extreme eagerness to share in the government impelled her to abridge the forty days of retirement, till the royal obsequies should be performed, into one or two. When the constable Montmorenci repaired to the court to tender his duty to his young sovereign, he was given to understand, at the instigation of the Guises, that he would be permitted to retire from

active service to Chantilli, under plea of his advanced age. He yielded to superior influence; but Anthony, King of Navarre, urged by his brother the Prince of Condé, came forward to assert his claims over those of the Guises, as a prince of the blood, but was received with marked coldness and indignity at court. The Guises threatened him with the vengeance of the King of Spain, if he presumed to dictate to the queen-mother in her choice of the king's ministers; at the same time bribing him with a hope of the restitution of his lost kingdom. To remove him from court, moreover, he received from the young king a commission to conduct the Princess Elizabeth, his sister, to the frontiers of Spain, she being then on the eve of her unhappy marriage with the gloomy and bigoted tyrant, Philip II. of Spain.

The Hugonots, unwilling to resign the government into the hands of the queen-mother and the Guises, without a struggle, a council of the Calvinist lords, at the head of which was the Prince of Condé, the great Admiral Coligni, and the King of Navarre, was summoned, to consider on the most advisable measures to be adopted at such a juncture. After considerable discussion it was resolved to adhere to mild proceedings; and Anthony of Navarre was deputed to gain over, if possible, the support of the queen-mother to their views. But, too deeply versed in Italian wiles, Catherine overreached the King of Navarre, and, by alternate threats and flattery, induced him wholly to abandon his party, and the designs he had in view. The Duke of Guise, and his brother the Cardinal, both

of foreign lineage, now combined with the queen-mother, assuming the entire power of the crown, to the exclusion of the native princes and ancient nobles —an exclusion which amounted almost to banishment, and excited the general indignation of the people. To add to its intolerance, the ministry, excited by sanguinary zeal, reminded the weak-minded monarch that he ought to follow the example of his father, and proceed to exterminate the Hugonots. The ecclesiastical courts were invested with new inquisitorial powers, and, from the severity of the penalties inflicted, they were termed the *Chambres Ardentes.* The violence of the persecutions which followed soon compelled the unhappy Hugonots to rise in self-defence; and they were the better enabled to face their enemies owing to the impolitic conduct of the Guises, who, in answer to the numerous solicitations of military men at court, commanded them to withdraw, under pain of being hung up on a gibbet, expressly erected for the purpose in the forest of Fontainebleaux. These men joined the banners of the Hugonots, whose opposition acquired fresh strength from the cruel execution of one of the best and noblest of their party,—the excellent Aune du Bourg,—distinguished for his high talents and erudition.

Their first efforts, however, under the brave La Renaudie, proved unsuccessful, and the persecutions were redoubled on every side; the streets of Amboise ran with human blood; and the queen-mother, with her three younger sons, accompanied by the principal ladies of the court, scrupled not to be present at the

horrible executions which took place, beholding them from the windows of the castle. Two of the chiefs, in the agony of torture, were induced to accuse the Prince of Condé as a participator in the conspiracy, while others bravely exonerated him, in spite of the sufferings they endured. With expressions of the deepest indignation the prince vindicated himself from the charge, offering to meet his calumniator in single combat, intending to signify the Duke of Guise. The latter, masking his rage under the guise of friendship, so far from taking the accusation to himself, wished to become the prince's second, while attempting to accomplish his destruction by every means in his power.

Jealous, however, of the Guises, Catherine now encouraged Condé and the Hugonots in their demands of toleration; she advised the king to summon a convocation of the nobility, and it was attended by Montmorenci, Coligny, and a large train of followers. It was held in the queen-mother's apartments; Francis, the young king, being present in person. The admiral threw himself at his sovereign's feet, and, after presenting the petition of his subjects, addressed him in a strain of impetuous and commanding eloquence on behalf of the unfortunate Protestants. His language called forth expressions of such vindictive asperity from the princes of Lorraine that a quarrel ensued upon the spot, and Francis was obliged to interpose and impose silence on the enraged parties; Coligny treating the two Guises in language of undisguised contempt. The assembly broke up in confusion; and

the matter was referred to a meeting of the States-General.

Meanwhile, Condé, and the King of Navarre, were concerting measures in Guienne, more effectually to oppose the power of the Guises; but their designs were betrayed to the court, and in particular implicated the govern of Chartres, Francis de Vendome, a personal enemy of the Duke of Guise. One of the most brave and gallant noblemen of the age, F Vendome, was accused by the Protestant writers, who detested Catherine, of having been specially favoured by her, along with many other lovers, declaring that she added to her other faults and crimes that of secret gallantries. But ambition, not pleasure, seems to have been her reigning passion; and, if we may judge of her conduct towards those ladies of the court who offended in this point, such allegations can scarcely be well founded, unless we suppose her capable of assuming the most useless, as well as base hypocrisy. In the instance of Mademoiselle de Lemeuil, when seduced by the Prince of Condé,—though at the regent's express instigation—she not only reproached, but inflicted severe personal chastisement upon the lady,—a system she is known to have adopted and frequently applied in similar cases of a breach of propriety; although, when for state reasons it fell in with her views, she, as peremptorily, insisted upon the sacrifice of their honour to promote her object. With similar duplicity she now prepared to betray the two princes of the blood into the power of their enemies.

On their way to the States-General, both Condé and Navarre received frequent communications not to entrust themselves in the hands of the king, and to go well armed; but, confiding in their near relationship, they scorned to show any distrust. On arriving at Orleans they were shown into the king's presence, and received a cold and ungracious reception. As they prepared to depart, two captains of the guard stepped forward and told them they were the king's prisoners. In vain did they appeal; the Prince of Condé was imprisoned, and his brother, the King of Navarre, was carefully guarded; while their partizans were every where arrested. Though doubtless her own plot, Catherine, with her usual dissimulation, expressed the utmost concern for the princes, affected to intercede, and even to shed tears upon the occasion.

After the mockery of a court-trial, at which the intrepid Condé refused to plead, the 25th of November was supposed to be the day appointed for his execution; the Guises boasting in public "that at two blows only they would cut off the heads of heresy and rebellion;" meaning to follow up his death by that of his brother of Navarre. Davila gives a singular account of the queen-mother's conduct during the whole of this eventful period. Her object was to appear innocent of the crime to which she had previously consented: she wore a face full of sorrow and distress; she continually sent for the Admiral Coligny, and his brother, the Cardinal de Chatillon, on pretence of finding some expedient to extricate the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé. She despatched

the Duchess of Montpensier to Anthony of Navarre, with kind and condoling messages; and so exquisitely, in short, did she dissemble, that even those who knew her best hesitated in pronouncing whether she were sincere or not in the deep concern she exhibited.

The king, in order to avoid being present at the execution of one of Condé's partizans,—for he was weak both in mind and body,—had gone out to the chase. On his return he was taken extremely ill, and the Guises, apprehensive of the event, and dreading lest their prey should escape, forced on the trial of the prince with unprecedented and most indecent haste. He only owed his life to the courage of the Count de Sancerre, who three times refused to sign the warrant, although he received repeated orders to that effect from the king—in other words, from Catherine and the Duke of Guise. Anthony, King of Navarre, expecting to fall with his brother, being a state-prisoner, came to the resolution of disputing his life with his sword. Calling to him Reinsy, one of his gentlemen, in this perilous moment, "If they assassinate me," he said, "carry my shirt, all bloody, to my wife and son (afterwards Henry IV.); they will read in my blood what they ought to do to avenge it."

Anthony then entered the apartment where the young king, Francis II., was seated, and, approaching him, kissed his hand with profound submission. Softened by this behaviour, and affected by his noble presence, the king is said to have changed his resolution, and omitted to give the sign previously agreed upon for the surrounding attendants to fall upon the

King of Navarre. "It is asserted," observes De Thou, "that the Duke of Guise, finding his project abortive, exclaimed with a voice full of indignation, 'Oh, le timide et lache enfant!' 'You vile, cowardly boy!'" In the near anticipation of Francis's death, his mother, with the utmost coolness, took every precaution to secure for herself the first place in the government under his successor. On the death of his brother, Charles IX. was only ten years of age; and a fierce struggle for the regency ensued. Montmorenci, on hearing the event, set out with six hundred horse, and making use of his authority, as constable, he drove the guards from the gates of the city, threatening to hang them as traitors if they longer dared to surround the king in time of peace, preventing the access of his faithful subjects. Nothing could be more artful than the conduct of Catherine; she flattered and gained over the man she hated, declaring Montmorenci to be the great arbitrator and moderator in all things; she entered into a secret compact with the King of Navarre and Condé, whose lives she had so recently sought; and while engaging the constable to mediate between the Princes of Bourbon and the Guises, she secured to herself the entire power of the regency, and undisputed empire over the mind of the youthful king. From this period may be dated her real political career, one which plunged the country into every species of crime, of wretchedness, and ruin—the victim of a false and cunning policy, founded on utter selfishness and love of sway.

The system of government now adopted, tore

asunder every bond of society,—was alike destructive to public and private faith,—and undermined every principle of human action, till it became fully developed in the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is impossible to contemplate the reign of Charles IX. without feelings of mingled horror and commiseration. France, shaken to its centre with the fury of civil factions, became a blank in the map of Europe; and successive invasions of German, Spanish, and English armies, bore a small proportion to the tremendous evils inflicted upon her by her own princes, and the unhappy rivalries that prevailed. Independant of his mother's wily and pernicious councils, the character of Charles cannot be better illustrated than by the nature of his amusements. He is known to have been extremely fond of beheading animals, and afterwards dissecting them; he also performed all the functions of an executioner and of a butcher with singular precision and address. He was accustomed to work at the forge, and to make the barrels of muskets and harquebusses with his own hands. He was equally dexterous at striking coins or medals, whether in gold or silver, and so perfect were his imitations as to deceive the nicest eye.

We have heard much of the pastimes of princes; and among others of a less sanguinary kind, Charles, on one occasion, introduced ten thieves, common cut-purses, into the drawing-room of the Louvre, during a crowded ball and festival; he gave them orders to exercise their utmost address, at the expense of the guests; he watched their feats of dexterity, looked

over the proceeds of their night's adventure, exceeding in value 1500 crowns, and even permitted them to pocket the spoil. Then dismissing them, he declared, with no idle menace, that if he ever heard of their being engaged in the same traffic, he would himself string them up in a row upon the gibbet. He was addicted, indeed, to every kind of wild, or, what is termed, practical joke, and so much was he in the habit of it with his friend the Count De La Rochefoucault, that on the assassins of St. Bartholomew knocking at his door, the unfortunate Count imagined it to be the king himself, with whom he had been playing the night before, bent on some youthful frolic; with this idea he rose from his bed and dressed himself, exclaiming all the time, "These are just the tricks of the late king, your father, but you will not catch me so." He ran and opened the door, and received more than one dagger in his bosom. On leaving the palace the night before, the king would have kept him in his own cabinet, but, on his refusal to stay, observed laughing, 'It is the will of God,—there goes a dead man!" If we add to the wholesale murders and assassinations of the period, the immense loss of lives by duels, as they are described in the Memoirs of D'Aubigné, the picture of a profligate court and corrupted people will be complete. The battle, by sword and dagger, was reduced to a regular science, and the most accomplished men of the age incurred the greatest expences, and made long journeys, for the pleasure of meeting in their shirts to decide their relative merits in the noble art of defence. D'Aubigné

himself set out from the vicinity of Orleans to Castlegeloux, in Gascony, across a great part of France to encounter La Magdelaine, with whom he had quarrelled on account of the reputation he had acquired by his having despatched eight gentlemen in single combat without losing a drop of blood. On the morning of the duel, he states, that he rose early and prayed devoutly to God: such being the rage for this fatal fashion as to rank among its votaries even the most religious and elevated characters of the times.

The practice was sometimes attended with a degree of capriciousness, cruelty, and atrocity, difficult to be believed. A noted duellist having received a challenge, gave his rival a hint that it would be more prudent in him to desist; but on being further urged, he declared that he would only consent to put him to death upon the following terms: these were, that whichsoever of the two gained the victory, he should have the satisfaction of gibbeting, and burning, as well as killing, his adversary. It was agreed; and on going to the field the challenger actually beheld a gallows ready prepared, and near it a funeral pile and a lighted torch to set fire to it

One of the most formidable swordsmen of his age was Baron De Vitaux, to whose rare coolness and skill an immense number, both of professors and amateurs, had fallen victims. His vengeance also knew no bounds; and even the monarch on his throne trembled at the idea of giving umbrage to a man of such daring resolution and prowess. His renown spread over all Europe; and foreigners who visited

the country were eager to behold a champion of the art who had never met with his match. He was at length compelled to take refuge in Italy to avoid paying the penalty of his life,—sought by the friends of the numerous rivals he had slain; but soon weary of his exile, and having a new project in view, he suffered his beard to grow, and having assumed the disguise of a lawyer, he hastened back to Paris to revenge himself on a gentleman named Milhaud, who had killed the baron's brother. Attended by two brothers, called Boucicant, whom he termed his lions, he attacked his enemy, though supported by five or six men, in the open street; and not only did he leave him dead, but succeeded in making his escape. Afterwards, when taken, he found no difficulty in obtaining a pardon from the crown. But the son of Milhaud having attained to manhood, became eager to revenge his father, and, seeking out the baron, demanded instant reparation. The baron advised the young man to desist, but in vain; they met beyond the walls, with a sword and poignard, and stripped to their shirts. It was now the baron, betrayed by his good fortune, and his contempt for so youthful a foe, paid the penalty of his deeds, receiving a mortal wound of which he expired on the spot.

Such, in part, were the fruits of a system, founded upon Machiavelian principles, and practised with true Italian refinement by Catherine, who maintained her power by opposing the leading parties against each other. The excellent Chancellor Olivier had died of grief and horror on witnessing the enforcement of the

sanguinary edicts of the crown. In vain did the virtuous L' Hopital oppose the fury of the torrent, refusing, as he had done, to affix his signature to the king's order for the Prince of Condé's execution. It is a singular fact that none of the three sons of Catherine, who died during her life-time, fell without strong suspicions of having been poisoned; all at the period of their death had begun to question her authority, and she received a strong accession of power at the decease of each. Nor is it astonishing that a woman who could systematically urge her own children to the violation of every principle of justice or of mercy, should, to atchieve her own ambitious views, embrue her hands in the noblest blood of France, and maintain her power even by the sacrifice of her own offspring. Though not sanguinary from disposition, state expediency was her supreme law; and how far such a law can justify, in the eyes of royalty, every crime, the court-annals of modern Spain, Portugal, and Russia, dyed red in kindred blood, bear mournful witness to the world.

Catherine being now regent, and the king of Navarre general of the kingdom, an event occurred which threatened to interrupt the negociations for peace. The Duke of Guise was invited to return to court, and, on his way, he stopped at the little town of Vassy, where he went to hear mass. While thus engaged, a crowd of Calvinists, who were assembled in a barn, disturbed the ceremony by their hymns. A dispute followed between his domestics and the people; and, on interfering to preserve peace, the duke himself re-

ceived a blow on the cheek from a stone. Perceiving the blood flow, his attendants instantly drew their swords, and killed or wounded above two hundred of the Hugonots. Redress was sought by the Prince of Condé in vain, and the regent soon beheld a civil war, chiefly produced by her own ambiguous and interested measures, on the eve of taking place. The Duke of Guise, followed soon after by Montmorenci, appeared with a large force at Fontainebleau, while the King of Navarre, on the other hand, anticipated them, by making himself master of the king's person, and removing him along with the regent to a more secure residence. It was not done without compulsion; and some of his party even threatened to throw the queen-mother into the Seine if she dared to oppose the journey to Paris. Appealing to Catherine, the young king burst into tears of indignation as he was led away.

The Prince of Condé, perceiving no other means of safety, declared for open war, and, marching towards Orleans, arrived just in time to support the Hugonots, in making themselves masters of that city. This was the signal for general war; the King of Navarre joined the royal party, along with the Guises—Condé and Coligni that of the Hugonots. Success, however, attended the former, and the kingdom became a scene of rapine, violence, and desolation. The most barbarous excesses were committed by both parties in a sanguinary engagement at Dreux, where the genius of the Duke of Guise again triumphed, even after the battle appeared lost. The constable, Montmorenci, was made a prisoner, and Coligni, after performing prodigies of

valour, made a masterly retreat, leaving the Prince of Condé in the hands of the enemy. He was treated with honour and humanity by the Duke of Guise, who, having no better accommodation, lodged him in his own tent, and even shared his couch with him, though he had so eagerly sought his life, both on the scaffold and in the field. The prince was heard to declare that he could not sleep, but that the duke slept soundly the whole of the night. The distinguished Marshal St. André, one of the triumvirate, fell in this battle. It was first reported to Catherine as being lost, upon which, in anticipation of the triumph of the reformed doctrines, she is stated to have exclaimed, with an air of levity, "Well, then, we must for the future pray to the Lord in French!" All that she was anxious to ascertain, was, with which party she could enjoy the largest portion of absolute power. The next day, indeed, she evinced her mortification on learning the victory of the duke, standing in awe, as she did, of his decided and commanding character: yet she wore a face of joy, and ordered a series of balls and festivals to celebrate the event. But another event soon changed the whole aspect of the war; the Duke of Guise, returning one evening, without his armour, from examining some works, attended only by one gentleman, an assassin lying in wait discharged three balls, which struck him in the left shoulder. He expired at the end of eight days, with the reputation of one of the greatest generals of the age: his repulse of Charles V. and his taking of Calais from the English being included in the number of his exploits. The queen-re-

gent, as if conscious she would be suspected of instigating the deed, insisted upon being interrogated in the duke's own chamber, before his family and a number of the nobility. The assassin, Poltrot de Mere, a gentleman of Anjoumois, was taken, while asleep, by one of the duke's secretaries; and, on being put to the torture, he was led to accuse the virtuous Coligny of having been a party to the commission of the deed. This, however, did not save him, and he was torn in pieces by wild horses—the punishment reserved by law for regicides and traitors.

By the duke's death, Catherine was left without a rival in the cabinet: she directly entered into negociations to amuse the leaders of the different parties, and sought to detach the Prince of Condé from the Hugonots by the most magnificent offers. Aware of his love for one of her maids of honour, she secretly insisted upon the sacrifice of her virtue to draw him further into her snares; but, when the unhappy girl's ruin was accomplished, Catherine expelled her with every mark of virtuous indignation from court, and, instead of being united to, as she had hoped, she was abandoned by the prince. On hearing this shameless conduct, it is said the consort of Condé was so deeply affected at so disgraceful a proof of his infidelity, as to have died of grief.

About this period, 1564, the queen-regent commenced the magnificent structure of the Tuilleries, on the site of the palace of the Tournelles, in which her husband Henry II. had expired. In this undertaking she engaged the most distinguished architects of the

times, whom, it is only justice to state, she rewarded with liberality, as she did most of the eminent characters in other branches of literature and the arts. Magnificent in all her tastes, she would have been adored in the country she had adopted, had the qualities of her heart corresponded with those of her intellect, and had she devoted herself to the honour and advantage, not to the disgrace and ruin, of her family and her country. By successively betraying every party with which she acted, she became feared, hated, and at length despised by all; and the memorable words in which Charles on his death-bed addressed his mother, declaring that she was the cause of the evils that had fallen on the country, and warning the King of Navarre not to trust himself in her hands, speak more than volumes as to the real character of Catherine. Embracing his cousin, afterwards Henry IV., the dying king said, "I recommend my wife and daughter to your care, and God bless you; but do not trust yourself in the power of" . . . he was about to name his mother, when, interrupting him, she cried, "Do not say such a thing—say not that." "I must say it," replied Charles, "for that is the truth!" What a reproach to a mother from the lips of a dying son! What a fearful thing is royalty, that can thus transform nature herself into all that is most hateful and loathsome to the soul.

Henry III., who succeeded him, was Catherine's favourite son: he had been elected to the throne of Poland, and, on showing extreme repugnance to leave France, Charles, from jealousy and resentment, had

commanded his instant departure, and his mother implored him to obey, giving him her promise that only a brief period should elapse before his recall. The affairs of the kingdom under Henry grew more hopelessly embarrassed and distracted than before: by breaking the royal faith with the Hugonots the horrors of civil war were repeatedly renewed. The celebrated Montmorenci, Condé, St. André, many of the most noble and virtuous of every party had perished in the fearful struggles that ushered in the execrable massacre of St. Bartholomew. After Coligni had fallen in that night of horrors, the brave Soubise, covered with wounds, we are told, after a long and gallant defence, was at last put to death under the queen-mother's windows; where, however incredible, the ladies of the court with unfeeling curiosity went to view his naked corpse, disfigured as it was. The bodies of the slaughtered Hugonots were collected and thrown in heaps before the palace of the Louvre, to satiate the vengeance of Catherine, who, it is said, expressed her gratification at so lamentable a spectacle. The Marshal de Tavannes also, who had engaged among the most eager and ferocious in the execution of this vast political murder, ran through the streets of Paris, crying, "Let blood, let blood! bleeding is always wholesome—in the month of August as well as in May!" Even Charles IX. himself, having once overcome the terror and reluctance he felt when yet upon the threshold of the fatal act, wholly insensible of the character of a monarch or a man, personally assisted in the slaughter of his subjects;

firing upon them with a long harquebuss from the windows of the palace, and aiming at the fugitives whom he saw attempting to escape from the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

The head of the Admiral Coligni was carried to the queen-mother; and Charles, with several of his courtiers, went to survey the body which had been exposed to public view. Some of them turning away in disgust from the offensive smell, "The body of a dead enemy," exclaimed Charles, imitating the Roman emperor, "always smells sweet." The princes of the blood, Henry, King of Navarre, and the young Prince of Condé, had been spared, and, having been ordered into the presence of the king, he commanded them with many imprecations instantly to abjure their religion, or suffer death. The King of Navarre yielded, but the prince firmly refused, declaring he would never desert his religious principles, till Charles, half frantic with passion, addressed him in these few terrific words: "Mort, Messe, ou Bastile!"

Every enormity which could be perpetrated stained the fearful week during which the royal butchery continued—more than 5000 persons of all ranks in the capital, and 20,000 throughout the country, are believed to have fallen victims—the Seine was loaded with dead bodies; and, as a proof of the spirit that actuated the royal councils, it is stated that a butcher, who entered the palace during the fury of the massacre, boasted to his emulating sovereign, while he laid bare his gory arm, that he had himself despatched more than one hundred and fifty Hugonots. Such as were

afterwards taken were condemned to capital punishment, and, by an excess of barbarity difficult to imagine, Charles IX. was desirous of beholding their last agonies. When hung at night, he commanded torches to be raised up to the faces of the criminals, with a view of observing the effects which the sudden approach and progress of death produced upon their features.

Catherine survived to an advanced period of life, and till nearly the close of the reign of Henry III., whose impious, ferocious, and despicable character seemed even to refine upon the horrid maxims inculcated by his mother. She died in her seventieth year, and was attended in her last moments by a physician named St. Germain. It is said that she had been cautioned, early in life, to beware of St. Germain, which had led her to avoid staying at the palace so named for any length of time; and it was jocosely remarked by the Parisians, that, spite of her care, St. Germain had ended her at last.

# VICO VARO.

Domus Albunea resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus.

HOR.

A SUCCESSION of landscapes, scarcely equalled in any part of the world, conduct the tourist, with unintermitted delight, from the Tiber, winding under the shadow of imperial Rome, to the lovely glens and valleys, where it purls quietly along, as if rejoicing to forget the habitations of the Cæsars, and their history, amid the harmonies of unchanging nature. Tivoli and the Alban hills, and Vico Varo itself, lying embosomed amid green mountains, form a little district of sylvan beauty which is as attractive from the variety, as from the loveliness, of the scenery. The mountain has its convent or its castle—the valley its sparkling stream and white-walled village; and, when the eye wanders into the distance, it is not simply a mass of forest foliage, or the monotonous grandeur of mountains that fix the attention, but whatever is most lovely in nature, associated with some object which at once prevents the mind from trusting for its pleasure to the mere reveries of the country. The ruined aqueducts, which so often cross the traveller's path in Italy, are conspicuous objects amid soft luxuriant scenery. They remind us more than castles or palaces of the con-

and ' Caro Mio Signor Giuseppe ' He then proceeded to tell me he had gone to bed without supper, and had eaten nothing that morning: (E nondimeno sto sempre allegro così): but a modification was added afterwards, that he had eaten nothing but the tops of the traveller's joy (clematis vitalba), which indeed we saw a parcel of women and children gathering for a similar purpose..... I gave my young ragamuffin," continues Mr. Wood, " his dinner at Licenza, and five pauls when I got to the gate of the convent, but he still begged for more, and followed me into the monastery, and into my bed-room, to obtain it. I told the superior how much I had given, and he replied that it was too much, and that two pauls would have been sufficient. All this passed in the boy's hearing, yet he still continued his importunity. The lower classes here seem to find no shame in begging, under any circumstances. As nothing is therefore lost by it, and they may possibly gain, they consider that it is foolish to lose any thing for want of asking, or even of urging their demands to the utmost." Strange is it, would a theorist be apt to exclaim, that the beauty with which these people are surrounded does not give them a greater aversion to mendicity and its attendant servile vices: but thus it is. Poverty, when it presses too closely on human beings, shuts both their hearts and senses to that which makes music for the well-fed and happy.



# SAN COSIMATO.

Cura tibi Divum effigies et templa tueri.

VIRGIL.

THE Franciscan convent of San Cosimato affords another instance of the good taste with which the founders of monasteries have usually chosen the sites of their establishments. San Cosimato stands beetling on the edge of a rude precipice, the sternness of which, with the gloom of the surrounding thickets, is well calculated to inspire the most sombre reflections. But, solemn as is the aspect of the scenery at particular points, the solitary traveller has not far to go before he finds himself surrounded with objects of quiet, gentle beauty, which quickly soften the less genial feelings that may have taken hold of his imagination. The hills, which here and there open into small dells of the most delicious verdure, give birth to numerous little springs, which, finding their way through the fissures in the rocks, seem to invite the summer, with her whole tribe of wild flowers, to make a perpetual stay. Mr. Wood compares the country about this convent to the finest parts of South Wales, but at the same time points out a striking difference; the inhabitants of the Italian province having placed their villages on the very

summit of the cliffs. "There is more cultivation," says he; "the wood is carried higher up the mountains, and the rocky points above are loftier and more abrupt. The villages are on the hill-tops; and if you were to imagine Settle placed on the summit of the high hills which rise behind it, or Griggleswick at the top of the scar which bears its name, we should still have a very inadequate idea of their situation."

In the neighbourhood of the convent are some openings in the rocks, which the people regard with veneration, as the supposed retreats of the celebrated founder of the Benedictine order. There are several circumstances recorded in his life which agree well with the supposition that he spent some portion of his time in these wild caverns. He began his career by fleeing while a boy to a deep mountain-cave, which was impenetrable, except to steps which dared the most fearful precipices. In this solitude he was fed by the charity of a monk, who let his morsel of bread down to him by means of a rope. His piety at length became generally known, and the brothers of a neighbouring monastery forced him, notwithstanding his entreaties to the contrary, to become their abbot. Such, however, was the strictness of the rule he instituted, that, in order to free themselves from the burden, the monks formed a plot to murder him. But Benedict discovered their intentions; and, bidding them recollect that he had told them from the beginning they were unfit to live together, took his departure into another district, and resumed his austerities undisturbed.

The history of saints and martyrs gives a solemn and not unpleasing interest to such scenes as these. They mistook their duty, perhaps, in forsaking the world; but their piety and virtue, as far even as it could be practically exercised, were of the highest order. Would, however, that we could say of Vallombrosa, and its kindred institutions, what has been so beautifully said by Warton of the monasteries of England!—

> Much can we pardon to th' ingenious muse;
> Her fairy shapes are tricked by fancy's pen:
> Severer reason forms far other views,
> And scans the scene with philosophic ken.
>
> From these deserted domes new glories rise;
> More useful institutes, adorning man,
> Manners enlarged, and new civilities,
> On fresh foundations build the social plan.
>
> Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
> Essays, escap'd from superstition's shrine:
> While freed religion, like primeval light,
> Bursting from Chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

# NARNI.

Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere, Narnia, QUINTO;
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi Ponte frui.

MARTIAL.

WERE the tourist in Italy compelled to limit his visit to a very small number of places, Narni would be one in his catalogue. There is a beauty in the stream which flows through its fertile valleys, and in the olive plantations that shade the precipitous mount on which the town stands, that might delay the most impatient traveller on his route, and make him forget many a more famed city, and hills and valleys of higher classical fame. One circumstance respecting Narni especially deserves to be noted. Full as it is of picturesque beauty, it has just sufficient of antiquarian interest about it to give a sombre, quiet grace to the attractions conferred on it by nature. There is little in its neighbourhood to set invention on the rack; no monuments, bearing inscriptions which, once seen, disturb for months after the slumbers of the antiquary, arise amid its shades. The only object of importance is the ruined bridge, through the naked arches of which the Nera pours its waters as fresh and joyously as it did a thousand years ago. Nor is the spectator, when inclined to indulge in contemplating the contrast thus afforded between the perishable things



of man and the lasting works of nature, startled from his reverie by any doubts as to when the picturesque bridge before him was erected. The Emperor Augustus is universally allowed to have given directions for its construction; and the simple sentiment of veneration for the massy ruins, remains to blend itself with the delight inspired by the murmuring of the waters, the loveliness of the valley they irrigate, and the green cliffs which shadow them in their course. Tranquil, beautiful Narni! we could well linger among thy groves, and recall with pleasure the dream of thy sylvan solitude; but, like the traveller who has only returned for a momentary glance at some favourite spot, we must be contented with this passing tribute to thy beauty.

# TERNI.

Nec desunt variæ circum oblectamina vitæ.

STATIUS.

TERNI, as well as the gay and lovely hills of Narni, has already attracted our attention; and in the same way as we returned for a passing glance at the latter, we look again for a while on Terni, with its wondrous cascade and magnificent landscapes. The town has been described too particularly to require further mention; and we shall therefore give M. Simond's amusing picture of the neighbourhood through which the traveller passes in his way to the most splendid object of his search.

"The ascent," says he, "is long and steep, and in many places cut into the perpendicular face of the rock—a noble work performed by Pope Lambertini about seventy years ago. This princely road, about two-thirds the way up, passes through a village which seemed wholly inhabited by beggars—a sort of town rather, for an old wall swept round it on the brow of the hill. It bore on its elevated battlements an irregular succession of mean buildings, with sashless windows and moss-grown balconies, out of which the tattered linen of each family was hanging to dry. The interior, of which we had a glimpse as we drove through, resembled a den of thieves much more than

a country village. Out of their murky holes a beggarly population of women and children hurried to meet us, wildly chanting *tanta fame !*—while the men, muffled up in their dark cloaks, one side thrown over the left shoulder, a slouched hat over their black unshaven faces, with a red feather or a bit of green, with red berries stuck in the hatband, stalked gloomily in the rear. Thus escorted, we proceeded on foot through a very pretty natural wilderness, a sort of sheep-walk or goats' walk, with clumps of trees and bushes, to the Velino, a rapid torrent, very full, and breaking finely over the rocks of its rude channel. This channel, two miles in length, and very wide, is artificial; but the hammer and chisel of twenty centuries have rendered it natural. We learn from Cicero that an individual had it made simply to drain his country villa. Annoyed and alarmed by our company, who pressed round more and more, I thought it prudent to come to an understanding with them; which was, that if they would turn back and wait for us, we should reward them handsomely, while, if they persisted in following, they would get nothing. A treaty was thus finally concluded, and the conditions were so far kept on their part that they went no further; but instead of going back they made a full stop. From the fall we afterwards could see our ragged regiment drawn up on the height where we had left them, watching us, and on our return we were again closely surrounded."

The road to the falls, notwithstanding the annoyances pointed out by M. Simond, has attractions

amply sufficient to compensate the traveller for his toil. For a considerable way it is lined with refreshing shades of evergreen oak; but at the village of Papigno it branches off into two paths, the one of which conducts to the summit of the rock from which the torrent is precipitated—the other to its base. The former of these roads, after ascending a steep limestone hill, runs for near three quarters of a mile over an almost level track, the surface of which is formed from the concretions left by the water, and returns a hollow sound to the tread of the feet. Of the many spots from which the traveller is directed to contemplate the falls, the most advantageous is that on which stands a little summer-house, said to have been built by Buonaparte for the accommodation of visiters. The first point from which the water is hurled is at an elevation of about forty or fifty feet; the second, or, as it is termed, the perpendicular part, falls from a height of near five hundred and ninety-eight feet; and the depth of the chasm through which it afterwards rushes, in one vast stream, into the Nera is said to be two hundred and forty: making in all a descent of eight hundred and thirty-eight feet.

# VALLOMBROSA.

Vallombrosa;
Cosi fu nominata una badia,
Ricca e bella, non men religiosa,
E cortese a chiunque vi venia.

ARIOSTO.

Which crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness.

MILTON.

THE power of the poet is shown in few things more remarkably than in that of his giving a perpetuity of remembrance to the places he may chance to mention in his song. What would the generality of English readers have known of Vallombrosa, had not Milton named it? And who, since he spoke of it, has not dreamt of its tangled wilds, and dim, religious bowers; — of its awful groves, strewing the brooks "with their autumnal leaves," and all the other sad or solemn images of "Etrurian shades!" But never did poet fix upon a richer scene from which to draw the forms that people his world than Vallombrosa. The perfect solitude of its thickets, preserved from intrusion by the height and almost impassable crags of the mountain, fits it for the constant residence of meditation, and of minds that have bidden adieu for ever to the world and its concerns. It has been elegantly observed, by the author of the "Philosophy

the monastery, and entered that of Camaldoli, situated but a few miles distant from Vallombrosa.

This institution, which almost equals in reputation that which we are about to describe, had been but lately established by Saint Romuald, one of the most distinguished men of the age. Like Gualbertus, he was descended from a family of rank, and, like him, owed his conversion to a strong conviction of the wretched state of morals which prevailed in his time. He had often, it is said, when pursuing the pleasures common to his age and rank, felt disgusted with their folly; and often, when he happened in hunting to find himself alone in some retired spot of the forest, he would exclaim "How much better would it be to spend one's life amid these tranquil shades than to pass it in the midst of the world!" These feelings received a considerable accession of strength, when his father, who is described as a man of the most violent passions, obliged him to be present at a duel which he fought with some one who had offended him. From that moment Romuald determined to pass his life in religious solitude, and to promote, by every means in his power, the same disposition in others. His efforts, in respect both to himself and to those whom he addressed, proved eminently successful. The growth of his piety was accompanied by a corresponding increase of reputation and influence. He was thus soon enabled to form a little community of persons devoted to the same principles as himself; but even while still a young man, and under the tutelage of a hermit, to whom he had joined

himself, he had an important share in persuading Peter Urseole, the Doge of Venice, to resign his ill-acquired dignity. After a long life, of varied labour, and some peril, he founded the monastery of Camaldoli, and soon after died.

The discipline of that establishment was of the strictest kind, and Gualbertus remained there a considerable time. But at length the superior expressed his desire that John should be chosen his successor, which induced him to retire from this monastery as he had before done from St. Minias. On his way from Camaldoli, he passed through the wild, untrodden district of Vallombrosa. The united beauty and solitude of the place arrested his steps, and he resolved upon passing the remainder of his days among its shades. There was a small spot of level ground, in the heart of the rugged precipice, which seemed formed expressly for the abode of a little brotherhood, intent only on the worship of God and the exercise of personal austerities. The stern Appennines hemmed it in with their rocks and woods. Not an echo was to be heard that bore any murmur of the peopled valleys. Here and there a stream, gushing through the interposing crags, broke the silence but not the solitude of the scene; and the birds, that sung hidden in the impenetrable foliage of the forests, were by the very nature of their race afraid, like the holy hermit himself, of being subject to man, or his customs. In this lonely spot, therefore, Gualbertus took up his residence. There were already, it is said by some writers, two eremites in the neighbourhood;

and, having united himself to them, he obtained a grant of the glade from the superior of an abbey to whom the district pertained. He was soon joined by several persons who venerated him for his signal piety; and, a humble building having been erected, a brotherhood was formed, of which he remained the venerated head to the end of his days. The rule which he followed in the government of the society was that of St. Benedict, in the strictest form; and there is sufficient evidence to prove that he felt the necessity of adhering to it, as the only safeguard against the corruptions which, even in solitude, lead men to imitate the world. His feelings respecting the growing vices of the monastic orders were strongly shown whenever he saw them indicate a love of luxury or ostentation. A legend reports that, going on a visit one day to a neighbouring monastery, he was astonished and disgusted to find that the building had more the appearance of a lordly residence, than of one intended for the simple shelter of the servants of Jesus Christ. "What!" exclaimed he, addressing the abbot, "have you built a palace with the money which might have nourished a multitude of the poor and distressed?"

Then, turning towards a little brook which ran near, he said, "O Almighty God, who of the least things art often pleased to make the mightiest, may I see this little stream overthrow this edifice, so unworthy of our profession!"

The legend states that, soon after he retired, the brook overflowed, and, by the increased strength and

rapidity of its current, loosening the rock on which the monastery was built, brought down the sumptuous structure. On another occasion he proved not only his fear of luxury, but his disinterestedness. Having heard that a person had entered the establishment who had bequeathed it his possession to the prejudice of his natural heirs, he went and demanded the testament, and taking it in his hand immediately tore it in pieces. His humility was also shown in another manner, when Pope Stephen IX., in passing near Vallombrosa, sent messengers with an intimation that he desired to see him. John, however, was unwell, and excused himself on that plea. The pope again sent; and, expressing the most earnest wish for his company, told the messengers that if he could come in no other way he must come on his bed. Excuses were now in vain, and the abbot, believing that the pope's earnestness was simply the result of a useless curiosity, prayed God that he would not oblige him to have his pride or vanity thus pampered. His prayer, it is said, was heard. A violent storm came on as they were carrying him down the valley, and the attendants found themselves obliged to return with speed to the abbey.

Such was the founder of the monastery of Vallombrosa; nor will the traveller, as he throws himself beneath the shade of the old venerable trees that frown about his path, forget the virtues, the benevolence, and humility of John Gualbertus. Beautiful as these wild scenes are by nature, he will now feel how doubly interesting they are rendered to the human

mind by any connexion with human history. Had Vallombrosa been an uninhabited valley, far less lovely would have seemed its peace and solitude; less musically would its brooks have murmured to the ear of melancholy; less solemnly even would the leaves of its shadowy forests have fallen on the waters of the stream.

Mr. Forsyth has left an interesting record of the manner in which he was treated by the brothers of the convent, when he visited it in 1801, at which period it was still in safety and affluence. "Being introduced," says he, "by a letter to the abbot, and accompanied by the brother of two Vallombrosans, I met here a very kind reception. Those amiable men seem to study hospitality as a profession. People of all ranks and religions are equally welcome, and entertained without either officiousness or neglect. Though the monks then resident were fourteen in number, their famiglia, including novices, lay-brethren, menials, and workmen, exceeded a hundred. In summer, the Foresteria of the abbey is usually full of strangers; and, during the winter half-year, all the indigent neighbours flock here for their daily loaf.

"Such indiscriminate hospitality is, however, but the virtue of barbarous society. Baneful to industry and independence, it feeds poor men, but it keeps them poor; it gives them a lodging, but it weans them from home. Not that I grudge this community the means of being so bountiful; I rather grudge it the youth, the talents, and the active powers which the institution entombs: I grudge it the very virtues of

the men whom I found here. Those virtues tend only to palliate its defects, and correct its general influence, by the good which they do in detail.

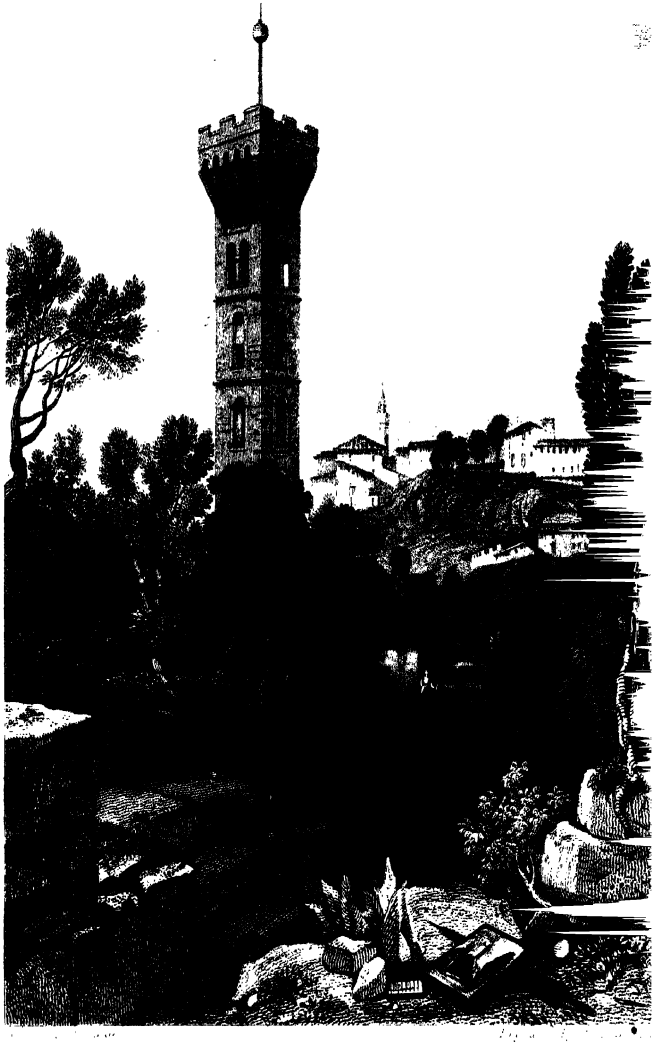
"These excellent men bring economy to the aid of beneficence. While they give bread to hundreds, to themselves they allow but the modest stipend of eighteen crowns a year: yet the revenues of the abbey are about 40,000 crowns. Its *fattorias* are palaces; its farms are highly cultivated; and its tenantry wealthy: while the institution, by maintaining the same unalterable plan, and training all its members to the same habits, secures itself from the misgovernment which a private inheritance is occasionally exposed to. The private gentleman, perhaps, spends his time more profitably to the public revenue. His rents do not return so directly as the monk's into the mass of the people, which is the ultimate destination of all property; but they return through more taxable channels, through cellars and shops."

# FIESOLE.

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dim,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

MILTON.

THE neighbourhood of Florence is rich in agreeable associations. Her splendid history fills the mind of the traveller, as he walks her streets, with images of the past that will ever make her name glorious. But memory loves the calm and silent retreats of rural solitudes. She loves, too, the visions of scenes that even in their actual existence partook of a spirit soft and tranquil as her own. In Florence, the shadowy dream of glory that arises on her path seems agitated with a still bold and restless spirit. The genius of her history sits clad in her robe and cap of liberty, with more of daring than sorrow in her look, and delighting more in Dante the fierce Ghibelline, and Lorenzo the magnificent, the father of Ducal Medici, than in Dante the poet, and Lorenzo the Platonist. But we pass the gates of the city, and the soft amenities of stream and shade—the pleasant farm-lands—the mild variety of hill and flowery dell, win our thoughts from the images which had given a hurried motion to the imagination; and we begin to enjoy all the luxury of recollections kept



from being tame by the vicinity of scenes yet haunted by the grandest of spirits—but deep and tender, because cherished by the bland tranquillity of nature. How sweetly does the green hill of Fiesole, with its cypress and ilex groves, intermingled with the dark pine, rise before the traveller who has just left the streets of Florence! The shades of her greatest men seem to have accompanied him on the way; and, as he enters the calm recesses of the lovely village, and looks down on the gentle Arno, gliding brightly at the foot of the mountain, he half thinks himself one of the little circle of philosophers whom the excellent Lorenzo de' Medici used to assemble here, to renew the pure and beautiful dreams of Plato's academy. Both Politian and Milton have spoken with delight of this enchanting spot. The first of these writers has described it in Latin verse of the greatest beauty, and fondly alluded to the pleasure he enjoyed there with his enlightened patron :

Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro;
Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis :
Hic scatebris salit, et bullantibus incita venis
Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos.
Talia Faesuleo lentus meditabar in antro,
Rue suburbano medicûm, qua mons sacer urbem,
Mæoniam, longique volumina despicit arni,
Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem
Indulgens Laurens, Laurens non ultima Phœbi
Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora Musis.

Here thy loved pines with grateful murmurs sigh,
The gale through cypress shades flits whispering by ;
And here from bubbling veins fresh fountains pour
Their waves along the pebbly marbled shore.

Fiesole! in these thy rural bowers
How oft I've passed the meditative hours!
Or, wandering 'mid the Medicean groves,
Saw from thy sacred brow where Arno loves
To lead his waves in winding folds along
The fair Mæonian city famed for song!
For here Lorenzo, who in Phœbus' train
Might well of glory the best gifts disdain,
Lorenzo, of the muse the sure support,
Oft holds his peaceful, hospitable court.

To an English ear, the mention of Fiesole by Milton gives it a still higher poetical consecration. It would be difficult to find, in the whole compass of universal poetry, a sublimer comparison than that in which its name thus incidentally occurs:

His ponderous shield,
Etherial temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.

Nor are the agreeable associations excited by the allusions of the poets at all weakened in their effect by the mention made of the philosopher Galileo. It is the observation of the celebrated D'Alembert, in his treatise on the Connexion of the Sciences, that, next to Homer, no man deserved more admiration in the old world than Archimedes, and that the study of mathematics exercises the imagination not less than poetry. The remark of the French philosopher is one of those startling propositions which amuse the mind, however they may fail to convince it; but there are some

instances on record which give it a much greater semblance of truth than we are at first willing to allow it can at all possess. Galileo on Fiesole, or in his solitary dwelling at Camaldoli, presented himself to the musing eye of the poet in a far different light to that which he appears in to an ordinary thinker. He who knew that philosophy was "musical as is Apollo's lute" had an instinctive feeling of the truth, when the recollection of the calm, bright Fiesole, reposing in the azure beauty of an Italian night, called up the vision of Galileo.

We must, however, again turn from these quiet scenes, and leave poets and philosophers, to meditate on the busy page of Florentine history,—on the annals of that city which we must now imagine ourselves contemplating from the spot where Politian sat, when he sang the praises of Lorenzo, and looked with rapture on the pure Arno, gliding, as it were, in the very light of poetry, among the poplar groves of the town. In making this transition, we may remark that Fiesole was not always the tranquil retreat it now is. It was a considerable place before Florence or even Rome itself existed. It was on its hills that Cataline met for the last time the forces of the Senate; nor was it till the eleventh century that Florence subjected its fierce inhabitants to her sway.

Here, therefore, resuming the historical sketch of Florence and the neighbouring states, we shall take a rapid view of some of the more remarkable events which distinguished their early and more chivalrous career, and which it was found impossible to dwell

upon in the last volume. The wars with the Pisans, the strange and daring character of the leaders, and the restless ambition which engendered dissensions throughout the whole of the free states of Italy, preparing an easy prey for foreign spoliation,—all deserve to be considered, as the primary sources of those great political evils and embarrassments which stamped their future unhappy destiny. Had they rested contented within their just and natural boundaries, cultivated international peace and security, and vied with each other in genius, industry, and commercial enterprise, in place of striking at each other's independence, Italy would have presented a truly formidable barrier to the gigantic growth of modern despotism in Europe.

It is a good political maxim, that any state which aims at undue power must sacrifice itself in the attempt, inasmuch as it is opposed to every admitted law, whether human or divine. This truth was strikingly exemplified in the Florentine wars with Pisa, and in the life and actions of one of the chief instruments of his own and his country's fall,—Count Ugolino de' Ghirardeschi. He commenced his dark and turbulent career about the year 1275, when the two great factions which divided Italy had already involved in their fanatic zeal and ruthless lust of sway some of the most distinguished families belonging to different states.

The count, a Guelf by profession, had risen by degrees to so high a station in his native city as to direct nearly the whole of its civil and military affairs.

It was not long, therefore, ere he fell under the suspicion of the people; but so little did he give attention to the murmurs of the storm, that a revolt was organized by some of the heads of the citizens, and a general outcry raised for his immediate exile as an enemy to the public liberty. It was in vain Ugolino sought to oppose the torrent by the usual means; he was overpowered, and compelled to seek refuge beyond the walls of the city. He instantly repaired to Florence, and joined the most formidable and detested foe of his country.

The Florentines were always eager to profit by any political calamity, and they received the renegade count with open arms. They even appointed him Captain-general of a part of their forces: and, as early as July following, marched upon the Pisan territories, which they laid waste without deigning to assign the most trivial motive. In this first inroad they got possession of Vicopisano and some other castles, after which they returned in triumph to Florence. The Pisans were the more greatly exasperated by this insulting attack, from the fact of its having been conducted at the instigation of a rebel. They had suffered not a little; and they prepared for a speedy revenge. By the month of September they had collected a tolerable army, and hastened to retaliate; nor did the Florentines refuse the challenge, and a sharply-contested engagement took place at Castel d' Asciano. After a great display of strength and courage on both sides, the Pisans were routed with tremendous slaughter; they lost a number

of prisoners, and the castle fell into the enemy's hands, and was given by them to the people of Lucca.

Animated by this event, the exiled party, united with the Florentines, and led by Count Ugolino, again attacked the Pisans, carrying terror and devastation wherever they appeared. The political pretext advanced by the invaders was the reinstatement of the Guelfs in their native city; but their renegade commander had far other views.

Too sensible of their inferiority, the Pisans declined an open engagement, but employed themselves in erecting an immense rampart of ditches, to the extent of more than ten miles, commencing near Pontadera, and stretching to within a short distance of Pisa. It was called the Fosso Arnonico, from its communication with the Arno, and it was fortified with stockades and tower-guards upon a plan supposed to render it impregnable to the enemy.

Perceiving its strength, the Florentines declined an open attack, and had recourse to stratagem. Having ascertained there was no point of approach, where it would be safe to attempt a passage, except that of its union with the Arno, less watched on account of its supposed security, they resolved, by making a feint elsewhere, to carry their whole force on this communication. Making a powerful demonstration on a part most remote from this position, while the Pisans hurried thither to the attack, the renegade count with the other chiefs made good their passage, and, followed by an overwhelming force, fell on the Pisan army, both in flank and rear, which, struck with

surprise, after a heroic struggle and many individual acts of bravery, was thrown into complete confusion, with the loss of a large number of prisoners. The result of this victory on the part of the Florentines was fatal to the independence of Pisa. Compelled to sue for peace at the hands of her more powerful and artful enemy, she was condemned to the humiliation of restoring the exiled citizens to their rank; in particular three of the most obnoxious families—those of Count Ugolino, the Upezzinghi, and the Visconti; besides ceding to the people of Lucca the two castles of Castiglione and Cotrone.

Thus reinstated in more than his former authority, the count had the policy to conduct himself with singular courtesy and moderation, insomuch that the people, in a short time, began to confide in him, entrusting to his management some of the most important negociations in the state. In this laudable course he persevered until the year 1284, when he was made admiral of the Pisan fleet, amounting to one hundred galleys, intended to act against the Genoese.

The naval warfare between these two states had commenced as early as 1278, the deadly rivalship having taken its origin in some trivial dispute between their respective merchants at Constantinople. Such was the inveteracy with which it was carried on that both republics put forth their utmost resources to destroy each other, and had suffered in a nearly equal degree.

The Pisans had last sustained a severe defeat; and, exasperated at their loss, they made incredible exertions to place themselves again upon an equality,

giving the supreme command to Ugolino, and for his seconds Andreotto Saracini, and Alberto Morosini, their Podestà. The flower of their nobility joined the fleets, and the entire wealth and vigour of the state were staked upon the enterprise. With this noble armament the count sailed direct for the port of Genoa, and there, as a bitter insult to the enemy, he shot a number of silver arrows into the city, at the same time challenging and lavishing the most contemptuous epithets upon the Genoese, for not coming forth to meet him. The Pisans afterwards burnt what shipping they found in the port; and setting sail for Varale, where they committed the same depredations, they went and cast anchor at Leghorn. They had hardly retired when the Genoese admiral Zaccaria, who had been in search of the Pisans, appeared in sight. Such was the rage of the Genoese that they would not allow him to enter the port, but, calling the whole of their naval force together, which amounted to one hundred and thirty galleys, they placed it under the command of Uberto Doria, with orders to seek out and annihilate the Pisan fleet. It had then returned to Pisa, but, on learning the approach of the Genoese, sailed forth amidst the shouts and acclamations of the whole people. They met, and joined battle near the rocks of Meloria; and all that skill and courage could achieve was brought into play; little time was allowed for missile and spear, the ardour being such on both sides as to impel every vessel to board its rival, and the two fleets thus grappled presented a scene of combat more

resembling that on land than upon sea. The conflict continued thus during many hours, without victory inclining in favour of either, when, seizing the opportunity, the Genoese concentrated their efforts against the Pisan capitana; and, having boarded, tore down her colours, scattering the fragments to the winds, from which moment the result was no longer doubtful. Towards the close of the battle, also, the Pisans were betrayed; for Ugolino, instead of bearing down on the enemy with his galleys at the most important juncture, basely deserted the station he had taken up, and bore for Pisa, spreading the tidings of a defeat, which, for the worst political reasons, he had been mainly instrumental in producing. The commander having fled, a total discomfiture was the result; twenty-eight galleys remained in the hands of the Genoese, a large number were sunk, and only a few dismantled vessels reached the port.

Pisa was thrown into universal despair; and in the midst of her sufferings the Count of Ghirardeschi, having thus treasonably freed himself from most of his enemies or rivals, resolved to seal his country's fate by usurping the remains of her freedom. Seizing the moment when his noblest fellow-citizens had been consigned to death or captivity, he convoked the general council, and, under plea of providing for the public safety, prevailed upon the distracted members, by motives of fear or interest, to elect him *Capitano delle Masnade*, a sort of dictator with almost absolute dominion.

The next object which Ugolino had in view was

to confirm himself in his power by promoting an union between Florence and Pisa; and this he carried on the grounds of expediency, in order not to be engaged with enemies both on sea and land, and to bring over the Florentines to assist them against Genoa; but in reality to establish him in his absolute rule. Wholly indifferent to the welfare or reputation of his country, he made a disgraceful compact with Florence, by which Pisa was bound to deliver up a number of her most important castles, besides other concessions of a humiliating kind. Owing also to this treaty, the Genoese pursued their advantages with far more inveteracy than before, plundering the unfortunate Pisans whithersoever they directed their course. The citizens ardently wished to restore their fleet, and ransom the prisoners; but both were opposed by the count as being inimical to his designs.

Meanwhile, he was engaged in rebuilding the Tower del Porto, and appointed Guglielmo Alberti, as his lieutenant; his next step was to arrogate the title of Captain of the People, and take up his residence in the Palace of the Lords, from which he issued his commands as master of the city. Marking the change in his deportment, many of the citizens began to suspect his motives; in particular Nino Visconti, the Judge of Gallura, who, albeit the nephew of Ugolino, was the first to lay the train for a regular conspiracy. He brought about a secret meeting of all the Ghibellines who had been banished from Pisa; he farther introduced them

into the castle of Pontadera, which they held on his account, besides fomenting the civil distractions in various other districts, and in Pisa itself, until the whole became divided into two factions, — namely, those of the judge, and of the count.

It so fell out, that, just at this period, a natural son of Ugolino, along with several of his followers, killed one Gano Scornigiani, belonging to the judge's party, and a young man very generally respected and beloved. So greatly did this incense his friends, and the party, that a tumult was the consequence; and nothing but cries of "Death to him who will have no peace with Genoa!" was heard to resound on all sides; but they were not joined by any considerable body of the people; and for that time the revolt was appeased. The Judge of Gallura, having failed here, had recourse to other means; he sought to exasperate the citizens against Ugolino, on the ground of his having taken up his residence at the Palace of the Lords, as a proof of the tyranny which he was attempting to establish. The people were on the point of rising in arms, and were only prevented by several influential men, who, deprecating their rashness, urged them to delay the hour. They then submitted that the matter should come under the jurisdiction of the magistrates and the *Uffiziali delle Arti.*

Count Ugolino, dreading open violence, consented to abide by the decision of the officers, and by them he was admonished "to reside in his own house like a good citizen, and not to dictate in the affairs of the

republic." Dissembling his rage, he obeyed; but lost no time in collecting a large body of his partizans and troops, an example which was as eagerly embraced by the judge and his followers. At this juncture the Podestà of Pisa arrested a certain Coccio di Guido, for contravening the existing law which forbade the carrying of arms. He was a relative of Count Ghirardeschi, who, on learning his imprisonment, sent an order to the Podestà to release him; but the latter refused, in the apprehension that he would by so doing subject himself to the imputation of being one of his partizans. On the ensuing night, however, the count, indignant at this contempt of his authority, took a company of troops, and, going to the palace, instantly set the prisoner at liberty; then, turning the Podestà out of doors, he ordered his own banners to be hoisted on the walls; and, having garrisoned it with his followers, he retraced his steps to his own house.

Aware that the opposite faction had originated with the Judge of Gallura, Ugolino now secrelty resolved to cut him off, whatever should ensue; and the better to effect this he listened to the suggestions of the Archbishop Ubaldini, a man of some authority, and of a wily, plotting character, which rendered him as dangerous as he was ambitious. He began by throwing out the strongest insinuations against the judge; and they soon came to a perfect understanding as to the measures to be employed, either to kill, or imprison him for life. His entire party was to be exiled or destroyed; and, in order that Ugolino might not be

suspected of having any part in these transactions, he left Pisa, and repaired to Settimo, intrusting the execution of the plot to Ubaldini.

By great good fortune, the judge received intelligence of what was going on, and had time to withdraw from Pisa with the whole of his party, and take possession of the castle of Calcinaga, in his own jurisdiction. Hardly had he retreated from the city when the archbishop, with a number of his followers, went armed to the Palace of the Commons, where he fixed his residence as the absolute lord of the city. Intelligence of the judge's departure no sooner reached the count than he hastened his return to Pisa, and felt not a little puzzled and dismayed when he beheld the good prelate conducting every thing with the hand of a master. He received a hint that the count was in no want of a colleague in the government; but he could not be made to understand the force of the argument, the love of reigning, so attractive to every order of animals, great and small, making him deaf to every appeal of the kind. The supporters of both sides now interfered, and it was agreed that the count should resume the reins of government; and the archbishop retired to his usual ecclesiastical residence.

In this manner did Count Ugolino della Ghirardeschi become absolute lord of Pisa; and, throwing off the mask, carried on the public affairs without the intervention either of the magistrate or the council. But the Genoese war still continued to make the count unpopular; for it was known that, so far from showing any disposition to restore to their friends the unhappy

prisoners who lingered in captivity, he used every effort to foment discord and dissension. The archbishop was on the alert to increase the discontent of the people, being instigated by the deepest hatred towards the count, for having succeeded in depriving him, by means of arbitration, of the princely power he had assumed. His malice might, nevertheless, have rankled in his own breast, had the count known how to exercise his new dignity with courtesy and moderation; but wanton cruelty has been invariably observed to follow in the footsteps of successful usurpation. It was by such means he sought to confirm his authority; nor is the doctrine yet exploded,—too many examples in modern times showing the decided tendency of ill-won power to sustain itself by any means, and to aim only at undivided and absolute control.* The first victim was Anselmo, Count of Capraja, whom he caused to be strangled on account of his being a favourite with the people; and a number of the best citizens were exiled for the same reason: admitting, by such acts, that he lived in constant terror of seeing his self-assumed authority snatched out of his hands.

In the year 1288, the sufferings of the people were aggravated by a famine, which gave rise to bitter complaints, and denunciations against the policy of their ruler, for neglecting to provide for the arrival of so great an evil. A nephew of Ugolino, feeling deeply

* As a curious illustration, I may here refer to the absolute Czar of all the Russias, and to the citizen King of France, both of whom were raised to their thrones over the heads of the elder and *legitimate* claimants, and established as *real a despotism* as could have been exercised by a Constantine or a Charles.

the public calamity and the reflections upon his uncle, conversed with him one morning upon the extent of the evil, advising him to attempt some remedy, while yet time, to give satisfaction to the public. Scarcely had the noble-minded youth uttered these words when the count, suspecting that he wished to cultivate the favour of the people, in a moment of anger attacked him with his poignard, crying, "You, too! would you rob me of my power!"—and after grievously wounding would have killed him, had he not been rescued from his grasp by the attendants.

Among other persons whom the uproar called to the spot was a nephew of the Archbishop Ubaldini and a particular friend of the wounded youth. Borne away by honest indignation, he inveighed bitterly against Ugolino, reproaching him to his face with the epithet of a cruel tyrant, which so incensed the brutal count that, seizing a weapon which lay at hand, he struck him a blow which laid the speaker dead at his feet. The body, bathed as it was in gore, was carried forthwith to the residence of the archbishop, who on first beholding it was struck speechless, and so remained gazing upon the corpse of his favourite nephew, with fixed eye and quivering lip, but without shedding a tear. At length, recovering his recollection, and mastering the rising indignation of his soul, he turned to the spectators, and, with the singular cunning and presence of mind which marked his plotting genius, he observed, "This is not the body of my nephew, and I know Count Ugolino to be incapable of such an act; you would deceive

me; take it away, and never let me hear mention of it again!"

But, like a secret and suppressed fire, which only requires more air and space to burst forth with irresistible fury, the hate and deep-seated revenge of the prelate burnt only the more intensely within. Brooding over schemes of horrible retaliation, he, for some days, appeared perfectly serene and cheerful, and at the end of that time he called together a few of his most confidential friends. He then gave a loose to his feelings, heaping upon Ugolino every reproach which his most violent, unnatural, and cruel tyranny could dictate to injured man. Such was the effect of his appeal on those who heard it, as to lead them to adopt the resolution of freeing the country from the yoke, or perishing in the attempt. The conspiracy spread with incredible rapidity, and such was the secrecy preserved that the tyrant had not the least intimation of its existence. After various consultations, it was agreed the first day of July should witness their deliberate assembly in the church of San Bastiano, where the declaration of peace with the Genoese, and the ransom of their fellow-citizens, should be unanimously given out. It was expected that the council of the magistrates, and the heads of the useful arts, would attend; and on the arrival of the day, in the presence of Ugolino, the questions were brought forward in the church. After a considerable discussion, however, nothing was resolved upon, and the meeting was dissolved. Perceiving that nothing had been done, it was resolved by the heads of the

people to call another council on the same morning,—to come to some decisoin before the count should anticipate their movement. This excited his suspicion; he dispatched one of his sons to assemble the whole of the Guelfs in arms, which no sooner reached the ears of the archbishop than he summoned the conspirators, and informed them that they must instantly rush to arms. The call was obeyed, and the heads of the people traversed the streets, every where bearing the republican banners, and uttering the astounding shouts of "Long live the people! Death to the tyrant and the traitor—Count Ugolino!"—and, while the air rung with their cries, the great bells, sounded only in times of extreme emergency, began to peal, and the people to pour forth in throngs.

The fearful tocsin struck upon the ear of the tyrant; but he was not dismayed. With the few partizans, and the troops he had mustered, he made a gallant defence, and more than once met the fury of the citizens, beating it back upon their own heads. The struggle soon became general, and was carried on with resolute desperation in different parts of the city: every street was a field of battle, and every house a fortress; and it was long before victory declared itself. But nothing could resist the increasing enthusiasm of the citizens; they fought against a tyrant, and the partizans of his cause began to waver, while more and more rushing to the aid of the archbishop, the count was compelled to retire to his palace, where he fortified himself as well as he could. The archbishop, without allowing the enthusiasm of the people to subside,

called upon them instantly to raze the palace to the ground, and he himself led on a powerful body to take it by storm. It was then that desperation and fear of a worse death led the assailed to make efforts almost superhuman; they repulsed the people repeatedly with immense loss; but the archbishop, still undismayed, invoked the citizens to bring fire to the aid of the sword, and burn the palace and the tyrant together. He was obeyed; immense piles of wood were heaped about the base, and these, being ignited round about the gates and doors, were thrown on all sides over the walls. There was no valour could stand the test of such an attack. The besieged party yielded to their fate; the palace was burnt; and Count Ugolino, his two nephews, and two sons of tender age, with many more, were made prisoners; among whom the tyrant himself was consigned to close captivity. The Pisans, having thus thrown off the yoke, began to re-organize their government. This done, they banished all the relatives of their former ruler, while they levelled his splendid palace along the Arno with the ground. Lastly, they took into consideration in what manner they should dispose of their terrific prisoner, and of his sons and nephews. The archbishop, still mindful of the loss of his nephew, desired, as a favour, that the care of the prisoner and his relatives might be intrusted to him, if they thought they were in any way indebted to him for their newly-acquired liberties; it was granted, and the prisoners were placed in his hands.

There was an old tower, belonging to the Casa

Gualandi, situated in a square called the *Sette Vie*, or Seven Ways; and the tower itself was accustomed to go by the same name; since called the Tower of Famine. There the archbishop commanded one of the interior chambers to be prepared, with strong iron-work extending over the whole walls, for the dungeon of the prisoners. When completed, he had them escorted thither under a strong guard,—namely, Count Ugolino himself, his two sons, and two young nephews. Being enclosed in this living grave, he is said to have locked the door, and there leaving them to die of famine to have thrown the key into the Arno. This is the terrific tragedy which has been described in such grand and forcible colours by the greatest of Italy's poets.

Such was the lamentable end of Ugolino and his unfortunate family, a fate which powerfully illustrates the observation of Tacitus, that "governments based upon violence are never of long duration."

To quit this fearful episode: it was long before Pisa fell under the power of her more successful rival. Florence had been engaged in a series of struggles with the tyrants of Lombardy, being nearly the only republic which had preserved her freedom up to the close of the fourteenth century. The possession of Pisa, Leghorn, and Porte Pisano, would consolidate her freedom, and was become the object of all her efforts. It was as strenuously opposed by the Genoese, until a new doge, in the interest of the King of France, determined upon making the liberty of Pisa an article of traffic. He agreed to sell it to the Florentines for the sum of 400,000 florins; but the Pisans rose, disarmed

the garrison of the Lombard tyrants, and made themselves masters of the city gates. The Genoese governor, who still possessed the citadel and castles, in conjunction with Gabriel Maria, then lessened the demand, and required only 206,000, which he received from the Florentines. Half of this sum he was to pay to his colleague; but, instead of fulfilling his engagement, he charged him with a plot against the King of France, and caused him to be beheaded. Having thus become possessed of so many strong places, the Florentines offered the most favourable terms for the submission of Pisa. But the citizens, with a republican pride worthy their oldest exploits, answered only by laying siege to the citadel, which they retook at the point of the sword. They then demanded peace, offering to reimburse the money paid by the Florentines; consenting, at the same time, to recall from banishment Giovanni Gambacorta, long favoured by their rival, and name him Captain of the People. But Florence required submission, not peace; and the indignant Pisans again flew to arms. They made incredible exertions to meet the Florentines in the open field, by employing their entire wealth in purchasing the services of the bravest Condottieri, whom they collected from every quarter, and mingled in the ranks of their own devoted and patriotic defenders. The Florentines pressed on the war with extraordinary vigour; but it was not till the expiration of a year that they were enabled to possess themselves successively of all the Pisan fortresses and territory; until they were at length closely besieged within the walls of the city. During the campaign of 1406, the

siege had been turned into a blockade; but no privations could subdue the spirit of this heroic people, even when sickness and famine were added to the severity of their lot. Unhappily for them, an equal degree of heroism was not evinced by the chief they had selected for his high talent. Gambacorta entered into a secret treaty with Florence; for the sum of 50,000 florins, and the county of Bagno, he consented to open the gates of Pisa to her rival,—an act of treachery which took place on the nights of the eighth and ninth of November, 1406. The Florentines sought to reconcile the vanquished citizens to their fate by every means in their power; provisions in large quantities were distributed by the hands of the soldiers to the people; but great numbers of the noblest citizens disdained to live under the yoke, and removed with their families to other states. The young men even left the army to enlist in foreign service; and the republic of Florence confirmed for a time her own freedom by destroying that of a rival. But the succeeding century witnessed her own fall, and by the arms of a family once her proudest ornaments and defenders. After the banishment of Pietro de' Medici, Girolamo Savonarola, a Dominican monk distinguished for his eloquence and energy of character, assumed the popular dictatorship of the city. The Signoria was filled with his partizans, and the anathemas of the papal court were hurled at him without effect. The pontiff had at length recourse to another plan; he sent a Franciscan monk of Puglia to challenge Savonarola on his own ground; to strike boldly at his reputation from the

arena of the pulpit itself. Eager for the conflict, Francesco repaired to the church of Santa Croce, where he proclaimed that his adversary had boasted he could prove the truth of his discourses by the power of miracles. He was far, he said, from wishing to tempt providence, but to rid the world of so wicked and confirmed a heretic, he would challenge Savonarola to the trial of fire, by mounting along with him upon a burning pile. Savonarola asked if he thought him mad !—and he flatly refused the offer ; but Bonvicini, one of his disciples, coming forward, as readily accepted it.

At this announcement the joy and enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds ; they were to behold a miraculous confirmation of the sanctity of their leader's opinions, and the humiliation of all his enemies. The papal party, on the other hand, feeling convinced that Bonvicini was inflammable enough to burn, made sure of striking also a death-blow at the ascendancy of the popular power of his patron. Till the period arrived, suspense and excitement arose to the highest pitch. Bonvicini had committed himself, while Francesco declared that he would not undergo the trial, except in company with his rival Savonarola. The fanatic zeal of their followers was as great as the caution of their chiefs ; and numbers claimed the honour of martyrdom, while the pope declared that the memory of so glorious an act would reflect lustre upon the Franciscan order to the remotest generations.

The same zeal spread to the senate, which appointed Rondinelli, of the order of St. Francis, to stand the test

against Bonvicini. The day fixed upon was the seventh of April, 1798; and the place, the public square. A scaffolding of five feet in height, ten in breadth, and fifty long, covered with chalk, and having in the centre an opening two feet wide, down which the zealots were to throw themselves, was prepared in public view. The entire population of the city and surrounding territory were gathered to behold this tremendous scene. The Loggia of the Lanzi was staked off, and prepared for the reception of the church militants of their respective orders, and a bridge of wood was made to communicate between the scaffold and the lodge.

The Franciscans first advanced in perfect silence to occupy the tent appointed them; while the Dominicans, with Savonarola at their head, came singing psalms, and bearing the cross, with the consecrated host in a crystal vessel. They were followed by an immense throng, who joined with the utmost fervour in the holy hymn, till the air resounded with their enthusiastic voice.

The details being adjusted, the Franciscans objected to Bonvicini wearing any apparel, lest it should conceal some sorcery against the power of fire; but the hero of his order submitted to the strictest search. All was ready: Savonarola placed the consecrated host in his disciple's hands, while the others exclaimed against the profaneness of risking its consumption in the flames. The cries of the populace, eager for the great act of faith, mingled with the loud psalmody of the Dominicans, produced a strange sentiment of wild,

religious awe; but Savonarola was inflexible in supplying his disciple with the shield of the holy host. The Franciscans opposed it; and during this keen dispute there fell an immense flood of rain, which not only saturated the funeral pile, but the patience of the people, who soon dispersed on every side. Such, however, was their rage at conceiving themselves deluded by the obstinacy of Savonarola, as to change their admiration into hatred and contempt; the spell of his eloquence and sanctity was lost; and the result proved as fatal to the illustrious Dominican as to the cause of public liberty itself. Only a few days subsequent, the party of the Medici triumphed; they attacked the convent of St. Mark; took prisoners Savonarola and Bonvicini; changed the *Signoria*, and opened the gates to the exiles. The funeral pile was now again prepared; no mock-martyrdom was the question, and both the patron and his disciple were placed upon the same terrific scaffold; no appeal was heard; and, in the flames that consumed the body of Savonarola, the popular freedom of the Florentines may also be said to have expired.

The reign of the Medicean princes, thus fearfully commenced, was stained with tragedies of a no less revolting nature, whether perpetrated in their own families, or upon the unhappy people under their sway. The same family—once the boast, the benefactors of their country, and the defenders of her public liberties—became a race of petty tyrants; for when man, however free and noble-minded, is transformed into that sanguinary idol of popular ignorance—an

irresponsible ruler, and invested with the trappings of ROYALTY, he loses all sympathy with common humanity; and from spilling the blood of his subjects with impunity by public declaration of wars, or wholesale executions, the transition to shedding that of obnoxious relatives, when no earthly responsibility awaits him, is no more difficult to the mind of the despot than for the Juggernaut to roll indiscriminately over the necks of its victims.

It was thus with the Medici, and with every royal family that has boasted the possession of supreme power in the annals of Europe, whether in more barbarous or in more refined times. Some of these princely atrocities, after the constitutional liberties of the states of Europe had been treacherously overturned, as was attempted in England by Charles I., have already been exposed; and on the subject of Florence, the Poland of popes and emperors, such revolting atrocities would have no end. I shall singly glance at some events connected with the fate of the celebrated Bianca Capello. A young Florentine named Bonaventuri, an agent for the house of the Salviati at Venice, saw and loved the fair Bianca. The palace of her noble family was situated opposite his own dwelling; he frequently saw her at the balcony; and such was the origin of their mutual and fervent passion. She was watched, however, like the garden of the Hesperides, with dragon-care; the lover could reach it only—like Jove his Danae—by means of a golden shower, which, in short, nightly descended upon a small gate of the edifice, when the dragons were charmed to sleep. Not few, but

brief and rapturous, were the interviews thus obtained. To avoid death, or dishonour,—and perhaps both,—the lovers were soon induced to take to flight; and they sought refuge in Florence. Imagine the scorn and rage of an aristocracy like Venice,—one of whose members had been thus stabbed to its very heart of honour,—so deeply contaminated by a simple citizen of Florence! There they wed, and became objects of popular curiosity, which prided itself on so gallant a feat. The situation of the lovers was little removed from penury; and the surpassing beauty of the young lady was soon bruited in the ears of the reigning prince. Francesco had just returned from Spain, and found no difficulty about an introduction. She took his fancy; she stood in need of protection, and he gave it, declaring they need no longer be in dread of the indignation of the Capello family. He assigned them a palace, took Bonaventuri into his confidence, and soon excited the observation of the court. Every mark of pomp and dignity was lavished on Bianca; perhaps she had loftier views, for one night her husband was found assassinated in the public way. Soon after, Giovanna of Austria, the grand duke's consort, died suddenly; and Bianca succeeded to her title and dignity. At the same time there arrived two senators, and the patriarch of Aquileia, deputed by the republic of Venice to assist at the celebration of the nuptials, who read a senatorial decree, declaring the Capello a daughter of San Marco, an honour never before bestowed, except in the instance of Caterina Cornaro, when she became Queen of Cyprus.

The new grand duchess was generally disliked by the people of Tuscany. Again, the sudden death of the duke's only son by his former consort, much beloved by the people, was naturally enough attributed to the malignant arts of a step-mother, to secure the succession of her own offspring. But their union was unfruitful, though it was industriously reported that Bianca had recourse even to spells and sorcery of the most fearful description to become a mother. Being here too foiled, she tried fraud and imposture; she affected the progress of a pregnant state, and substituted a child of obscure parents for a legitimate prince of the Tuscan throne. It was discovered, and she was compelled to own that she had attempted to graft a base-born peasant on a princely stock. Such, however, was the duke's infatuation that her influence continued undiminished, while the Cardinal Ferdinand de' Medici, the next heir, witnessed with indignation the conduct both of her and his brother. He had resided till the year 1587 at Rome, when, at the repeated instance of the duke, he was prevailed upon to repair to Florence. He took the delightful country seat of Poggio Cajano, the better to join in the chase; but the scene of rural festivity was soon changed into one of terror and grief. On the eighth of October the duke was seized with a fever, pronounced by the physicians to be the severest form of ague. Two days after, Bianca was taken ill in a precisely similar manner. The duke's thirst was excessive, and most tormenting; he declared that his throat and stomach were parched—were on fire; he could take only the

most cold and gelatinous drinks. On the ninth day, the disease grew more alarming, and, after medical art had exhausted its efforts, he died in torture at the age of forty-seven. Before his decease he called his brother to his couch, entreated his pardon, invested him with the ducal power, and recommended his consort and attendants to his care. Meantime, rumour was busy with the name of Bianca, but she too was in extreme suffering; and when informed of the duke's death she lost her reason, and soon after expired in great pain. This simultaneous decease gave rise to the most strange and contradictory reports; the cardinal was accused of having poisoned them, and even evidence of the fact is said to have appeared of having prevented the proper antidotes being administered, and of giving with his own hand the mixture which deprived his brother and his sister of life.

The character of Ferdinand, however, in some measure, refutes the charge; there are no grounds sufficiently strong to load his memory with so heavy a crime, though the circumstances appear extremely suspicious. His reign was favourable to Tuscany; he protected commerce and the arts, founded the Port of Leghorn, and carried the marine to a high degree of power and discipline. Ferdinand, son of Cosmo II., survived him only a short period, and was succeeded by Ferdinand II., who governed for a space of forty-nine years. He was a weak prince; his apathy and languor seemed to extend to the character of his subjects. Cosmo III. assumed the ducal dignity in 1670, narrow-minded, superstitious, and timid.

His cruelty towards his consort, Margherita of Orleans, and her flight to France, presents the sole episode of his reign that preserves his history from a blank. Giovanni Gastone, the last grand duke of the Medicean house, died without issue; and the great European powers, as at present, amused themselves with protocols and conventions relating to the succession. By such means the house of Lorraine assumed the sway of Tuscany; and so feebly and despicably closed the career of the descendants of the great Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici.

# VAL DI MAGRA.

Apri gli orecchi al mio annunzio, e odi:
Pistoia in pria di Negri si dimagra,
Poi Firenze rinnuova genti e modi.
Tragge Marte vapor di val di Magra,
Ch' è di torbidi nuvoli involuto;
E con tempesta impetuosa ed agra
Sovra Campo Picen fia combattuto,
Ond' ei repente spezzerà la nebbia,
Si che ogni Bianco ne sarà feruto:
E detto l' ho perchè doler ten' ebbia.

DANTE, INF. C. XXIV.

THE river Magra takes its source in *Monte Orsajo*, on the Appennine, and discharges itself into the Mediterranean, under Capo Corvo, a little below Sarzana. A chain of mountains divides itself into two, forming a circle, from the Cisa of Contremoli, more or less wide, and across it runs the Magra. At Filattiera a large valley opens itself to view, where the tops of the surrounding mountains are crowned with castles. From one of these, Mulazzo, the torrent Caprio is seen foaming and rushing to unite itself to the Magra; and lower down appears the Bagnore, gliding along the rock on which Villa Franca is situated. All the country, right and left of the Magra, forms what is called the Val di Magra; and nothing can be imagined more grand, more majestic, or more truly romantic, than that part of the Appennines so little visited by travellers. The mountains are covered



with olive-trees, from which is obtained the oil which forms the principal revenue of the inhabitants, and which is considered, when pure and of the right quality, the best in Italy.

The historical recollections attached to Val di Magra are splendid, and form one of the most remarkable group of events in the history of Italy. All the castles in the Val di Magra, as well as Massa and Carrara, which are close by it, belonged at one time to the Malaspina family, one of the most influential if not the most ancient in Italy, and which contended with the house of Este both in power and nobility. Branches of the family are still existing in Italy; and, up to the French revolution, Fosdinovo, Aulla, and other castles of Val di Magra, belonged to a Marquis Malaspina, who held them with sovereign authority, as an imperial Marquisate, or *Feudi Imperiali* of Lunigiana. The ancient Luni, now destroyed, was in Val di Magra; and its ruins are still to be seen, a little lower down than Sarzana, on the Magra; hence the province is generally called *Lunigiana*.

The most glorious of all recollections of which a Malaspina may be proud is that attaching to Lunigiana, and the castle of Mulazzo; Dante in exile was nobly received by the then head of that powerful house. They were generally Ghibellines, although one of them, Morello, or Maurello, was leader of the Negri in 1301, when he defeated the Bianchi. It is to him that Dante alludes in the lines quoted in the motto, calling him a "vapor di Val di Magra." Dante was

not, however, useless to his noble host; for it was by the poet's negociations that Franceschino Malaspina, Lord of Mulazzo, succeeded in concluding a treaty of peace with Antonio, Bishop of Luni, in 1306; a circumstance which we remark as unnoticed by Dante's biographers, and which can be proved by an original deed existing in the archives of Sarzana.

The gratitude of Dante towards the Malaspina family was unbounded; and it is even said, with some probability, that the second part of his *Commedia*,—that is the Purgatorio, was dedicated to the above-mentioned Morello, on whose lady, Alagia, of the noble family Fieschi, of Lavagna, the poet passes a most pleasing and flattering compliment, putting the following words in the mouth of Pope Adrian, her uncle:

> Nepote ho io di là che ha nome Alagia,
> Buona da se, pur che la nostra casa
> Non faccia lei per esempio malvagia;
> E questa sola m' è di là rimasa
>
> PURG. C. XX.

The most splendid compliment paid to any family by Dante was that to the house of Malaspina, towards the end of the eighth canto of the *Purgatorio*. Dante there finds *Currado Malaspina*, a highly distinguished individual of the family, who puts some questions about Val di Magra to the poet. Hence occurs the following singular dialogue:

> Se la lucerna, che ti mena in alto,
> Truovi nel tuo arbitrio tanta cera,
> Quant 'è mestiero in sino al sommo smalto,

Cominciò ella :* se novella vera
Di *Val di Magra*, o di parte vicina
Sai ; dilla a me, che già grande là era.
Chiamato fui Currado Malaspina :
Non son l'antico, ma da lui discesi :
A miei portai l' amor che quì raffina.
O, dissi lui, per li vostri paesi
Giammai non fui ; ma dove si dimora
Per tutta Europa, ch' ei non sien palesi ;
La fama, che la vostra casa onora,
Grida i Signori, e grida la contrada,
Sì che ne sa chi non vi fu ancora.
Ed io vi giuro, s' io di sopra vada,
Che vostra gente onrata non si sfregia
Del pregio della borsa, e della spada.
Uso, e natura sì la privilegia,
Che perchè 'l capo reo lo Mondo torca,
Sola va dritta, e 'l mal cammin dispregia.
Ed egli : Or và : che 'l Sol non si ricorca
Sette volte nel letto, che 'l Montone
Con tutti e quattro i piè cuopre, ed inforca,
Che cotesta cortese opinione
Ti fia chiavata in mezzo della testa,
Con maggior chiovi che d' altrui sermone ;
Se corso di giudicio non s' arresta.

* That is, the soul of Currado Malaspino.

# LA SPEZZIA.

Methought we went
Along the utmost edge of this, our world;
But soon the surges fled, and we descried,
Nor dimly, though the lark was silent yet,
Thy gulf, La Spezzia! ROGERS' "ITALY."

THE Gulf of Spezzia presents one of the most animating prospects to be seen on the coasts of the Mediterranean. As a marine station, it was so highly regarded by Buonaparte that he had formed the intention of establishing there the arsenal for his fleets; while the neighbouring country, distinguished for fertility, and variegated in the most pleasing manner by hills covered with vines, and numerous well-built villas and hamlets, speaks encouragingly of the prosperity of its inhabitants. The only fault which the most practised eyes have found with the prospects presented by La Spezzia, is a certain degree of uniformity or heaviness in the hills to the north of the gulf; but the ingenious writer, who makes this remark, adds at the same time that the scenery is every where beautiful, and alludes to the rich chesnut-groves and olive-grounds which, on the south side of the bay, are intermingled with its spreading vineyards. One, however, of the most remarkable objects in the vicinity of Spezzia is the fountain of fresh water which springs up in the sea, about a mile from the

shore. Such is the force with which the spring rises that the fresh water causes a sort of mound, of near twenty feet in circumference, on the surface of the waves.

The population of Spezzia consists of about four thousand persons of various classes; but those of the lowest orders exhibit a strange contrast, by their poverty and wretchedness, to the fertility and cheerfulness with which nature has surrounded them.

My friend Dr. James Johnson, in his very able and highly useful work,* notices, with the enthusiasm of a genuine tourist, the effects of the scenery on first approaching the neighbourhood of Spezzia and its bay. "We were crossing," he observes, "the MAGRA before the least glimpse of day-light was visible—our little *buona bestia* appearing quite familiar with the ferry-boat. Hence we ascended through a romantic country, where the olive and the vine are perpetually contending for the mastery,—till the Gulf of Spezzia burst on the enraptured sight. The indescribable beauties of this bay are seen from various and advantageous points of view, but from none better than from the hill which we ascend after passing through the town itself, which is delightfully situated close to the shore. From the terraced and olive-clad hill over Spezzia, the eye wanders away by Lerici towards Leghorn, shifting from promontory to promontory, with unceasing delight. In the north-western

* "Change of Air, or the Diary of a Philosopher in Pursuit of Health and Recreation," &c., &c. Second edition. 1831. It is not, as its title would import, merely a *vade mecum* to the invalid; but full of sprightly, amusing, and shrewd remark.

direction, the headlands and mountains, about the harbour of Spezzia, contrast finely with the magnificent sheet of ocean glittering under a meridian sun.

"Taking a parting look at this enchanting gulf, we plunge away into a wild but romantic scene of mountains and valleys, till we arrive at the bed of the roaring Magra, where the new road winds along the brinks of yawning precipices, while the foaming river is heard chafing against the rocks beneath. This road is not yet finished, and there are few parapet walls or stones; but the eye soon becomes familiarized to paths along the most perpendicular cliffs, when travelling among the Alpine regions.

On approaching Borghetto, situated in a wild and savage-looking country, we encountered one of those mountain-torrents so common in Italy, and which was foaming down a steep course, and falling into the Magra within a hundred yards of the place where we were to cross. The torrent had evidently been momentarily swelled by some rain that fell among the mountains, and, though narrow, appeared to me to be rather dangerous. Galliardi was of a different opinion, and drove boldly into the stream. By the time we reached the deepest part of the bed the water began to curl into the *carricello*, and the *buona bestia* was unequivocally tottering, and even lifted occasionally off the bottom. I saw at once that we were in imminent peril, and instantly threw off my cloak to swim for it. At this moment Galliardi sprang from the shaft into the torrent, and,

floundering like a grampus, reached the farther bank in a twinkling, leaving me and the mule to shift for ourselves! Seeing the Magra roaring along within a few yards on our right, and not wishing to leave my bones in that river at this time, I was in the point of following Galliardi's example, when he bawled out to me to keep my seat. I should have paid very little deference to this advice, being conscious that I could swim tolerably well, but, at this critical moment, the poor animal, lightened of half its load, and apparently encouraged by the sight of its master on dry land, made two or three desperate plunges, and obtained firm footing on the shelving bank, where Galliardi vigorously assisted him in dragging the *carricello* and myself out of the water. I confess that this little aquatic excursion gave me no great relish for the new road, although Galliardi assured me that I should become quite reconciled to such incidents, especially between Genoa and Nice."

# GENOA.

'Twas where o'er the sea
Delicious gardens hung; green galleries
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy arches flung from cliff to cliff,
Wildering, enchanting; and, above them all,
A palace, such as somewhere in the East—
In Zenastan, or Araby the blest,
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sun—
Rose, when Aladdin rubbed the wond'rous lamp.

ROGERS' "ITALY."

Mihi nunc Ligus ora,
Intepet, hybernatque mare. PERSIUS.

THE traveller who has wandered with delight through the rich valleys of the south, looks with as keen a glance at the beauties of a colder clime as he who has never left the regions of his northern birth-place. There is a charm in the far, wide wanderings, to which disposition and circumstance sometimes impel men, that none but such travellers can experience to the full. At home we have to wait for the change of seasons; to watch long and anxiously for nature's putting on the garb in which we love her best; but let us go forth, and far enough, and we find her awaiting us in her shrine, her golden sceptre held out in token of peace, the hours clad in the very livery of our hearts, and the scene decked out as our inmost thoughts would have it appear. But the transition from one class of scenery to another affects the traveller

with a feeling of pleasure unknown to others. It is he who has had the sinews of his imagination braced by the sublimest prospects that can enjoy with the most deep delight the beauty of the calmest. Autumn is only sad from the recollection of spring; and the ice-peaked mountain is beheld with liveliest emotion when it rises from the midst of glowing plains. Bright and beautiful then is Genoa, on her bold sea-beaten cliff, to him who comes from the bowers of Pausolipo, or the plains of majestic and once luxurious Pæstum. The very personification of a free state, she sits looking upon the broad, mighty, ocean, that roars at her feet, unchanged in appearance, since the time when she spoke and was obeyed in the farthest east. The winds that freshen her seas still seem to fill her with the old republican spirit; and the traveller who recollects, with a sigh, dejected Venice, and the grass-grown streets of Ferrara, and mysterious Rome, will rejoice in her air of freedom and vigour, even though there is a mingling of doubt in the pleasure.

All who have written descriptions of Genoa agree in expressing the highest admiration of her appearance from without. The noble bay which she overlooks is formed by an amphitheatre of rocky hills, rising above each other in rude and naked majesty. Amid these rough and precipitous crags is seen, on one side of the semi-circle, the strong and crowded city, and on the other a succession of smiling villas, with their gardens and orchards blooming healthily as the gardens of the north in a genial summer. It is, however, as generally allowed, that the interior of Genoa

corresponds but little with its external appearance. Of its numerous streets three only—namely, the Strada Balbi, Strada Nuova, and Strada Novissima—are in any way worthy of attention. The rest are little better than lanes, and the noble palaces of which many of them consist are crowded together like hovels in the worst parts of other cities. But it is not only of space that the Genoese have been parsimonious in the structure of their edifices. The churches, though not admired for architecture, are ornamented both within and without in the most costly manner. The same remark holds good of the mansions of the nobility. Marble, and gold,—paintings, statues, and tapestry, are employed with almost unlimited profusion in their decoration. The Durazzo palace is one of the most splendid in Europe; and Mr. Eustace states that the Emperor Joseph, who was lodged there during a short visit to Genoa, observed, "that it far surpassed any he was master of." On the outside, this magnificent building presents a front which, both in length and elevation, is scarcely equalled by that of any other edifice of the kind; while the interior—with its staircase, each step of which is a solid block of the precious Carrara marble,—its galleries and vast saloons, filled with the grandest productions of art, and covered with gilding unsurpassed for splendour,—conveys the idea that it must have been the established residence of a wealthy monarch rather than that of a merchant-nobleman. There are several other palaces of almost equal magnificence in the city, such as those of Doria, Domenico Serra, and that in which the doge is at

present lodged, all of which are remarkable either for the extent or the splendour of their apartments.

Of the public buildings, the church di Carignano is the most worthy of notice. This beautiful structure, which owes its existence to the piety and munificence of a single nobleman, is built on the summit of the hill from which it takes its name; and the approach to it is over a bridge, built by the same individual, and spanning a deep chasm, which, before the bottom and sides were covered as they now are with houses, must have had an awful appearance. The church itself stands in the midst of a small plantation, is built in the form of a square, and ornamented with Corinthian pillars, and a dome rising above two towers. It is not, however, for the style of its architecture, but for its situation, that this edifice is so much admired. It is every way grand and picturesque; and, from its dome, the prospect spreads before the eye of the spectator in boundless magnificence and beauty. The extent which the city and its suburbs occupy is very distinctly marked out by its double line of fortifications. Of the two walls which surround it, the outer one forms a circuit of twelve miles, the other takes in a space of about half that extent, and both are protected by towers and batteries of great strength, and most formidable appearance.

As there are no antiquities to amuse the traveller in Genoa, he is obliged to concentre his feelings and sympathy within the range of its modern history. Whatever he sees around him brings to his mind the idea of wealth, but the wealth of individuals rather than of

the state. The palace of Andrea Doria is the most interesting edifice of an historic kind, but its magnificence is of the same character as that of other palaces belonging to noble families; it owes all the grandeur with which the imagination endows it to the single circumstance of its having been the residence of the Doge Doria. The three hundred years that have passed since the time when that celebrated man flourished here have scarcely bestowed upon it the first shade of hoar antiquity, and it requires, perhaps, some effort of the mind to recal, at the sight of any Genoese building, the image of its former grandeur as a state. Mr. Hazlitt has observed, in speaking of Italy in general, "that it is not, favourable to the look of age, or of length of time. The fervours of the climate are less fatal; the oldest places seem rather deserted than mouldering into ruin, and the youth and beauty of surrounding objects mixes itself up even with the traces of devastation and decay. The monuments of antiquity appear to enjoy a green old age in the midst of the smiling productions of modern civilization. The gloom of the seasons does not, at any rate, add its weight to the gloom of antiquity." In Genoa, some portion of this observation will strike the traveller as just as it is ingenious; but if it were true, as applied to Italy in general, it would be so in respect to other countries, where the climate is equally pure and sparkling, and nature as ready to pour forth her exuberant treasures. It would be as true in Greece as in Italy, and in almost all the countries of the glowing east, or the luxurious south; but it would be

difficult, it is probable, to find a traveller willing to hazard the assertion that such is the case. Few people have greater reason to complain of the uncharitable conduct of writers than the Genoese. From Virgil down to Mrs. Starke, it has been a favourite custom to represent them as "born to cheat;" but in contradistinction to these accusations, we have the testimony of more than one traveller, of the highest credit, to their industry and great benevolence. Mr. Eustace relates that "the noble family of Lugara were accustomed to lot out each day a sum equivalent to thirty-two pounds English, in providing food for all the poor who came to claim it. Another nobleman," he adds, "having no heirs, devoted his whole property, even during his own life, to the foundation of an asylum for orphan girls, who, to the number of five hundred, were educated and provided with a settlement for life, either married or single, at their option." The numerous hospitals which exist in the city prove the same fact, so creditable to the character of the Genoese. Of these establishments the Albergo dei Poveri is one of the most deservedly celebrated. Nearly three thousand poor persons, including those of mature age and orphan children, are sheltered within its walls; while the judicious rules by which its unfortunate inmates are preserved from contracting habits of indolence do equal credit to the benevolence and good sense of the managers. The building itself is of great extent, and the church, which stands in the centre, is so managed that the services performed in it may be seen and heard from every part of the

hospital. In the church, which is considered handsome, there are statues of Doria, Balbi, Spinola, and other eminent men who have distinguished themselves as benefactors of the institution; and an interesting proof is thus given of the charity, which, whatever may be the faults of the Genoese character, certainly forms one of its principal elements.

Having thus briefly glanced at some of the chief objects in this celebrated city, we shall now take a similar view of its history, selecting for notice such circumstances as seem best calculated to give a just idea of the general state and character of the republic in its several periods.

The early history of Genoa represents it as exposed to many misfortunes and revolutions, long before it held a place among the republics of Italy. It was almost the last spot on which the Greeks defended themselves against the power of the Lombards; but it at length suffered the same fate as the rest of the country; and such was its weakness, and the bad state of its defences, when it had been some time subject to its conquerors, that about the middle of the tenth century it was taken and sacked by a party of the Saracens. But this very calamity seems to have been the cause of future wealth and independence. At the instigation of Benedict VIII., the Genoese formed a compact with the little republic of Pisa, then actively employing its resources against the Turks; and the first expedition of the combined forces being crowned with success, they, from that period, began to feel conscious of their strength, and to assume a rank among the neighbouring states.

Unfortunately, however, they had made an agreement with their allies respecting the division of the spoils, which they were unwilling to ratify. The island of Sardinia, on which the attack had been made, became by the treaty the prize of the Pisans, while the Genoese were to receive, as their reward, the booty taken in the conflict. A fierce struggle was commenced by the latter, to annul this disposition of the prizes; and it was not till the Pisans had taken up arms in defence of their conquest that amity was restored.

How rapidly the republic now advanced towards improvement, may in some degree be learned from the form of its government, and the regulations which secured the safety and property of the people. The chief magistrates, who were called consuls, owed their authority to the annual election of the community, and were intrusted with the administration of the chief functions of the state. But, to correct or modify their proceedings, others were chosen in the same manner to watch over the due administration of the laws; while, whenever the people thought such a measure necessary to their liberty or to the preservation of good order, a number of commissaries were chosen, who, under the name of correctors of the laws, were bound to remove abuses, or change the statutes, according to the necessity of the times. That such a power might often lead to abuses, and diminish, instead of increase, public liberty, there can be little doubt; but the fact that the correctors were nominated at the call of the people, is a proof that the spirit of republicanism was awake and in full activity. The people, when about

to consult on any measure of interest, assembled together in an open space, appointed for the purpose, and there, as the chief power of the state, not only carried on their deliberations, but received the accounts of the magistrates, as the servants of the republic. It is, in great measure, to this circumstance that we are indebted for the possession of any historical documents respecting the fortunes of Genoa at this early period. Her only historian in the twelfth century was one of her magistrates; and this venerable chronicler, whose name was Caffaro, presented every year the annals of the past twelve months to the consuls in full council; after which, if found to be correct, the document was laid up in the public archives. The work of Caffaro, which commences with the date of 1101, and ends with that of 1164, was continued by other writers to 1294; and though the reader of this history will continually find occasions to suspect the candour or freedom of the authors, he will be able to discern enough of the spirit of the times, and of the footsteps of the republic, as it passed onwards to wealth and power, to satisfy himself as to the more important parts of the detail.

One of the first circumstances in the narrative which interests the imagination is the bold devotion with which the Genoese, still in alliance with the Pisans, proceeded to the conquest of the Holy Land. Before the walls of Cesarea, they manifested both their courage and their zeal, in a manner admirably indicative of the enthusiasm which reigned in their breasts. At the command of the Archbishop of Pisa, then also Patriarch of Jerusalem, who headed the forces, among which

was Caffaro himself, they held, what in the language of the historian is called, a parliament. In this assembly the patriarch advised his companions to consecrate themselves to God, the next morning, by receiving the sacrament, and then to attack the city, without either towers or machines, but to ascend the walls on the ladders they might bring from the galleys. "If," said he, "you do this, and depend for conquering the city, not on your own strength, but on that of God, I prophesy to you that God will give the city, with all it contains, into your power, before the sixth hour." The Genoese commander, Caput Mallio, immediately declared his assent to this counsel, and encouraged his followers to put it in execution, by declaring that he would himself first mount the walls. He kept his word. Early the next morning the scaling ladders were fixed to the walls; and the general, clad in his coat of mail, and armed with a lance and a sword, sprung upon the battlements. But he stood alone in his triumph: many were attempting to follow him; but, at the moment when he awaited their support, the ladder broke, and he was left, without help, to the fury of the enemy. Aware of his peril, he looked around on the city below, on the camp of his army, and on the towers filled with Saracens. There was evidently no means of escape: trusting himself, therefore, to God, he put up a fervent prayer for aid, and then darted to one of the towers with which the walls were covered. In his attempt to ascend the stair-case, he was met by the man on guard, and a fierce struggle ensued; but he proved the conqueror, and, making for the summit of the building,

waved his sword, a signal to his friends, and a sign of defeat to the terrified Saracens. The summons was quickly obeyed by the Christians; and in a brief period Cesarea, according to the prophecy of the patriarch, was in their hands. The success, however, which they obtained in this and other encounters with the Saracens, led at last to a fresh contest with their rivals, the Pisans. Claiming for each other, as the reward of their valour, the most extensive privileges at Constantinople, the spirit of mercantile jealousy involved them in disputes, which ended by the violent expulsion of the Genoese from the eastern capital. Reprisals were then made by their fleets on those of Pisa; and the two republics remained in a state of fierce hostility, till the Emperor Frederic Barbarosa forced them into peace. The conduct of that celebrated sovereign towards Genoa was characterised by a singular mixture of firmness and policy. He, to all intents, subjected it to his power; but so well concealed the yoke he had imposed as to make the haughty republicans his willing vassals.

The situation of the island of Sardinia afforded a more permanent cause of dispute with the Pisans than the settlement at Constantinople; and a circumstance occurred, about the middle of the twelfth century, which will show how readily every opportunity was embraced by Genoa to annoy its rivals. On the conquest of Sardinia, the Pisans, according to the custom of the times, had given the lands to different gentlemen, to hold as feudatories of the republic. But Genoa employed the little influence it possessed on the island

with so much skill that, at the time of which we are speaking, it was already in close amity with the chief of the Sardinian nobles. Of these there were four who had the title of judges, and exercised a species of sovereign power in their respective estates. The possession of this authority, and the continued affectation of princely pomp, at length inspired one of the number with an unconquerable desire to enjoy the reality of that of which the semblance was so agreeable. Ambition is seldom long in determining on what plan to pursue the furtherance of its wishes; and Barison, the name of the judge, at once resolved to bring his own hopes into the same channel with the pride and jealousy of the Genoese government. On a visit, therefore, to Genoa, he communicated his views to two of the principal consuls, who were his private friends, and boldly offered to reduce the whole island to the power of the republic, if they, in their turn, would bestow on him the sovereignty. The design was sufficiently flattering in the eyes of the Genoese; but they could do nothing without the assent of the emperor; and Barison, accordingly, had to lay his plans before that politic monarch. Frederic perceived, in an instant, the advantages which would result to him, should the design prove successful; and, at the same time, knew that he could suffer no harm from the failure of the enterprise. To Barison's proposal, therefore, that he would do homage for the whole island, and pay him an annual tribute of four thousand marks, in return for being invested with the sovereignty, he gave an attentive and favourable ear. The consuls who attended the

audience confirmed Frederic's opinion of the feasibility of the scheme, by promising Barison the support of their fleet; and he, accordingly, declared his willingness to give him the kingdom of Sardinia. No sooner, however, had the ambassadors from Pisa become acquainted with Frederic's answer, than they declared that such a grant would be an injustice to their state; and that Barison was, in every respect, their vassal. The emperor contented himself with replying to this, by asking the Genoese consuls if they could effect their purpose against the will of the Pisans. "We are able to do it, and we will do it," was the immediate answer, "for our glory,—let them be willing or unwilling."

Barison was treated with all the honours due to his royal station, and his hopes seemed completed, when the consuls, at the command of the emperor, placed the crown upon his head, which they had ordered to be made at Genoa. Frederic silenced the objections of the Pisans with a few haughty words, and then demanded of the new king whether every thing had been done according to his wishes, and the promises he had made him. "All things, by the grace of God, and your majesty, have been done as was promised me," replied the delighted Barison. "Seeing, then," said Frederic, after putting his seal to the imperial charter, "that every thing has been done for you, it is fitting that you pay to me, king, the four thousand marks of silver which you have promised." "It is true," said the somewhat startled monarch, "that I have promised you that sum, my lord emperor, but I have it not at hand; nor can I pay it till I go to Sardinia." Frederic an-

swered, angrily, that he ought to have had more, rather than less, ready for the crown and kingdom which he had obtained, and that he could only depend upon his deeds, not on words. "My lord emperor," replied the unfortunate monarch, "if you doubt my saying, I will prove the truth of it. Only give me time sufficient to go to Sardinia and return, and my promises shall be fulfilled." "Talk not thus to me," exclaimed the emperor, "nor endeavour to change my opinion. Thou hast the ability to pay me now, and I will hear of nothing else." "It is impossible for me," said Barison, "to pay you here; but I will go to my residence, and consult with the consul and other friends." "Do so," was the stern reply.

The agitated monarch, whose first taste of kingly happiness was thus bitter, hastened to the consul, and, on entering his apartment, exclaimed, "My lord consul, I am, as it were, imprisoned; and cannot escape, except by your aid, and that of the nobles of your state." The consul replied that he was unable to assist him by his own will; but that he was grieved for his situation, and would consult with his colleagues as to the measures which might be taken for his relief. To Barison's unspeakable joy, the answer of the council was, "Afford to King Barison whatever he requires, and render him all the honour which it behoves him to receive, and the republic to give." Unable to repress his feelings, the monarch, when this message was delivered to him, burst into tears; and, thanking God for such timely aid, immediately repaired, accompanied by the consul, to the emperor. There the functionary of the republic

gave his bond for the payment of the sum in question, after a certain number of days; and Barison, with the consul and his train, returned to Genoa. Scarcely had he arrived there, when the chief men of the state addressed him: "King! the republic hath faithfully preserved your honour; it is now right that you should repay us that which, for your honour, we have paid the emperor." To this the monarch replied, "My lords and fathers, I am, and shall for ever remain, devotedly yours. I am not able to pay you while I remain in Genoa; for, were I, it would not have been necessary for me to borrow of you for the emperor. But in Sardinia, where all my possessions are, I will pay you without delay, as I earnestly desire to do."

More placable than the emperor, the Genoese gave full credit to the assurances of the king, and, at his earnest request, even lent him another large sum to equip the armament which he deemed necessary to secure his safe establishment in his new dominions. Seven galleys and three larger vessels were accordingly fitted up, and a considerable band of bowmen and other soldiers was enlisted to accompany him. Full of gratitude for the liberality with which the republic treated him, he made a formal grant of his lands to its citizens and their posterity.

Unfortunately, the prosperity which now seemed ready to compensate him for his previous troubles and anxieties received a sudden check from other and unlooked-for circumstances. Only a few days had passed, since the happy settlement of his negociations had taken place, when some Pisans came to Genoa;

and, with seeming solicitude, sought communication with the monarch. Jealousy is a characteristic feature of republicanism; and the Genoese no sooner heard of Barison's intercourse with the Pisans than they conceived the idea that he was about to form a league with them, and contrive some expedient for freeing himself from the bonds he had lately contracted with the state. This suspicion pervaded the minds of the persons whom they deemed it expedient to send with him in the galley in which he sailed a few days after for Sardinia. No sooner, therefore, had they come near the island, than they again desired payment of the money which had been lent to the king. Barison had despatched messengers to his wife, and other friends on shore, for the requisite answer, with full confidence that it would be forthwith given into their hands. His messengers, however, returned, but without the money. They informed him that neither his wife nor his vassals would allow them to enter the castle, and they refused to pay the sum required till he came himself. On hearing this, he observed to the ministers of the republic, "You see there is no hope of receiving payment until I go myself." But the Genoese would on no account allow of his leaving the vessel till the money was paid them; and, as the winter was now approaching, they became proportionably anxious for settling the affair, and returning to their homes. This desire was still farther inflamed by the report, current in their little fleet, that the Pisans were on the watch to surprise them, and that the partisans of Barison in the island were already prepared to ensnare any

of their party who might venture ashore. These and similar suspicions at length raised the fears of the principal men who had the conduct of the expedition to such a height, that the command was given for weighing anchor and returning to Genoa. The unfortunate king, doubtlessly, saw the shores of his country vanish from his eyes with feelings of intense sorrow. His dreams of ambition were vanished, and had left nothing in their place but a mingled sense of self-reproach and of indignation at the conduct of his pretended friends and allies. The treatment he received, on arriving at Genoa, confirmed the worst of his fears. Instead of being treated with the complacency he had so lately experienced, he was cast into prison, and there left to mourn for many years in solitude over the misfortunes he had incurred, from an ambition as vain as it was unjust and dangerous. While thus left to himself, and his melancholy reflections, the little territory from which he had hoped to derive so much honour and enjoyment was the scene of hot contention between the Genoese and the partisans of the Pisans. The intentions of the unfortunate Barison were no sooner made known to the other three judges of the island than they renewed their oath to the republic from which their forefathers had received the estates they occupied, and immediately entered into a league to resist the proceedings of the intended monarch. The disasters which befel him enabled them to carry on their designs with little difficulty; and the miserable Barison heard, in a brief period, that he had not only involved Sardinia itself

in deplorable ruin, but had sacrificed his own patrimony, which now lay desolated by the fire and sword of the enemy.

The fate of Barison conveys a very powerful moral; but it is one which a mind capable of ambition will at once discover; and we therefore hasten to relate another incident, from the same early period of Genoese history, which will serve to show the state of feeling in the republic at that time.

As Florence had its Corsi and Donati, so Genoa had its factions of the Avogadi and the Marquisses of Volta. The fierceness with which the feud between these two noble and wealthy families was carried on knew no bounds. Even the robe and dignity of consul had been an insufficient safeguard to the person of the Marquis of Volta, and he perished by the hand of his enemy even while exercising the highest functions of the state. Nor was he the only nobleman who perished in a similar manner. No less than four fell beneath the knife of the assassin in the year 1166; and, each party increasing every day in numbers as well as violence, the republic seemed threatened with immediate dissolution. In this situation of things, some of the wisest and most influential men in the city resolved upon making an attempt to restore order and tranquillity, before every chance was lost of saving their country. The clergy, at the head of whom was the archbishop, a man as venerable for his virtues as his age, readily combined with the magistrates in the measures they were about to take; and, thus prepared, the little band of patriots

hastened to try the effect of their scheme. The appointed hour arrived; and the darkness of night still enveloped the city in gloom, when the inhabitants were suddenly alarmed by the sound of the bells tolling, the accustomed signal for the assembling of the people in parliament. In an instant the public square was filled with crowds of astonished and inquiring citizens; a scene presented itself to their sight of strange solemnity; and no one could say for what purpose or at whose instigation they had been assembled. The gravest of the magistrates were there; with them were the most esteemed of the citizens; there also were some of the chief members of the factions which had so long filled the city with confusion, and in the midst of the assembly were the archbishop and his clergy, clad in their robes, and bearing in their hands crosses and other emblems of religion. The blazing torches, which many of the chief citizens bore, shed a broad light over the anxious countenances of the multitude; and expectation was raised to the highest point, when the aged archbishop came forward, and began in the most impressive manner to urge on the assembly the Christian duty of charity, mutual forbearance, and forgiveness. Having done this, he turned to the persons who had played the most conspicuous part in the late tumults, and implored them, for the sake of their fellow-citizens and their country, not to persevere in their violence, nor cherish an enmity which was so destructive to the state, and so entirely at variance with the laws of their religion. The whole assembly was

deeply affected at the pathetic appeal of the venerable prelate; and their emotions were still farther excited when one of the heralds stepped forth, and approaching the chief of the Avogadi, who chanced to be present, besought him, in the name of the republic, to be reconciled to his enemies. A powerful impression was made on the mind of the nobleman by this address; but the desire of vengeance, the fierce hate, and unconquerable pride, which had so long held possession of his soul, were strong antagonists to the emotions which it was hoped might arise in his bosom. The hesitation which was discoverable in his countenance prompted the assembly to a more general expression of its feelings, and not a tongue was silent while the clergy and the magistrates supplicated him to establish peace. Thus appealed to by the united voices of a whole people, he could neither resist his desire to sympathize with their wishes nor overcome his deep-rooted determination to pursue his quarrel. In this conflict of passion he tore his mantle, and, casting himself upon the earth, proclaimed his resolution never to cease from seeking that vengeance on his enemy he had purposed to obtain. This declaration was followed by renewed prayers on the part of the people; and at length he was induced to reverse his determination, and sacrifice his rage to the solicitation so solemnly urged upon him.

The assembly received the announcement of this happy change in his disposition with great delight, and immediately rushed to the palace of the Marquis of Volta, to claim the same assurance at his hands. Their

entreaties again prevailed; and the two rival noblemen, in whose quarrel so much blood had been shed, and who had hitherto resisted every argument which either the state, or prudence, or religion had been able to bring against their conduct, now embraced each other, and promised mutual forgiveness. The day dawned upon the city, rejoicing in the return of tranquillity; and thousands of the inhabitants simultaneously joined the clergy, as they poured forth their hymns of thanksgiving in the public square where they had gained so signal a triumph over the haughty passions of human nature.

We might select other passages of a similar kind from the pages of Genoese history; but the above will afford the reader some idea of that mixed condition of good and evil in which the subjects of the early republic were placed. The city was torn by faction, and became the victim of every feud which private malice, or the sense of wrong, might instigate; but the people were at the same time open to the most generous impulses; and it only required the aid and support of established institutions, of sound and equal laws, instead of the sudden resolves of popular will, to nourish those dispositions into the most admirable of social virtues. But, unfortunately, they never obtained these supports; and both their successes and their incipient good qualities were, in consequence, sacrificed to a continual succession of domestic broils.

About the end of the twelfth century the people found it necessary to resign their power into the hands of a Podestá, whom they elected for the purpose of

opposing the nobles, who seemed only to possess their rank to give them a license to wage war with each other, and involve the city in unceasing discord. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Podestá was deprived of a portion of his power; and an officer, termed the captain of the people, endowed with supreme authority. The fourteenth century afforded at its commencement a triumph to the Genoese, which, had they known how to use their prosperity, would have fixed them permanently at the head of the Italian republics. The siege they sustained, in the year 1317, has been compared to that of Troy in all but its results. Instead, however, of pursuing their success with that steady resolution which could alone have made it profitable, they allowed the Venetians to derive daily accessions of strength from their negligence and internal confusion. This was also the case when, towards the conclusion of the same century, they conquered that people, now become their rivals, as the Pisans had been a hundred years before, in the war of Chioggia. The port of that name had already fallen into their hands, and the inhabitants of Venice hourly expected to see the galleys of the enemy pour forth their crews among the marble palaces of the Rialto; but, instead of taking advantage of the consternation they had inspired, they remained idle spectators of their own triumph, and had at last to meet the Venetians again in equal contest, and retire from the scene of their former victory, defeated and disgraced. This, it is said, was the beginning of that series of disasters which, at length, ruined the power of Genoa, and

rendered the Venetian flag triumphant over all its compeers. From that period, Genoa lost something every year of its independence and confidence. In 1396, and again in 1458, it became the willing vassal of France; and, a few years after, again changing its master, yielded its liberties to the Dukes of Milan. It remained under their control till 1528, when it once more asserted its claim to dignity and independence, and for some years wore the aspect of a wealthy and most flourishing republic. "It was now in a condition," says the Cardinal de Retz in his celebrated history of Fiesco's conspiracy, "which might have been called happy had it been better secured. To all appearance it enjoyed a glorious tranquillity, acquired by its own arms, and preserved by those of the great Charles V., whom that state had chosen for the protector of its liberty. The weakness of its enemies sheltered it from their ambition, and the charms of peace restored a prosperity which the disorders of war had long banished. Trade began to revive in the city, to the visible advantage of the public and of private persons; and if the minds of the citizens had been as free from jealousy as their fortunes were from necessity, that commonwealth had soon recovered from its past miseries, by a state of ease, wealth, and happiness. But the want of union among them, and the seeds of hatred which the late divisions had left in the hearts of the people, were dangerous elements, which plainly indicated that the great body was not yet cured of its distemper, and that its seeming health was like that of those persons whose bloated faces carry with them a

good appearance, but conceal many ill humours. The nobility, who had the government in their hands, could not forget the injuries which they had received from the people during the time that they had no share in the management of affairs; and the people, on their part, could not suffer the dominion of the nobility, but viewed it as a new tyranny, contrary to the ordinances of the state. Some, even among the noblemen, who aspired to a higher fortune, secretly envied the grandeur of the rest. Thus the one commanded with haughtiness, and the others obeyed with indignation, and many thought themselves servants because they did not act enough like masters."

Such was the state of things when the Count of Lavagna, John Lewis de Fiesco, urged by ambition, and the natural impulses of a bold and ardent mind, undertook to improve the condition of his country by placing himself at the head of its affairs. He was but twenty-two years of age, was accomplished, amiable in his deportment, renowned for generosity, and beloved by all who could pardon his habits of luxury and pleasure for the sake of his better qualities. In fortune he equalled the wealthiest, and the antiquity of his family gave him a claim to all the respect which can belong to a noble descent. From these combined circumstances, the young Count of Lavagna, it may be considered, might well have aspired to the highest station in the government of the republic, without finding it necessary to employ any desperate measures to secure the object of his wishes. But there was at this time a man at the head of the state whose power

had been gained by a succession of the noblest actions, and to whom his country owed a debt of gratitude which no subsequent action of his life had cancelled. This was the celebrated Andrea Doria, who had freed the republic from the yoke of France, whose galleys he formerly commanded, and to whom, in the fulness of their joy, the Genoese had raised a statue, bearing an inscription which designated him, "The Father of his Country, and Restorer of Liberty." Had he not attempted to share his honours with those who had no part in their acquisition,—had he appeared as the sole chief of the republic,—his age, the recollection of his actions, and his known virtues, would have secured him to the end of life the firm attachment of his countrymen. But, unhappily, he allowed his relative and adopted son, Giannetino Doria, to appear as his associate in the management of public affairs; and as that person possessed neither the fame nor the virtues of his illustrious protector, so his pride and the untimeliness of his interference were excused by no feeling of respect on the part of the people. The nobles, especially, were indignant at the assumption of dignity by a man so little entitled to affect superiority as Giannetino; and rumours of discontent were to be heard in every quarter of the city. But Fiesco viewed things with a different feeling to that of most of his fellow-citizens and associates; the indignation which he nourished, in common with them, was converted into food for those restless passions which could not be satisfied with the round of pleasure in which he strove to steep and stifle them. He caught, with eager delight, at

the chance of busy peril and adventure, and the bright prospect of elevation, which the first thought of supplanting the power of Doria suggested. From that moment his whole mind became absorbed in meditating on the means by which this important object might be effected. A vast field of enterprise was opened to his imagination; he saw himself united with the greatest princes of Europe, and felt his heart warm with the praise he should receive from his countrymen for having freed them from the despotism of an usurper. These feelings were still further increased when he found the views he had formed approved of by those who had the ability to aid him in their execution. While intent on his project he visited Rome, and there held a conference with the French ambassador, who at once expressed the warmest approbation of his design, and promised him extensive assistance. The pope is also supposed to have signified his pleasure at the scheme, and Fiesco returned to Genoa to renew his project, not as a private adventurer, but as the colleague of the King of France, and the boldest politicians of the age. He appears, however, to have been somewhat startled at the rapid strides he had taken towards the fulfilment of his wishes; and it seems probable that he might, at this period of his proceedings, have been easily dissuaded from pursuing them further. But, either from some suspicion of his intentions, or from an increasing disposition to arrogance, Giannetino Doria treated him, on his return, with a degree of superciliousness which inflamed his indignation, and awakened the most des-

perate of his resolves. He was, at the same time, visited by an agent of the French ambassador, who, anxious to restore Genoa to his country, was determined to urge him forward to the completion of a design which promised so well. Convinced by the representations of the shrewd politician, to whom the ambassador had trusted his errand, Fiesco signified his determination to take the course he advised, and accordingly signed the articles of agreement which bound him to co-operate, in return for certain assistance, with the King of France. But scarcely had the gentleman left him when Fiesco's mind again wavered, and he immediately despatched a person to hasten with all speed after the messenger, and bring him back for a further conference before the final step was taken. He then summoned three of his most trusty friends to attend him, and, in their presence, unfolded his views, and asked their advice. Vincent Calcagno, of Varesa, was the first who delivered his opinion, in doing which he strongly insisted upon the folly and danger of Fiesco's proceedings, proving to him that he had neither sufficient means nor experience, neither power nor reputation enough, to effect his purpose. He warned him also to beware of attributing to himself the praise of patriotism, when the desire of self-aggrandizement was the chief impulse, and concluded his address, which, if genuine, as given by the Cardinal de Retz, was a master-piece of political wisdom, with this weighty counsel, "Learn to regulate your ambition; and remember that the only instance wherein that passion can be justified, is where you set

aside your own interest, and follow only the rules of your duty. There have been many conquerors who have ravaged states and overthrown kingdoms, who have not possessed that greatness of soul which enables us to look with an indifferent eye on the most exalted and lowest condition,—on the greatest human happiness and misery,—on pleasure and pain,—on life and death; but it is this love of true glory, this elevated state of the mind, which renders men truly great, and raises them above the rest of the world. This is the only glory which can render you perfectly happy, even though the dangers you imagine to yourself surrounded you on all hands, since you cannot acquire any other without disgracing yourself by the greatest of crimes. Embrace, therefore, this glory, as well out of prudence as generosity, since it is 'more useful, less dangerous, and more honourable.'"

Very different was the advice of Varena, the next speaker: "I should wonder," said he, "that there were any one man in Genoa capable of the sentiments you have just heard, were not my wonder lost in the consideration of what the commonwealth suffers. When every body bears oppression with so abject a submission, it is natural for them to hide their complaints, and seek excuses for their weakness." He then addresssed himself to the count, and, passing the most lofty encomiums on his virtues and eminent qualifications for doing honour to the highest station, strenuously exhorted him to aim at once at the possession of that crown which would otherwise grace the head of the hated Giannetino. There is a bold, reck-

less tone about the whole of this speech, admirably characteristic of an Italian statesman, accustomed to continual feuds,—to the transfer of principalities, and the execution of plots by the sword which the most cunning wits had amused themselves in framing. "All affairs," said this daring counsellor, "bear two different aspects; and the same politicians who blame Pompey for having strengthened Cæsar's power by incensing him, have praised the conduct of Cicero in ruining Cataline." Again: "I know that one of so scrupulous a disposition, and so jealous of honour as you are, will hardly bear to be sullied with those terrible names of rebel and traitor. Yet these mighty scarecrows, which public opinion has framed to frighten the minds of the vulgar, never bring any shame to those who bear them for extraordinary actions, when they are attended with success. The crime of usurping a crown is of so illustrious a nature, that it may pass for a virtue. Every class of men has its peculiar reputation; the common sort ought to be conspicuous for their moderation, and the nobler for their ambition and courage. A poor pirate, who used to take little vessels in the time of Alexander, passed for an infamous robber, whilst that prince, who took whole kingdoms from their rightful sovereigns, is to this day honoured as a hero; and, if Cataline is blamed as a traitor, Cæsar is spoken of as the greatest man that ever lived." By these sophistries, by confounding such characters as the base, licentious Cataline, with the virtuous Cæsar, because they resembled each other in one point, though in that but imperfectly, Fiesco quickly

lost the impression made by the prudent admonitions of Calcagno. There was one point, however, in the speech of Varena, which seemed to exceed all the rest in violence and impudence. He distinctly opposed the idea of a union with France, and, when contradicted by Raphael Sacco, who spoke last, supported his opinion on this matter so firmly, and with so great a show of reason, that the Count finally resolved not only upon carrying his original design into execution, but to trust for support entirely to his own courage and resources.

His resolution being thus firmly taken, he now began to employ all the accomplishments, of which he was master, to confirm the popularity he already enjoyed to a considerable extent among his countrymen. Every class of persons received some kind or flattering attention at his hands: the poor silk-weavers, who, it appears, were at that time suffering greatly from the want of employment, were secretly supplied by him with large sums of money, for the support of their families. He also took care to obtain the promise of troops from the Duke of Placentia, near whose territory his estate was situated; while his own vassals were kept in constant training, under pretence of resisting some expected aggression from the prince, with whom he had just entered into alliance. His three tried friends, mentioned above, notwithstanding the difference of their sentiments respecting the plot, now joined heartily in labouring to secure its success; and, by their efforts, not less than ten thousand persons are said to have been engaged to co-operate with them: their profound policy, at the

same time, preventing the real purpose they had in view, from becoming known to any of the party. As the time approached for executing this deeply-formed design, they increased their diligence and watchfulness. Fiesco, sacrificing somewhat of his high and chivalrous feeling of honour, to what he deemed the necessity of his situation, condescended to play the part of a hypocrite with Giannetino Doria; and appeared before him with a smooth and complacent aspect. One of the four galleys, in the mean while, which he had prepared for the attack on the harbour, was brought, under some pretence, into port; and a part of his retainers were, by a similar artifice, introduced among the citizens.

It was now time that the period and mode of commencing operations should be determined without delay; but doubts and difficulties opposed themselves to almost every suggestion that entered the minds of the conspirators. At first it was proposed to assassinate the aged doge and his nephew while at a religious solemnity; but to this Fiesco objected with honour, notwithstanding the voluntary offer of Varena to perform the deed with his own hand. The idea next entertained was that of putting them to death at a marriage festival, when the count would have an opportunity of inviting them to his palace; but to this he appears again to have objected, from a strong sense of the infamy he should incur by such an act of treachery. It was, therefore, at length determined that open force should be employed, but only with such caution as might secure success, rather by the rapidity with which the blow

was struck, than by the treachery that veiled it. The night of the second of January was appointed for the execution of the plot; and the former part of that day was carefully employed by Varena and the rest, in visiting their associates, in examining the state of the city, and especially those quarters on which the principal attack was to be made; while Fiesco himself had fresh stores of arms, and little bands of soldiers, quietly introduced into his palace. As the evening drew on, he despatched Varena to the principal public places, to see if any suspicious circumstances indicated the discovery of the plot. He went himself to the house of Giannetino; played, it is said, with the children, and acted in every way as a man who had no other care on his mind, than that of wiling away the time. On his way home, he called at the house of his friend Tomaso Assereto; and finding there between thirty and forty gentlemen, whose dispositions, he knew, were little favourable to the present government, he invited them to sup with him, and they accompanied him to his palace. Orders had, in the mean time, been given to admit every one who came, but to allow no person to go out; and the courts and apartments were, by nightfall, nearly filled with guests and soldiers. But few were acquainted with the count's intentions. The rest beheld, with fear and astonishment, the snare into which they had fallen. Instead of the preparations for a feast, they saw nothing but the signs of an approaching and fierce conflict. The tramp of soldiers and rattling of arms sounded strangly in the ears of people, who had expected to enjoy the pleasures of a

palace, so notorious for its gaiety and splendour. Strangely, too, looked them ailed bands, and anxious vassals, and the bold conspirators themselves, whose flashing eyes and compressed lips, indicated many a dark resolve. One guest whispered his doubts to another, and was only answered with surmisings that increased his amazement. The more reckless of the party disputed on the subject, and hurled forth angry and boastful threats against their private enemies.

In another part of the palace the sober and experienced were gathered together in close debate, speculating by turns on Fiesco's character and designs, on the state of Genoa, and the conduct of old Doria and his haughty nephew. At length the assembly was summoned to the great hall of the palace; and there the count, in a spirited and encouraging address, rapidly explained his objects, besought them to assist him, not merely for his, but for their own sakes, and that of the republic at large. In allusion to the arms which were piled around them, "I should offend your courage," he said, "if I imagined you capable, at the sight of these objects, to deliberate about the use of them. That use is certain, by the good order which I hope to put things into; it is of the greatest advantage to you: it is just, because of the oppression you suffer—it is glorious, by the greatness of the undertaking. I might prove by these letters that the emperor has promised Andrea Doria the sovereignty of Genoa: and is ready to fulfil his promise. I could show you, by other letters which I possess, that Giannetino has three times attempted to hire people to poison me. It would be easy for me to

prove to you that he has given orders to Sercaro to murder me and all my family, the moment his uncle may die. But the knowledge of all these horrid and infamous treacheries would add nothing to the detestation you already feel for these monsters. Methinks I see your eyes sparkle with the generous fire with which a just desire of vengeance fills you: I see you more ready even than myself to express your resentment, to ensure your estates, your peace, and the honour of your families. Let us then, my dear fellow-citizens, save the reputation of Genoa; let us preserve our country's liberty; and let us show the world that there are yet left, in this state, honest men, who have the heart to bring tyrants to destruction."

This address was received with loud applause; those who trembled, it is said, seeing the necessity of concealing their fears, and the rest not wishing to lose the reward they might expect to receive, if successful, by any tardiness in expressing their sentiments. There were only two of the persons present who desired to be excused from participating in the plot, and they were allowed to retire into another apartment, in which they were carefully locked up, to prevent their communicating any of the proceedings to those without.

All was now ready, and Fiesco's heart beat high with hope and resolution. His followers were all armed, and eager to issue forth: every minute of delay seemed fraught with danger, and they would have rejoiced to spring at once into the scene of conflict. But the count, in that moment of intense anxiety,

suddenly disappeared. The softer emotions of his nature had overcome the passions which were less consonant to his feelings; but had involved, till that instant, every other in the fire they had kindled. The Countess Leonora, his wife, was beautiful, and, in all ways, worthy of his love. When he entered her chamber he found her bathed in tears. She was only imperfectly acquainted with his designs; and, when he explained them to her, all the eloquence of the most passionate fondness flowed from her lips to dissuade him from his purpose. But she implored in vain; nor did the arguments urged by an aged domestic avail to increase the force of her appeal. Fiesco yielded for a moment to his tenderness, and then tore himself away, exclaiming, as he bade Leonora adieu, that she should either never see him again, or that she should behold him come to declare her mistress of Genoa.

On returning to the hall he gave his final directions for the commencement of the assault. According to these, one hundred and fifty men were to proceed immediately to that part of the city called the borough, whither they were to be followed by himself, and his chief companions. His natural brother, Cornelius, was then to march with a detachment, and make himself master of the gate of the arch: while his other brothers, Jerome and Ottobon, were to attack the gate of St. Thomas; awaiting, as their signal, the firing of cannon from the count's galley, which was ready, under the command of Varena, to shut up the mouth of the bason. The count himself, was to leave guards at

the arches of St. Andrew and St. Donatus, and at the Place des Sauvages; and then make the best of his way to the gate of St. Thomas. Assereto was to give his aid at the same point. The securing of this station was regarded of the utmost importance; the communication between the two parties of the assailants, depending upon its being in their hands. The next measure determined on was, that as soon as the gate of St. Thomas, near which stood the Palace of the Doge, might be taken; a party should force the palace, and immediately put both Andrea Doria and Giannetino to death. It was also agreed, that the general cry should be *Fiesco and Liberty*.

The attack commenced prosperously. The Gate of the Arch, and that of St. Thomas, fell, after a short contest, into the hands of the conspirators. Giannetino, awakened with the first sound of the tumult, rushed from the palace, and was instantly slain. The doge himself escaped, through the cautious regard of Jerome Fiesco for the wealth of the palace. But he was not in a state to rally his guards; and, while he fled, Fiesco and his friends took possession, one after another, of every place of importance in the city. Glorying in his success, the count flew to the harbour, where he found Varena already almost master of Doria's galleys. In a few minutes longer they became his own, and his triumph was complete. But, at this instant, a noise was heard in one of the vessels. The slaves, by which it was chiefly manned, appeared rising against their conquerors. Fiesco sprung upon the board which led

from the shore to the galley—the unsteady support gave way, and he was precipitated into the deep. Clad in heavy armour, as he was, he had not time even for a struggle, and his ambition and his triumphs were alike at an end.

Verrina was among the first to learn the fatal catastrophe which had occurred; but he had the prudence to conceal it from his followers: the same caution was exercised on the part of the other leaders; and, by the dawn of day, the city was completely under the power of the conspirators. The senate assembled, and desired to make terms. Ignorant of the fate of Fiesco, they sent a messenger to learn his demands. His brother Jerome answered in his stead; and, with a pride as fatal as it was arrogant, that it was with him alone the senate had now to confer. No intelligence could have been more acceptable to the state. It was Fiesco alone whom they feared. His popularity only could have shaken the long-confirmed power of Doria; and, that gone, the throne which it had undermined, again settled firmly on its old foundations.

The measures taken by the government against the discomforted conspirators were prompt and vigorous. They, at first, pretended to treat with Jerome and his party; and thereby drew them from the posts in which they had entrenched themselves. Doria, cherishing the deepest hatred against them, proceeded cautiously to effect their ruin; and they, most of them, fell by the hand of the public executioner. The Palace of Fiesco was razed to the ground. Those who had taken even

the most insignificant share in the conspiracy were banished for fifty years; and Doria again ruled in Genoa with supreme authority.

Unfortunately for Italy, her great maritime states, the very inlets of her wealth, were, from the earliest period of her history, intent only on ruining each other. Thus Pisa sunk with the increase of Genoa: and Genoa, with that of Venice. From the period of which we have spoken above, the Genoese found themselves deprived, one after another, of their richest possessions; and finally reduced to depend for protection upon France. It is, at present, subject to Sardinia, and, as it is one of the richest cities of Italy, so, also, it bears less evident traces of the changes, through which she has past, than most others in that land of melancholy recollections. But whatever may be the feelings of animation with which the traveller must still behold the busy and populous shores of this noble city, there will be one of sadness, united with them, when he recalls to mind, that Genoa, in the thirteenth century, had won by her fleets settlements both in Asia and Africa; where the Moorish, and other princes, gladly accepted her alliance;—that the port of Azoph, at the mouth of the Don, and that of Caffa, on the Black Sea, the two best mercantile stations then known, were theirs: that Smyrna, and the suburbs of Constantinople, Pera and Galata, belonged to them: and that not merely the petty severeigns of states, equal in extent to theirs, sought their friendship; but even the Emperors of Austria and the Sultans of Egypt

were happy to purchase their support. When the power and splendour of republican Genoa, in these times, are considered, it is impossible that the mind should not shrink with terror, from those enemies of freedom and independence,—the rivalry of free states among each other—the admission of anarchy and licentiousness in themselves.



# SAVONA.

Non perchè umile, in solitario lido,
Ti cingono, Savona, anguste mura,
Fia però che di te memoria oscura,
Fama divelghi, o se ne spenza il grido;
Che pur di fiamme celebrate e note
Picciola stella in ciel splende Boote.

CHIABRERA.

This city, situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, was once of greater importance than it at present can boast. Conquered by the Genoese, Savona repeatedly attempted to throw off the yoke, even assisted by the Pope, Giulio II., a native of the place. In 1525 the republic of Genoa declared that Savona had forfeited all its privileges, and incurred a fine of twenty-five thousand crowns. It was, moreover, condemned to have its harbour filled up; and, by this tyrannical policy, the commercial importance of the capital was increased. Many of its houses were demolished to build a fortress to overawe the city, which was nearly destroyed by the explosion of a magazine, containing one thousand and twenty barrels of gunpowder, which was set fire to by a thunderbolt, on the night of the seventh of July, 1648. More than two hundred and fifty houses fell to the ground, and nearly seven hundred persons were buried under the ruins. No house escaped without great injury, several hundred inhabitants were severely wounded, and a great many lost their lives by the

effects of terror. The city now contains scarcely ten thousand inhabitants. Although it has not any claim to the honour of being the birth-place of CRISTOFORO COLOMBO, as some have asserted, yet Savona may boast of having contributed her share to the number of great men who have adorned Italy. Besides being the native city of Pope GIULIO II., as we observed, it was also that of SISTO IV. GABRIELLO CHIABRERA, the most Pindaric of Italian Lyrics, and a poet, who, to great originality of thought and style, added both uncommon energy and softness, was born at Savona.

Before being subjected to Genoa, Savona was the title of a marquisate of the noble family CARETTI, or, DEL CARETTO, the origin of which was lost in remotest antiquity. It was thus genealogists and chroniclers had it in their power to make it descend from an imperial source by one of the most romantic adventures ever recorded, and which is briefly as follows :—

Alerame was the most valiant knight in the suite of Otho I., Emperor of the Romans ; he was liked by his master and loved by all the ladies of the court, at which he was, however, almost a stranger, possessing nothing but his gallant soul and noble demeanour. Adelasia, a daughter of the Emperor, was struck as much as the rest of the court with Alerame's merits, and, thinking that a princess might take some liberties not allowed to others, after having loved him long in secret, she could not conceal her passion from its object, and plainly informed him of it. Alerame grew "pale and red" at this intimation, and knew not what to think. He tried at last to talk

to the young lady about *duty*, and the difference of rank, but she was offended at his observations, and concluded by telling him that she would expose him as a coward and a despicable fellow if he did not run away with her. There was no standing such arguments, advanced by a young princess, and the valiant knight yielded. Taking advantage of the absence of the emperor, who was at a diet, the loving couple eloped in great style, with a large retinue of servants, many horses, and plenty of money, having determined to live in splendour, and to take shelter in Italy.

They soon, however, heard of the great rewards promised for their apprehension, and of the terrible punishment with which the emperor threatened to visit them, if he succeeded in getting them into his power. They were, therefore, obliged to dismiss their attendants (N. B. at the end of the first day's journey they were married according to the canons, by a parish priest of a village where they rested for the night), and to disguise themselves, which they succeeded in doing so well, that often the officers sent after them, presented them their own portraits (this was the kind of recognition then in use) to inquire whether they had seen any such persons abroad. They had nearly succeeded in getting out of Germany, where they were robbed of whatever they possessed; and, we rather suspect, began to think they had done better to stay at home, although they made a point of not avowing it. Driven to extremities, they withdrew into the neighbourhood of Savona; and, to get his livelihood, Sir Alerame was obliged to turn *Carbonaro* and make

charcoal, and then take it to Savona to sell, whilst his lady acted both as his squire and servant. Their family increased, however, and, in course of time, they had seven apprentices to the coal trade. Yet none of them seemed to like the occupation. The eldest, William, instead of laying out the money which he got from coal-dealers in the necessaries of life, sometimes bought a sword, at others showy feathers, or perhaps a hawk, almost despising his father for not being fond of such things. Finally, he ran away, and went into the emperor's service. The second son was following the steps of his elder brother; but the others were too young to be able to do the same; yet they showed every inclination to do it.

William distinguished himself so much in the service of the emperor that soon he was deemed worthy of being knighted, and in this quality he followed his sovereign, who undertook an expedition into Italy to drive out the Saracens. On arriving at Savona, Sir William asked the emperor to allow him to go see his family, who lived in the neighbouring mountains. This place of abode seemed so singular, that the monarch ordered a gentleman of his household to follow Sir William in secret, and see from what kind of people he was born. This was done, and, owing to Adelasia nearly betraying herself through fear, rather than by his own recollection, the gentleman recognised Sir Alerame, as well as that lady, and was very much hurt by their situation. He thought that the emperor regretted his own severity, and was rather inclined to receive the guilty couple into favour again,

had he only known where they lived; yet he was not quite sure of the emperor's feelings. He determined not to betray them, and see what could be done in their behalf. He was obliged to report to the emperor concerning his mission, "but," says the old chronicler, "as a true courtier," he knew so well how to dissemble, that he satisfied Otho without letting him know the important discovery that he had made."

To assist Sir Alerame and the princess Adelasia, this gentleman went to the Bishop of Savona to consult with him how they should proceed to inform the emperor of the fact, and obtain pardon for the guilty persons. His lordship thought that the best time would be, when a tournament, which was fixed for a few days hence, should take place. "Let Alerame give proofs that he is still the same noble warrior that he was, by entering the lists and behaving as he was wont to do. We shall then have a greater chance in his favour. The emperor, although touched as a father, might think it his duty to proceed severely as a sovereign." The plan was agreed upon, and Alerame was secretly provided with a steed, a suit of armour, and all what was necessary for the tournament. We are naïvely told by the chronicler that the night before the day appointed for entering the lists, Alerame "dreamed of nothing but of triumph and of the gallows;" as he made sure of the one, and was not without his misgivings that the other might be the reward of all his trouble: sentence he knew had long been passed upon him, and he feared lest the time for execution had arrived.

Alerame entered the lists with an unknown device, his visor lowered, and unaccompanied by any one. He attracted the attention of all the company by his graceful and noble carriage; but the ladies thought him rather ungallant by not parading about to see and be seen, and not asking or seeming to care for any favour: the knights would fain have made him the subject of their sport, but he looked like a man with whom it might be dangerous to have a quarrel.

The reader must have already foreseen what happened. The tournament opened, but it lasted only a short time; for Sir Alerame conquered very easily all the champions who dared to meet him, and was declared the conqueror. During the confusion inseparable from the occasion, the unknown champion vanished, and, when the herald came forth to summon him to the imperial presence to ask what boon he might like as a reward for his gallantry, no one answered the call. The disappointment was general, and the emperor felt this as an insult: he thought to disappear in such a manner was a slight put on his dignity: and, as no gentleman could be conceived capable of behaving so churlishly, it was supposed that the "great unknown," being probably of a low birth, felt that he had no right to show himself among the flower of the nobility. It was, however, still more disgraceful, that *he* should be the conqueror of them all. In his distress of mind the emperor was heard to wish for Alerame: "had he been present no stranger would dared have come to snatch the flower of knighthood from the imperial court."

The bishop thought this an excellent opportunity for interceding: yet, to do it more efficaciously, he begged to be allowed to present to the emperor the family of a particular friend of his; and, on leave being granted, he introduced the sons—the seven sons of Sir Alerame—each offering a present to His Majesty. Although none but the eldest, William, had ever been among the grandees at court, yet their mien was noble, and such as to bespeak their birth. On William entering, the bishop asked the emperor whether it did not appear to him that there was something of Sir Alerame in his looks? to which the emperor assented; and a tear stood in his eyes. "And why did you not enter the lists to-day, Sir William?" asked the Emperor of Alerame's eldest son. "It would have been unnatural for the son to fight against the father;" answered the bishop, and at the same time, Sir Alerame, with his head uncovered, but dressed as he was at the tournament, was ushered before the Imperial presence, leading the poor Lady Adelasia, covered with rags and emaciated by sufferings. No one recognised them, but the old Emperor, who rushed from his throne to clasp them both in his arms, to pardon them for their fault, and to restore them to their rank and honours. He declared Sir Alerame his Imperial Vicar, received proofs that he was of the sovereign house of Saxony, and conferred upon him, and upon every one of the children, the title of *Marquis*. The eldest was Marquis of Savona, and from him descended the house *Caretti* or *del Caretto*.

This story is to be met with in many old romances

and chronicles, both of Italy and of other countries, the names only being altered. One of the Italian versions is, that *two* daughters of the Emperor Henry III. eloped; and that, whilst one met the same adventures as Adelasia, the other became the mother of the Marquis Boniface, of Tuscany, father of the Great Countess Matilda. The great Caladin Orlando, according to another Italo-French tradition, was born in a grotto at Sutri (the grotto is still shown as *Grotta d'Orlando*), his father, Milone, having eloped with Berta, a sister of Charlemagne; and she was discovered by that emperor, by chance, in as distressed a condition as was Adelasia, and also pardoned. In an "Essay on the Romantic Poetry of the Italians," lately published by Mr. Pickering, an attempt has been made to show that all these stories came originally from Wales; and to that publication the inquisitive reader is referred for more ample information on this curious subject. The writer of that Essay, strangely enough, forgot to mention among the others, this legend of *Sir Alerame and Princess Adelasia*, although it would appear to be the most romantic of them all.



# TREVI.

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE power of historical association is strongly felt in the neighbourhood of Trevi. Monuments there are none, but the memorial of the graphic Livy has done more for the spot than the most durable and sumptuous pile could have effected. It has been elegantly observed by Eustace that the pictures of the great writers of antiquity so resemble the objects which they are intended to represent, that a traveller might imagine they had always been sketched on the spot itself and in the very heat of action. The particular passage in the historian to which this remark alludes, is the description given of the celebrated battle fought on the banks of the Trebia between Hannibal and the consul Sempronius. Polybius has also detailed the circumstances of the same memorable engagement, and, with the feelings inspired by the pictures drawn so vividly by these eloquent writers, the tourist will find enough in the neighbourhood of Trevi to convey his

imagination back through a series of ages pregnant with brilliant incident.

Few of the exploits, even of Hannibal, are more deserving of renown than the victory of Trebia. He was encamped on one side of the stream: the Roman consul occupied the plains on the other: the river which separated them is scarcely more than a brook in regard to its width, but it is deep and rapid, and the banks which overhang it are precipitous, and covered with thick and tangled shrubs. The Carthaginian general, at once saw the advantage he might take of his position; and it is related that on the evening preceding the battle he sent, after supper, for his brother Mago, and ordered him to select a hundred horse and a hundred foot soldiers, the bravest in the army, and bring them to his tent. When they arrived, he directed each of the men to choose nine companions, and then sent the little band of two thousand to take up their position immediately behind the dense foliage which overhung the stream. The provocation which he gave the Romans in the morning induced Sempronius to urge his forces through the river, which was still swelling with the rains of winter: they had received no nourishment when they were thus led to the onset, and they were met by men who, according to Hannibal's orders, had been well fed, and rubbed themselves well with oil, and put on their armour before a cheerful fire.

The consequence to the Romans was terrible. The fierce and active Numidians, the slingers of the Baleares, the deep line of cavalry, the troop of elephants

were all in instant motion, as the chilled and exhausted enemy pressed up the banks of the river. After a short conflict the two wings of the Roman army were driven back into the stream, and, while terror and confusion prevailed in the main body of the troops, the two thousand men, whom Hannibal had secreted among the thickets, burst from their hiding-place, and completed the victory.

The battle fought, in the same neighbourhood, between the French and Russians in the present age has been compared to that just described. Three times, it is said, did the Russians approach to the attack, and were as many times repulsed, when Suwarrow, their general, summoning up all the rage and courage of a northern soldier, gave, for the fourth time, the command to renew the assault. His troops seemed to participate in all his feelings. They rushed forward with the most furious shouts of defiance, and, darting through the river, flung themselves like a torrent upon the enemy, who sunk under the attack, or fled precipitately from the field.

It is to these events that Trevi and its neighbourhood owe the only interest or celebrity they possess. But to some minds nothing more will be necessary to separate them from the rest of the world, and invest them with many a vision of greatness and terror. Except to such minds how few marks remain, even of the deep track cut by the fiery foot of war!

# ALBENGA.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair, moss-lined, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded.

THOMSON.

ALBENGA is situated at the base of the mountainous cape called Capra Goppo, and is reached by a road from that eminence which runs through a country bearing the characteristic signs of solitude without being either waste or rude. The sea, wherever it is blue and tranquil, imparts a humanizing gentleness to the most savage breast, and seems to tempt a population to its borders; and here the Mediterranean flows in its full strength and serenity; and there it is looked down upon from hamlets as gay and sparkling as the climate. Albenga itself is a large, good town, and, in addition to the advantages of its situation, boasts some historical interest. It was here the adventurous and unfortunate Proculus was born; one of those victims of ambition who, at the period when she offered the empire of the world as the prize at her command, was tempted to engage in her perilous service. The history of this man, were its particulars more known, would probably furnish a curious addition to the examples we already possess of that bold energy of character which will carry its possessor to the last step of the

ladder, connected with that vanity which, when he is there, will induce him to forego his hold, and precipitate him to the ground. Proculus had passed his life as a pirate; had the wealth of a king with his coffers; had the power such as his habits of life had taught him how to wield; but the glittering shadow of a crown and a purple robe, dazzled the hardy, reckless sailor, and brought into competition with the equally intrepid, but more talented, Probus, he lost his life by the hand of the public executioner. It is said to have been long after a common proverb in the mouths of his descendants, "Nec latrones esse, nec principes sibi placere." Be neither robbers, nor princes.

Albenga has some Roman remains, and there are the ruins of a bridge built by Proculus, which shows that, during his brief career, he was not unmindful of those public works which, to the credit of the Roman people be it spoken, appear to have been always required of men who would seek even their temporary applause.

# ALASSIO.

O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.

DRYDEN.

ALASSIO has little to recommend it to attention; but a person desirous of indulging himself in romantic reveries, and setting fear at defiance, will look upon its strange, unsettled, straggling aspect, with something like interest and curiosity. The inhabitants are almost all of them employed in coral fishery; and Mr. Brockedon observes, "that there is no part of the coast where the character of the people is more decidedly maritime." The antiquary will find neither statues nor temples at Alassio, but the same excellent writer has discovered, that "the cap which the sailors wore in the days of Ulysses is, still worn by the mariners of this little port. Notwithstanding, however, this approximation to classical fame, and the tolerably good circumstances of the people, the neighbourhood is reported to be infested with desperados,* whose pre-

* My friend, Mr. Brockedon, tells me their aspect is very formidable; that almost every boatman has a bandit's eye. It would seem they only want some Fra Paolo at their head to make more noise, and cause some trouble to the neighbouring authorities. For a more full account of the bandit-system of Italy and Germany, the reader is referred to the forthcoming volumes of the "Library of Romance," entitled "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine," and "Francesco Lomelli."

datory propensities render it unsafe to travel by night, or without protection. "Yet in Italy," says Dr. J. Johnson, "even among the bandits of Itri, Fondi, and Velletri, there is something interesting; if not positively handsome in the black eyes, roguish expression, and *killing* looks of the women."

The views along the coast of Alassio are varied by a constant interchange of mountains and smiling villages, the broad sweep of the smooth strand, and rocks covered with wild verdure. From the Capo delle Mele, a head-land in the immediate vicinity of Alassio, the eye commands one of those lovely maritime prospects which fancy pictures when it only thinks of the blue sea, as gemmed with sunny islands, and traversed only by barks, bent on voyages of peace. The bay of Langueglia is seen rippling at the base of the mountains, as if it rejoiced in its own beauty; and, surrounded by its waves, the little island of Gallinara, discerned from the Capo with just sufficient clearness to let the imagination take part with reality in beautifying its narrow shores. Along the whole line of view the scene holds out temptation to him who has leisure to think and ramble, and loves to sit among rocks, and muse "o'er flood and fell," from morn till dewy eve.

# VENTIMIGLIA.

Gentle or rude,
No scene of life but has contributed
Much to remember. ROGERS.

VENTIMIGLIA has experienced the fate of larger and more conspicuous towns. It was anciently a place of some importance, enjoyed the privileges of a municipality, and was reckoned the capital of the Ligures Intemelii. The events which dissolved the strength of the empire reduced it to comparative poverty; but the sufferings of its inhabitants have no record—they were forgotten, like the sigh of the passing wind amid the roar of an ocean, or like the perishing of a bramble in the conflagration of a forest. It was, however, out of the ruin of such places that the dense cloud of confusion and misery arose, which, for so many centuries, darkened the world, and kept mankind from the enjoyment of truth and liberty. A town fell, or lost its trade, or became the prey of imperial injustice and avarice; and the neighbouring hills became, at the same time, the fortresses of banditti. The inheritance which each generation left to that which succeeded it was a worse poverty, and a greater degree of ignorance. A distinct though petty channel was dug for the sorrows of the little community, and they only ceased when it crumbled into dust like a building that the sea has gained upon, and

silently loosened all its foundations. But the situation of Ventimiglia was favourable to its restoration. It is on plains, and amid deserts, that cities perish altogether. For one that has fallen amid rocks and mountains, history tells us of a score that lie a mass of melancholy ruins, on broad and open plains. Ventimiglia, in the fourteenth century, was again a place of some consequence, and formed part of the territory of the celebrated Joan of Naples, when she had possession of Provence. By her it was bartered away to the Genoese, and as a portion of that flourishing republic was a barrier to the powerful states which threatened it on the north.

The country about this place is highly picturesque. A rocky declivity, hewn in one part into abrupt steps, conducts from the town to the banks of the Roja, a broad stream, which, having its rise in the Col di Tende, possesses all the strength and mountain freshness which make rivers seem so much the favourites of nature in such situations. The falling arch of a half-ruined bridge, extended across it, harmonizes well with the general character of the scenery. Rocks are the ruins of nature; the dilapidations—the shattered pillars,—the bared foundations of the old world. They inspire a feeling of doubt in the stedfastness of the earth, carrying us farther back in that species of thought than the ruins of castles or cathedrals. It is amid broken hills, grey and crumbling rocks, by the dried-up channels of old rivers, and on the brink of precipices whence woods have been torn down by successive storms, that the destruction of works of

human labour affects the mind with the deepest awe. The boundaries of time are lost sight of in such scenes, and it is only when the eye looks upward, and sees the blue eternal heavens smiling as they have done from the beginning, that the melancholy sense of change and decay finds relief.

At a short distance from Ventimiglia is the village of Bordighera, where a wide extended grove of palm trees would almost enable the traveller to imagine himself in another quarter of the globe. On pursuing his route, a prospect presents itself which few would not linger some time to enjoy. "The scene presented to the traveller," observes Mr. Brockedon with equal truth and elegance, "on looking back upon Ventimiglia from the high road towards Nice, which is carried along the edge of the cliff, is very striking, particularly of the coast immediately below the town, where the deep fissures, and vast insulated masses, formed by the action of the sea upon a soft soil, has given to the cliff a thousand fantastic forms, while the thick entangling of the Indian fig, and clusters of palm trees, give almost an Asiatic character to the scene." Few contrasts could be more interesting than such a one as is here pointed out,—the bold mountains of the north shadowing rich and palmy plains!



# NICE.

When the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, th goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, hat Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard, the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

MILTON.

THE situation of this small, but not uninteresting, town, has given more than one traveller the first occasion for dipping his pencil in the warm colours of southern landscape. It was on the eve of Christmas-day that the learned and amiable Mr. Forsyth arrived in Nice; and he speaks pleasantly and eloquently of the bright blossoms, and the odour of the orange-trees that bloomed in the orchards before the windows of his chamber. The narrow plain, at the extremity of which the city is situated, is irrigated by a small, rapid stream, called the Paglione; the waters of which, when increased by the winter rains, fall with great violence through the various channels of the neighbouring mountains. On the line of hills, which skirt the valley to the north, the landscape assumes a character of the most luxurious beauty. The light, gay tracery of the vine is contrasted with the deep, quiet foliage of the olive and the broad, palmy fig; while these again are intermingled with the gigantic aloe;

towering over the light and yellow orangeries. Towards Italy the hills wear a bolder and less sparkling appearance. Masses of dark rock, clothed with a verdure, in character with their look of strength and duration, shut out the view from the sunny plains that lie beyond.

The neighbourhood of a town, thus situated, can scarcely fail of affording ample delight to the lovers of the picturesque; and he, who has a sufficient love of scenery to ramble from the city to Villa Franca, and the convents of San Sermione, and San Paolo, and the Vallina of San Andrea, will not forget Nice, even after having long wandered among the landscapes farther south. The last named spot is characterised by a circumstance which deserves to be mentioned, from the connexion which it forms between these scenes, and those consecrated to the heart by the name of Petrarch. It is to the ingenious Miss Waldie we are indebted for the discovery. We learn, from the description of the valley by that lady, that it is widest at the entrance; and that, after having become gradually narrower in its windings among the hills, it is terminated by a precipitous and insulated rock, which rears itself up about the middle of the valley, connected with the sides by double rows of arches; serving the purposes of aqueducts and foot-bridges; and surmounted by a castle, once a convent, but now belonging to a Piedmontese nobleman. The view from this point is stated to be highly beautiful; but, on proceeding beyond the castle, it assumes a yet more attractive appearance. The valley becomes narrower, and proportionably more

dark and wild; the steep banks, with their heavy pine foliage, appear about to close upon the river that pours between them; and the whole scene is characterized by a gloom, to which the rushing of the river gives that same kind of influence over the mind, which it seems impressed by, when approaching the end of a tale of great interest. In speaking, however, of the torrent, Miss Waldie remarks: "Like that of Vaucluse, it derives its source from a deep grotto at the head of the valley. Indeed, the whole scenery of San Andrea resembles, in no slight degree, the more celebrated retreat of Petrarch. But the perpendicular rock that closes it up—that peculiar feature of the valley of Vaucluse—is wanted here. The fountain, however, or, as it is more commonly called, the grotto of San Andrea, though not so deep, is much more beautiful than that from which the Sorgue rises. Its interior is lined with stalactites; and the soft, fragile, light green leaf of the capillaire plant hangs luxuriantly and gracefully from the roof." Such is this beautiful spot, so little known to the generality of travellers, and so little famed in tour books, compared with others much less deserving description, that we are led to conclude that mountains and valleys have much the same diversity of fortune as men.

Villa Franca presents a scene of a different character. It is situated immediately by the sea-side, and is sheltered by an immense range of mountains; up the crags of which it has been extended, partly, perhaps, by the caprice, and partly by the necessities of the inhabitants. Fort Montalbano, and the convent above-

named, offer another variety of scenery. The former commands a view of the long line of rocks, that hang beetling over the Mediterranean, and of no less than six bays, penetrating a coast of equal fertility and grandeur. The latter lie embosomed in hills, the very nests of solitude and meditation.

Nice, itself, contains some objects of interest—a cathedral and one or two other public buildings—but its streets have only their cleanliness to recommend them, and the Vent de bise, as it is called, which sweeps through them, in the early months of the year, have cut off many a blossom, which it was hoped the genial south might have spared. Its climate unites the capriciousness of the spring with the glow of the summer; a mixture well calculated to give beauty and variety to the landscape, but fatal to the delicate beings that are so often led, like sacrifices, with flowers of the brightest hues about their heads, to expire amid its luxuries.*

* It is justly remarked, by my friend Dr. James Johnson, that there is no doubt that the change of air and scene—the novelty of a residence under the brilliant skies of this beautiful place—and the ability to be a great deal in the open air, must have very considerable and salutary effects on many people whose *general health* is deranged, but whose lungs are not *materially* affected. .....The whole of the surrounding mountains, and even the hills close to Nice, were hoary with snow when I passed through, though December had not quite set in. The year 1829 was, however, remarkable for premature and severe cold, as I dearly experienced on the mountain of Finale, the Estrelles, and the cheerless plains of Provence.—*Change of Air, &c.*



# ENTRANCE TO IVREA.

I love not man the ·ss, but nature more,
From these our inte·views, in which I steal
From all I may be, · have been before,
To mingle with the ·iverse, and feel
What I can ne'er e·press, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

LIKE the other towns of this lonely district, Ivrea presents a singular aspect, standing as it does among the noblest monuments of nature's strength, but composed of dwellings which, grotesque and picturesque in their forms, have a strikingly fragile appearance when contrasted with the mountains which soar around them How widely different are the feelings of a traveller, at the gate of one of these rock-entrenched towns, to those which arise at the entrance of places lying in the midst of calm and cultivated plains. Feeble as would seem the defence of its frail roofs against the storm, the sense of safety which he experiences in the poorest cabaret amounts to a feeling of intense pleasure. And it is this sensation which chiefly occupies the breast in all situations of a like kind. Curiosity has no food, and imagination ceases her flight at the prospect of human habitations and industry; but the sensation of security, raised to a certain height, is itself poetical, and is, no doubt, the source both of that over-powering love of home which characterizes

mountaineers, and of many of the benevolent qualities with which it is associated. Happy! tranquil Ivrea! we enter thy gate with a benison for thine inhabitants; thou hast cradled many a generation of hardy peasants, each of whom could give a history of tempests, and pictures of nature that might delight the truest of poets and painters to treasure up and recreate. Humble as is thy aspect, we feel how far sublimer is the spot where the stream of human life is flowing, than the grandest exhibitions of scenery where it is not. The entrance to Ivrea is, as it were, a partition-mark between the domain of man and nature; or rather, perhaps, a sign set up to show where the two currents of existence flow together. To the eyes of some travellers, however, it will present nothing but an object of great picturesque beauty; but others will view it as one from which the mind may take its excursive flight over a wide and pleasant region of thought.

# VERREX.

Here truth may far from every mortal shock,
Allow sweet thoughts in nature's lonely bed;
And find a friend in every leaf or rock,
And watch each Alpine flower upraise its head,
Bathed in the spray from fresh'ning fountain shed.
Here vulgar care forgetting, we resign
Tumult and toil and envy; being dead
To all save nature's loveliness divine,
Whose influence may to peace the wearied heart incline.

BEATTIE.

THE town of Verrex offers nothing but its picturesque situation to attract attention. It is unfamed in history, and therefore, perhaps, has remained the same quiet retreat, which it now appears, for many a generation of mountaineers. It stands about a league and a half below the narrow pass of Mount Jovet, overhung by hills which, by turns, wear the gentlest aspect of summer, and, by turns, seem piled above the valleys, to be the nursing holds of winter. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these little mountain towns, considered in connexion with all the circumstances of their situation. The stillness which pervades them, when the air is calm, is strangely solemn. With the first awakening of a storm among the hills, the wild whispering of the wind through its streets is as unearthly a sound as the ear can receive; and what can equal in terrible grandeur the echoes and reverberations of the tempest when at its height?

when clouds, and avalanches, torrents overflowing their rocky channels, and forests crashing beneath the whirlwind, contribute to produce a din in which no distinct sound can be discovered, except every now and then a wild, bursting report, such as is heard in a storm at sea, when the mass of waters has been lifted to the clouds, and the wind tumbles them down, as it would a mighty edifice. The little town, lying tranquilly at rest, while the tempest is thus raging in the mountains, wakens many a thought that it does the heart good to cherish; it leads to the feeling that not the strength of the beast of the forest only has been subdued for man, but the powers of the mysterious air,—that the Almighty has spread his tabernacle round the habitations of his creatures, and that their helplessness is strong in his protection.*

* For some curious details respecting the ancient inhabitants of this wild and romantic region, and their strange and fearful subjection by the Romans, who overwhelmed them in their caverns by turning in the waters of the adjacent river, we refer the reader to Mr. Brockedon's able work—so full of interest—"*The Passes of the Alps.*"

# FORT DE BARD.

O'er Bernard's cloud-capt heights the Corsican —
Oh look, and say, has genius any bound?
A star then brightly shining in the van,
Led on the strength of waken'd Gaul, and found
Mowers to reap Marengo's harvest ground.
Soon as the martial pageantry uprose,
The summits bowed beneath the clanking sound
Of trampling horses echoing o'er the snows
Of the indignant Alps, astonished at such foes.

BYRON.

THERE are some events which, like the noblest order of paintings, impress the mind with the species of awe, which others only acquire, when aided by the associations of antiquity. Many of those of the late war are of this description, and the passage of the French army over the Alps affects the imagination with a pleasure, in no way inferior to that inspired by the recollection of Hannibal and his Carthagineans. Thus equal, in matter of interest, the modern event has the important advantage of having a certain locality. The fancy suffers as much as the reason from scepticism; and we are half inclined, as a matter of speculation, to suspect that it has more affinity with it. It is thus that in the enjoyment of scenes, which owe part of their grandeur to association, the slightest doubt that enters the mind, respecting the truth of the association, ruins the whole fabric of the imagination; and the hoary

mountain or the whispering aisles of the abbey, are at once dispossessed of their charm. The path which Hannibal trod may have, and very probably has, been discovered through the patient and bold labours of modern travellers; but it is still not unlawful to doubt, that Napoleon's route, rather than that of Hannibal, will be the one which the eye of the traveller will trace with the greatest enthusiasm.

Fort de Bard is one of the strongest positions in the passes of the Alps, and gave occasion to one of the most brilliant displays of French valour, and Buonaparte's generalship, on record. The Great Saint Bernard had been just past by the army, when, still on its adventurous and too successful career, it arrived before Fort de Bard. The importance of the station had been fully estimated by the Austrians; and a garrison of four hundred men, protected by its works, seemed sufficient to defy the whole strength of France. The design of forcing a passage through this formidable barrier was evidently one of desperate peril. But the fate of the army, in a great measure, and the issue of the campaign altogether, depended upon its being effected. The provisions which the soldiers had brought with them were already nearly exhausted; and the nature of the surrounding district prevented their indulging the hope of further supplies. In this situation of things, an order was given for the assault of the town, which was speedily taken, and laid open to the free ingress of the troops. But its streets, the approach to which was now wholly undefended, were exposed to the close fire of the batteries; and instant destruction,

it is said, must have attended any attempt to pass them, while the fort remained untaken. The French grenadiers, however, made several daring essays to overcome the obstacles which opposed their progress, but failed. At length, a party of fifteen hundred soldiers climbed the precipitous mountain of Albercdo, which commanded the fort; and having, with almost incredible labour and courage, placed a four pounder on the extreme verge of the precipice, subdued, in some degree, the confidence of the garrison. Generals Berthier and Marmont, seeing the effect of this experiment, now determined upon making an attempt to pass through the town. The movement was to be made in the night; and the wheels of the artillery waggons having been carefully covered with litter, it was hoped that the darkness and silence in which the troops would pass, might protect them from the fire of the batteries. But in this respect they were deceived. The march had no sooner commenced, than a furious cannonade was opened upon them. Battalion after battalion, however, rushed through the streets; each gun being drawn by a band of fifty soldiers. In this manner the passage through the town was effected; and one of the gates of the fort having been, in the mean time, battered down by a cannon placed in the belfry of the church, the garrison saw itself deprived of all means of defence.

To those who love to exercise their imagination, in questioning what would have been the course of events, had they been turned a little out of the channel, in which we have seen them flowing, this attack on Fort de Bard will afford an interesting theme for speculation.

Had it not been taken, the plains of Marengo would probably never have resounded to the roar of the French cannon; the old cities of the Rhine would never have heard the triumphant voices of Parisian conquerors; and Germany would have remained wrapped up in her learned and dreamy security. All Europe would have fallen into its former repose. The turbulent and ambitious spirit of France would have, perhaps, mistrusted its power, and gone to sleep, or employed its might on some more profitable object. Knowledge, and all the results of science would, it may be, by this time have carried us to inconceivable heights; and, instead of the names of Napoleon, and others of his class appearing as the great land-marks of history, we should have had those of mightier philosophers and poets than any that have yet flourished. Thirty years of war would have been enough to throw states, less advanced than were those of Europe at their commencement, into barbarism; but, though they have not done this, we may fairly calculate that they have deprived us of a proportionable measure of improvement. It is thus the taking of a little Swiss mountain fortress may have influenced the destinies of Europe and the world.

# ENTRANCE TO AOSTA.

And now farewell to Italy—perhaps
For ever! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say
"Farewell for ever!"

ROGERS.

WE now approach that part of the land of our wandering where the poet and the philosopher,—the calm, meditative scholar,—the laborious, adventurous naturalist,—and the mere lover of nature in her solitary beauty may alike find employment and delight. Were a speculatist to ask by the union of what two countries would the loveliest landscapes, the brightest valleys, the grandest mountains be produced, we would answer by that of Switzerland and Italy; and here, at the gate of Aosta, we might stand, and demonstrate the truth of our remark. There is scarce a foot of ground, for leagues around this spot, from which some scene of surpassing interest is not visible. It is here the hills lift their giant-peaks to be crowned with the most radiant sun-light, the snows of many centuries lying in crystal brightness about them, the fit mantle of forms so majestic. Here too, the water-courses take every mood of the scene; become the interpreters to the "genius loci," or embody the spirit of the hill and the valley, where they love to make

their way, in visible pomp, to the depth of gloomy chasms. And here, in untrodden paths, spring the lovely family of herbs and flowers, stronger in stem and bloom than in other lands, breathing of the sweet dews that reach their roots through many a marble filter, and glowing with tints as deep as the longest summer can make them. A traveller, with sufficient leisure and love of solitude, and who could find as much interest in exploring the by-paths of nature as the remains of ancient art, would find more of truth than fancy in what we have stated. But the Val d'Aosta has been rarely thus explored, and never, perhaps, was traversed as it ought but by one; and, that a wild, melancholy, reckless being, the poor leper, to whom tradition has assigned the name of the valley, The leper of Aoste! The very appellation inspires the mind with a feeling of awe and pity, mingled with an unaccountable sensation of pleasurable interest. A man shut out from communion with his kind, but shut out from the world only to be driven into the bosom of his mother nature, there is something in the idea of such a banishment as attractive to minds of a certain class, or in a certain state, as it is painful to others. The sympathies of the heart seem to be extended by the change, rather than cut off from their proper objects; the sorrow that tinges thought with sombre hues, gives it power and depth; imagination stands on the threshold of its own world when the eye rests on solitude; and it only requires a free conscience, of which affliction in no ways deprives us, to render such a state one of high and unchanging pleasure. The

only pain which a mind thus circumstanced would feel, is that resulting from a conscious sense of weakness and earthliness. The poet has well said:

'Tis on such spots that the exulting soul
Its earthly drearment must learn to weep,
And feel the bitterness of its control,
In which the vulgar, all contented, sleep;
That weight of searchless sorrow burned deep
In the dark clouds of this impervious lair;
Where gloomy thoughts communion often keep,
Stinging the soul, which bleeds that it must bear
Such burdens, amid scenes incomparably fair.

A Day in Switzerland.

J. Haddon, Printer, Castle Street, Finsbury.